



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



THE Atlantic Pact marked Dean Acheson's debut. When he was appointed Secretary of State, some felt he was too legalistic to be a statesman. So far the objection has not been sustained. There are lawyers and lawyers. The lawyers who have proved failures as international statesmen are such men as Raymond Poincaré and Sir John Simon. But nobody could be further from Poincaré and Sir John Simon than Henry L. Stimson, yet he was a lawyer, and a good one. Dean Acheson numbers Stimson as well as Louis D. Brandeis among his heroes, and he has learned from both.

Acheson is now backed by an organization which channels into his office all the data relevant to any negotiation he is conducting. Secretary Marshall was apt to stay in the background whenever he felt unfamiliar with subject matter. This happened in the early negotiations of the Atlantic Pact. He allowed the Under Secretary, Robert Lovett, to handle the negotiation, though, from the standpoint of good organization, Lovett should have acted as chief of staff to Marshall.

Some of the Secretary's responsibilities in the Marshall regime, moreover, were undertaken by the Army by sheer default — notably, of course, diplomacy over Germany. All this is being changed under Secretary Acheson. He is the Secretary of State in fact as well as in name, and by that token he is civilianizing the nation's foreign policy.

The opportunity of making the cleanest break between military and civil power will come when the West German government has been established. In Washington, Acheson, Bevin, and Schuman composed the differences on the Occupation Statute which have hitherto divided the Allies. Within

this framework the Germans may now go ahead with their constitution-making. After this has been done and a German government has been established, military government will give place to an Allied High Commission.

The language of the Atlantic Pact and of the Occupation Statute for West Germany — the embryonic peace treaty — is simple and explicit. Both documents owe a great deal to Dean Acheson. His keen analytical mind reduced their provisions to essentials, and then he drew upon his superb draftsmanship to put these essentials on paper. He had little difficulty in getting the approval of his foreign colleagues.

Perhaps his yen for the simple owed something to his initial experience on the Hill as Under Secretary of State. He bore with him the Pact of Bogotá, a treaty which brought together verbose resolutions of collaboration in almost every kind of human activity.

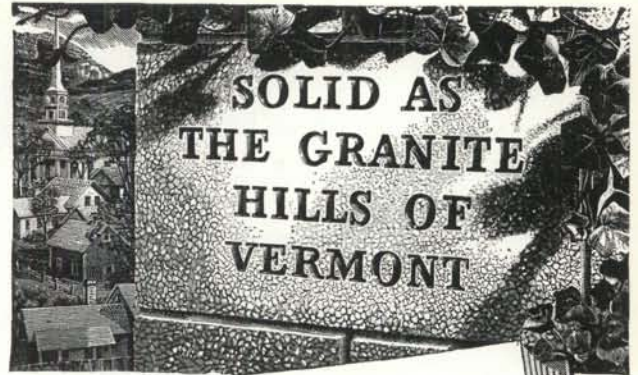
Pushed for time and fresh to his new assignment, Acheson glanced through the document and thought ratification would be *pro forma*. He found himself uncomfortably mistaken. Every catch phrase, every cliché, was examined for hidden meanings, and the hearings stretched into days. Secretary Acheson is reputed to have determined from then on to eschew all mumbo jumbo in international agreements. At any rate, the Occupation Statute is a short and direct document.

Schuman speaks for France

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VOLUME 183 1949 NUMBER 6

The Atlantic Report on the World Today

The Tidelands and Oil	ROBERT E. HARDWICKE	21
The Color Line in Fraternities	ALFRED S. ROMER	27
Fishing in the Rockies	JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY	32
Out of School. <i>A Poem</i>	EDITH SITWELL	37
"My Only and Last Love"	IRIS ORIGO	39
<i>Byron's Unpublished Letters to Countess Guiccioli</i>		
Britain's Young Offenders	BASIL HENRIQUES	45
Tide Pool. <i>A Poem</i>	COMAN LEAVENWORTH	49
The Revival. <i>An Atlantic "First"</i>	DILLON ANDERSON	50
Reflections	RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES	56
The Marital Deduction	LYNN LLOYD	58
At Woodstock. <i>A Poem</i>	FRANCES RANSON	60
Ivan the Bear. <i>A Story</i>	STOYAN CHRISTOWE	61
The "Hood" and the "Bismarck"	CAPTAIN RUSSELL GRENFELL, R.N.	65
<i>The New Atlantic Serial</i>		

BOOKS AND MEN

Gene Rhodes: Cowboy Novelist	J. FRANK DOBIE	75
What Is a Book Contract?	PAUL BROOKS	78

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Edward Weeks — Charles J. Rolo	81
--------------------------------	----

ACCENT ON LIVING

Charles W. Morton — Edwin B. Morris — A. B. Guthrie, Jr. — Fred Lape — John W. Vandercook	91
---	----

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



the Quai d'Orsay. Schuman shone in the conferences in Washington. Acheson and Bevin thought that the Foreign Ministers ought to be satisfied with the signature of the Atlantic Pact. They felt that the differences on Germany were so many and so profound that they ought to be deferred for consideration.

But Schuman had other ideas. He felt that this was a rare opportunity to come to grips with the German problem — a problem that had not only eluded the military governors but had also deepened inter-Allied misunderstanding. As a preparatory move he had had an amiable talk in Paris with General Clay.

When Schuman arrived in Washington, he won acceptance for wider discussions, and then proposed an agreement to agree on Germany. This being accepted, he started the quest for a meeting of minds on the voting powers of the Allied High Commission which will succeed military government in the three western zones of Germany.

The Foreign Ministers were able to reach an agreement chiefly because of better understanding in the State Department of the French position on Germany: namely, that if a confederation of German states was unacceptable, then the Allies should insist on the maximum of federalism. American policy started to move toward such an understanding during the Marshall regime, but Marshall's policy was not continuous, deferring most of the time to General Clay in Berlin.

Secretary Acheson soon confirmed the trend. The British then had to be persuaded to be more hospitable to French ideas on Germany. It had almost seemed to Washington that Germany was regarded in England simply as a country ripe for the kind of socialist experimentation that Britain has adopted. Britain's Germany appeared to be a Social Democratic Germany, and the Social Democrats cannot operate nationalization of industry without a high degree of political centralization. However, in Washington the British moved in the direction of the federal structure that the French and the Americans want.

Arms and the Pact

The Atlantic Pact raises the problem of equipping a Continental army with modern weapons. Many people who are in favor of the Pact are very skeptical about the arms program. Yet the Pact is no good to the Western Europeans without the weapons.

At present Soviet Russia could overrun the Westerners with police action; at least this is the contention of the foreign military experts. If, however, forty divisions of a Continental army could be armed, then any aggression would have to be mounted; that is, it would have to be preceded by the mobilization of the Red Army. And this, being a long and expensive business, would give the North Americans the necessary time to come to Europe's aid rather than to come to Europe's liberation — a vast difference in terms of creating confidence in Western Europe. By the same token the Russians, say the foreign experts, would be deterred from armed attack.

Those who disagree with the experts feel that the arming of Western Europe should involve merely a transfer of arms to a new place for their employment, and should not cost the United States anything. Their argument goes further — that the program actually ought to save money for North America. But this presupposes a division of labor in providing the defense of the Atlantic Pact powers as a coalition.

It is an argument, however, that doesn't hold water in Congress. It runs into politics and the feeling that the United States in the final analysis can trust only the strength of its own right arm. In other words, every weapon which we send to Europe must be replaced in the United States.

Perhaps confidence in the Atlantic system to the extent of relying on division of labor will grow. It has started, at any rate, between Canada and the United States. Of course, it cannot be pressed too far. An attack intended to be a *coup de grâce* would certainly be launched against North America, and it would not do for North America to be left without necessary weapons simply because Western Europe had failed to provide them. However, division of labor could be both an economy and a buttress, if not practiced all along the line.

Regionalism in trade

Senator James Fulbright is troubled by the possibility that the Marshall Plan, instead of encouraging integration of Europe, might thwart it. The worry has been in the minds of many people on both sides of the ocean as they view the working out of the Marshall Plan.

There has been less emphasis on Continental integration than on national production, thus adding to the pessimism that there is no hope for Europe, no matter how much American money is poured in, in

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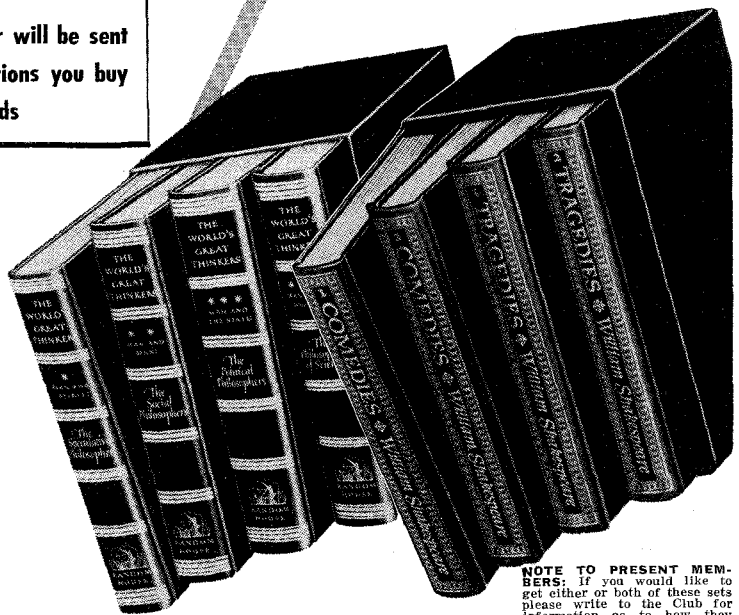
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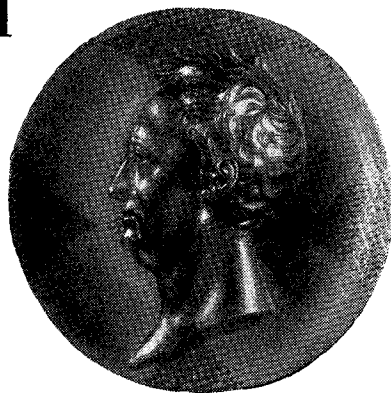
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its present state of Balkanization. However, Senator Fulbright's effort to restore perspective by proposing, as an amendment to the second year's ECA authorization, an "incentive fund" for Continental projects in Europe went down to defeat by a vote of 59 to 23.

It may be that the opposing Senators were afraid of Continental discrimination against American goods, as they were when Canada wanted to include in the Atlantic Pact a pledge to integrate the economies of Europe. They want economic collaboration within Europe, but not too much of it; they fear the growth of an exclusive regionalism in trade.

Here two American aims are in conflict. On the political side the growth of a real Third Force between the Soviet Union and the United States is distinctly to the American interest.

While there are two Titans in the world, with much of the intervening space peppered with power vacuums, war is always possible. How, then, can economic discrimination be prevented? Surely the answer has been provided in the International Trade Organization that William L. Clayton spent months in establishing.

The Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital, in spite of the great history that has been written in Washington since these notes last appeared, has been one of frustration. The Senate is both capacious and fractious. No fewer than sixteen days were spent on the filibuster on the cloture rule. There was a veiled filibuster on the authorization of the second ECA. After thirteen days of random talk, the Senate voted 70 to 7 for the measure. The House gave its affirmative in a couple of days.

The reason for the Senatorial slowdown is not difficult to fathom. A lack of authority on the part of the Democratic majority leader, Senator Scott Lucas, accounts for part of the difficulty. Lucas, who is personally a fine man, has none of the arts of his predecessor, Vice-President Barkley, who had almost a miraculous gift for producing exactly the right anecdote for tiding over an awkward situation.

Furthermore, Lucas labors under a couple of handicaps which are pe-

culiar to this Administration. To all intents and purposes he has been reduced to the role of a minority leader as a result of the Southern split.

With the Southern Democrats in a hot-and-cold alliance with Northern Republicans, Senator Kenneth Wherry sometimes seems to be the majority leader. What is more, he is not above acting as such. When he does, nobody is more riled than is Senator Lucas.

The battle between the two men, for precedence, is not helpful to the smooth conduct of Senatorial business. Nor does it assist Senator Lucas in retaining the composure and equanimity toward his colleagues which are essential to a majority leader.

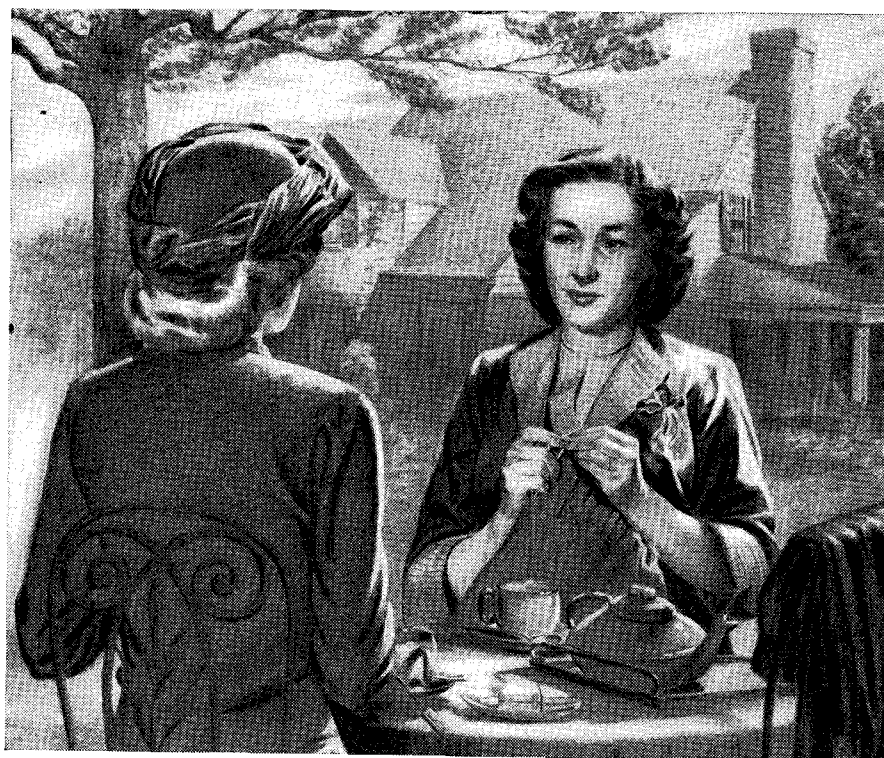
The Presidential hand

The man from Illinois is likewise under a strain imposed upon him by the President. Mr. Truman, since the election, has been laying down the law with a heavy hand. A majority leader must work with his chief in the White House, if that chief happens to be a member of his own party; but the role cannot be that of a slave, if discipline in the party is to be maintained and the majority leader's prestige sustained.

In the old days a majority leader retained a good deal of independence. President Roosevelt started to erode it, and then had a rebellion on his hands when "Dear Alben" (Barkley) balked. Senator Lucas, on the other hand, is inclined to show too much meekness.

The main reason for slowdowns and the sense of frustration in the Senate, however, is the Presidential attitude. At the beginning of his term Mr. Truman, with his mandate complex, almost ruined bipartisanship when he insisted on his own interpretation of Democratic preponderance in the Congressional committees. The soreness he left in the GOP has never healed.

Moreover, he kept up the Democratic celebrations of his victory unduly, ending them only on Jackson Day, when the victors held one of the rowdiest parties in the Capital's memory. It was only after this that he began seriously to think of the legislative program which he had mapped out when Congress convened.

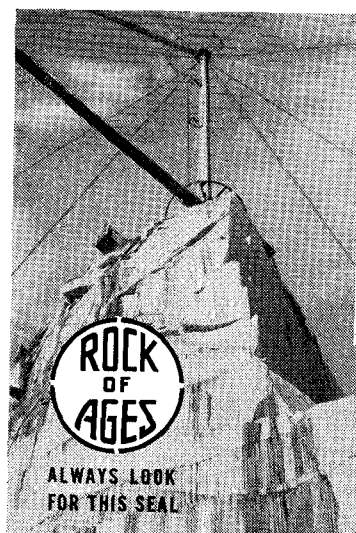


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Atomic Energy

Look for the appearance, during the summer, of a detailed and authoritative discussion of what happens when an atomic bomb explodes — what happens in terms of destruction and death by blast, heat, and radiation, and what can be done to safeguard civilians against them. And after the book has appeared, look for a profound clash of opinion on the question of freedom or secrecy of information about atomic weapons.

The book has been in preparation since early last fall, and is a joint project of the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Military Establishment. It undertakes to present the maximum of information with only the minimum of preachment and interpretation, and thus to be a factual handbook on the effects of atomic weapons.

The project was begun on the premise that through the detonation of the eight atomic weapons thus far utilized, and particularly through those exploded at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, much knowledge has been gained, and that a great deal of this knowledge need not be classified and withheld. Local doctors, architects, and engineers, for example, may be planning a hospital. They should have available to them reliable information on weapon effects — whether blast, heat, or radiation — which will enable them to make the best possible allowance for atomic war, before they begin construction of their building.

No intelligent over-all approach to problems of civilian defense in atomic war can be made until information of this kind is widely available. In time of war, civilian defense depends on efficient planning and preparation at the local level. For instance, members of the local fire department may never be required actually to use a Geiger counter, but if they are to know how to — just in case — reliable information as the basis for instruction must be available in advance.

Similarly, widespread dissemination of basic information is required in the armed forces. Though the average infantryman may never be engaged in atomic war, the possibility that he might should be anticipated in time of peace.

Facts alone will meet these needs. Hitherto, not a little has been published as admonition and omen of what the future may bring. But nearly all of it has been the work either of persons who are utterly outside the atomic weapons project, and therefore know little about it, or of persons who served in a subordinate capacity in the enterprise and are therefore not only limited as to data but also subject to the requirements of security and of their own conscientious interpretation of those regulations.

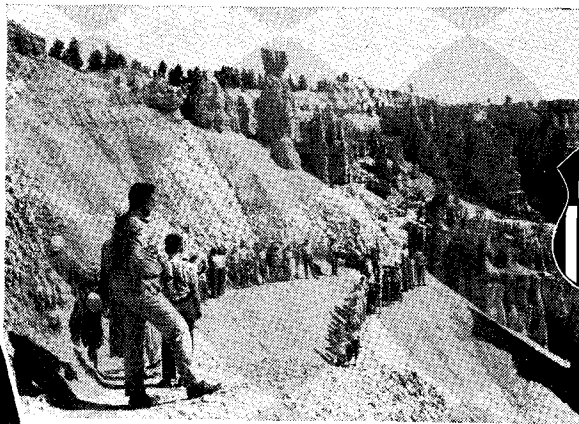
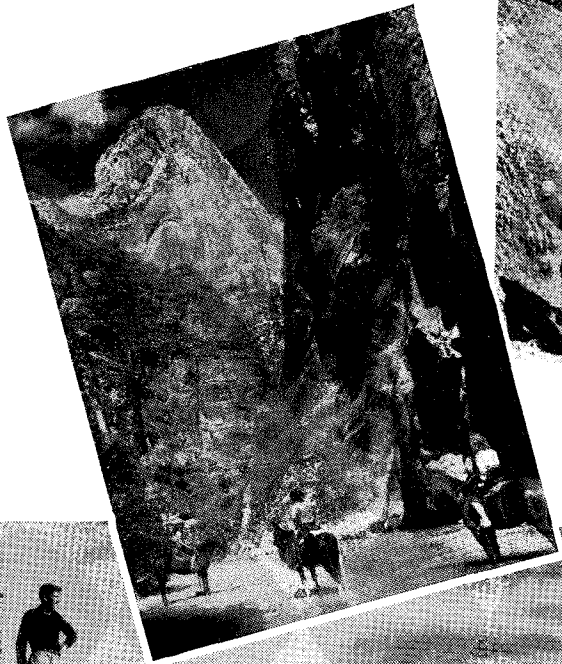
As a consequence, much that has been written about the danger to civilians in atomic warfare has consisted of ominous prognostication and preachment, with passing esoteric reference to facts that cannot be revealed, rather than the direct and objective statement of fact that is essential as the basis for formulation of plan and policy.

The people want the facts

It was to meet this demand for facts that the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Military Establishment undertook the project which now nears completion. A second publication is in prospect: a book on the medical effects of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, designed primarily for the medical profession. The bald facts of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by themselves do not suffice; fortunately for the future, it is possible to draw from them sound analogies for American cities, and this the forthcoming handbook will seek to do.

The task is not easy. For one reason, much that the average observer may consider withheld as a security measure is simply not known. For another, the proper interpretation of known data is not always clear, is rarely simple, and is often a subject of disagreement among the interpreters.

Any compendium of factual information designed to be at the basis of local and national planning to deal with disaster must come in the first place from high authority, and must be the work of authoritative people. The Atomic Energy Commission itself, under the terms of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, is the final source of definitive information on the subject. The handbook to be issued under its aegis and that of the National Military



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The Atlantic Report on Atomic Energy



Establishment consequently will possess authority and effect by that fact alone.

Dr. Norris Bradbury, Director of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory which is the center for the manufacture of atomic weapons, is in operating charge of the project. The senior editor of the volume is Dr. Joseph O. Hirschfelder of the University of Wisconsin, a consultant to the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, who served on the special board of the Atomic Energy Commission which met at Los Alamos late in 1948 to survey the secrecy status of information concerning atomic weapons. The board recommended that information pertaining to the effects of atomic weapons be released to the public.

Among single topics to be covered in the various chapters are the blast effects of atomic bombs; the design of buildings to withstand such effects; the general description of the burst of an atomic bomb; the effects of an air burst; the effects related to blast in water; the radiological effects in water, such as those in the Bikini tests which have stirred such wide discussion; the particular military applications of atomic energy; the meteorological problems involved in atomic warfare; the medical effects of atomic weapons, including the injuries resulting from blast, heat, secondary fires, flying debris, and radiation.

Civil defense problems which may be expected from the use of atomic weapons will be discussed in an individual chapter. The volume will not present a civil defense plan; it will afford basic information essential to such planning.

The men behind the job

In order that the knowledge of fundamental physics necessary for an understanding of the effects of the atomic bomb may be intelligible to laymen, Dr. George Gamow of George Washington University, who is well known as the author of vivid general discussions of science apart from atomic energy, and who is a consultant to the Los Alamos Laboratory, has been chosen as one of the authors of the report. His chapter will offer a nontechnical explanation of the nuclear physics involved in the bomb.

Dr. Gamow's colleagues include not only authorities now directly engaged in the operations of the nation's atomic weapons program but also scientists associated with that program as advisers, and scientists concerned chiefly with the nonmilitary rather than the military implications of it. Among

these are Dr. Shields Warren, Director of the Commission's Division of Biology and Medicine, and Rear Admiral William S. Parsons, formerly of the Los Alamos Laboratory, now a member of the Military Liaison Committee on Atomic Energy, who performed the arduous duty of arming the Hiroshima bomb during the flight of the *Enola Gay* to Hiroshima in August, 1945.

The report can be counted on not only to lay the essential foundation of specific and dependable information for public thinking, but also to serve as a valuable corrective. On the one hand, it will provide a definitive standard of fact concerning what atomic bombs do and may be expected to do, against which other discussions can be gauged and by which deviations and distortions due to doctrinaire beliefs and political predilections, as in *Fear, War, and the Bomb*, by Professor P. M. S. Blackett, the British physicist, can be evaluated.

On the other hand, because the men responsible for the report insist on sticking to facts, it will puncture some of the balloons of emotionalism which frightened men have employed in the search for a place to hide from present and future problems. Much that has been written about the results of past atomic explosions and as prophecy of terrors to come has of necessity been made more ominous by vagueness and by cryptic reference to basic data which the author could not reveal. The forthcoming report should offer factual correctives to reduce some of the fog.

The need for secrecy

Apart from these prospective accomplishments, however, a special importance attaches to the report. Its appearance may bring into sharp focus the central dilemma of the nation's entire atomic energy undertaking as a matter of national policy. This is the vexed and perplexing question of secrecy versus release of information. It has been at the core of the problem during the whole decade since physicists, shortly after the Bohr announcement in 1939, imposed on themselves a gentleman's agreement not to publish the results of experimentation in the field. Secrecy was maintained during the war years by compartmentalization and military security under the Manhattan District.

The need for security regulations is explicitly recognized in the provisions of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, under which the Atomic Energy Commission functions, and in the administrative organization which the Commission has set up to carry those provisions into effect. And of course it is im-

plicit in the thinking of scientist, lawmaker, and everybody else—even the too numerous everybodies who pay heed to the atomic energy undertaking only when occasionally stirred up by some particularly spectacular pronouncement.

The clash of opinion over this question leads, on the one hand, to rumblings of amendments to the Act of 1946, which would require that all atomic information without exception be held secret, and on the other hand, to the strongly argued thesis that the number of atomic bombs in the country's possession should be publicly announced.

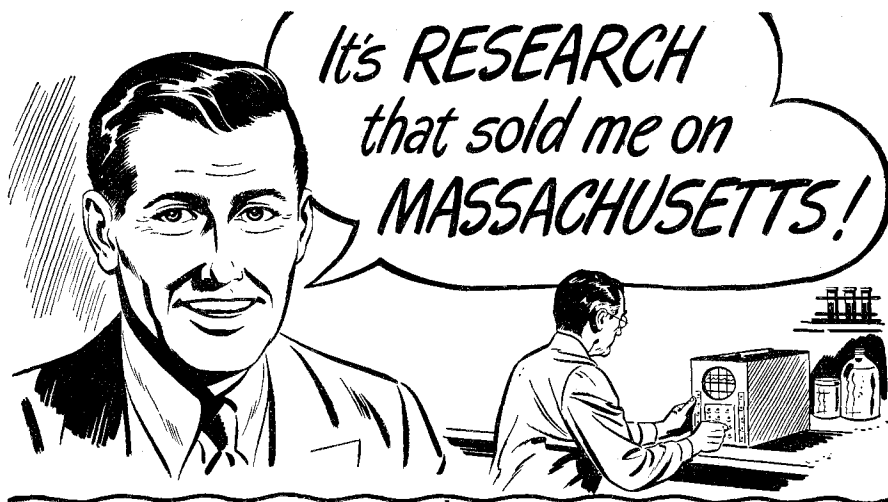
Along with the first contention runs the argument that information about how far, how high, or how fast a new airplane will travel must also be kept secret since the plane might conceivably one day carry a bomb. The case will not stand reduction to absurdity. The second contention can be made the vehicle for comparable extremes.

How much security?

The height at which the Hiroshima bomb burst is no secret. Japanese scientists, in fact, working by triangulation from the debris of the city, were able to figure it out as 1500 feet. Yet in some quarters there is a strong feeling that the fact should not be mentioned.

The Fifth Semiannual Report of the Atomic Energy Commission ran into a considerable storm of denunciation because it contained maps and photographs of atomic energy installations at Oak Ridge, Hanford, and Los Alamos, some four fifths of which had been published as long ago as 1945. Part of the attack against the Commission was based on the charge that to assemble the photographs in this handy form made them more dangerous.

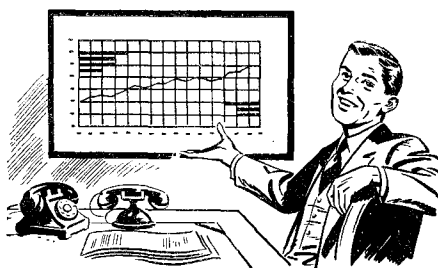
The reception of the Fifth Semiannual Report illustrates the general pattern of attack; from criticism of a specific point such as the maps and photographs, discussion moves into far wider generalizations, and the question becomes not the comparative hazard of the specific point but whether anything at all should be published, whether as much should be published as is consistent with security, or whether the minimum possible should be published.



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Is it, as sometimes rumored, a secret society with designs against our government? Do its members really take an oath to destroy non-Catholic institutions and to promote Catholic political power?

If such rumors were true, the Knights of Columbus would not deserve the friendship and trust of non-Catholic citizens, which it invites and merits. Actually there is no more thoroughly American organization than this fraternal order of Catholic men.

It is composed of plumbers and lawyers, farmers and doctors, business men and scientists — of Catholic men at every level of the social and economic scale. Some are rabidly partisan Democrats, others equally staunch Republicans. On political and public questions, they "choose up sides" with all the freedom and enthusiasm of any other citizens.

The Knights of Columbus was formed in 1882, by a small group of the men of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, Connecticut. They had met, at the invitation of Father Michael J. McGivney, not to form a national fraternal society, but to "render mutual aid to the members of the parish and their families."

In the years that since have ensued, the Knights of Columbus has grown into a fraternal order of 700,000 members, spread over the United States, Canada and other countries of the Western World. But its purpose of "mutual aid" ... and its principles of charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism ... have remained unchanged through those 67 years.

Millions of dollars contributed by the American people have been spent by



the Order for the relief of victims of fire, flood and famine ... for the support of Christian youth work ... for aid to Christian education. In World War I, and immediately thereafter, \$44,000,000 was expended by the Knights in support of our troops and in the

rehabilitation of veterans. Even after all these years, veterans of the first great conflict still remember the Knights of Columbus huts in France with their friendly invitation: "Everybody Welcome — Everything Free."

Nearly one out of every six Knights served his country in World War II, and many laid down their lives.

Despite these and many other signal demonstrations of its principles of charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism, some people have the most absurd beliefs and suspicions about the Knights of Columbus, just as they do about the Catholic Church. Even today, misinformed people give publicity at times to a false alleged Knights of Columbus oath which has been proved to be fraudulent, and which scores of others have been forced publicly to admit is untrue.

This message ... and others explaining Catholic beliefs and practices ... are published by the Knights of Columbus so that our non-Catholic neighbors may judge us as we really are — not as we are often misrepresented to be. We believe that truth, as Lincoln said, "is generally the best vindication against slander."

If you would like to know more about the Knights of Columbus ... about the ideals, history, achievements and aims of this international society of Catholic men ... we shall gladly send you free an interesting pamphlet on the subject. Write today for Pamphlet No. 9—B.

The forthcoming report on the effect of atomic weapons plainly will be an excellent starting point for a repetition of this cycle, for it is to be packed with specific statements, offered in handy form.

Must we tell the Russians?

The general lines which controversy will follow, once the report has appeared, can be clearly discerned. Until we know that the Russians have an atomic bomb, one argument will run, we should not issue handbooks of this sort. The answer to this is that the American people should know what is necessary for their self-protection whether the Russians have an atomic bomb or not.

A second line of argument will be that, assuming the Russians do not have an atomic bomb, we should not, by publishing such a handbook, make plain to them what to expect and what to prepare for. This will be met by the reply that the American people need to know what to expect and what to prepare for and that their need should govern.

A third contention will be that the Russians aren't telling anybody anything and we shouldn't either — particularly not by publishing factual information in handy form. This will be countered by the proposition that the strength of this nation lies in freedom, and the maintenance of freedom demands openness of knowledge. Stress will also be laid on the fact that the concept of public accountability of governmental administrators and agencies demands public knowledge.

The whole thorny question of secrecy and security will be brought to a head. During the past two years the Atomic Energy Commission has been under a running fire of attack for the statements which it has issued in the effort to establish and maintain a sensible line between the releasable and the nonreleasable, and the attack may be expected to become heavier after the handbook is published.

Evidently both the Commission and the National Military Establishment, in undertaking the project together, regard this hazard of increased opposition as an acceptable risk that must be met in the effort to minimize the vulnerability of the United States in the event of atomic war.

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Africa

UNITED STATES investors already have a sizable stake in Africa. There is an estimated hundred million dollars of U.S. capital in South Africa alone. American money and engineers helped to start the Rand gold mines, and American money still is in the Anglo-American Corporation, an investment empire with interests in South African industry as well as in many major mines in South Africa and elsewhere throughout Africa.

Since the war, U.S. investment funds have ventured further into Africa. American money, an American firm, and American engineers are operating copper mines in Southwest Africa and in Namaqualand. A new finance company, the American Anglo-Transvaal Corporation, was formed in 1946 with an authorized capital of 20 million dollars, backed primarily by the banking houses of Ladenburg Thalmann & Co. and Lazard Frères & Co. of New York. Stettinius Associates has been formed to interest investors in Liberia, where the United States is developing at Monrovia a port which will have the largest dock facilities between Gibraltar and Cape Town.

The need and desire for American technicians have been expressed in a recent request by the British Colonial Office for fifty American specialists to fill vacancies in topographical, geodetic, and geological survey sections in Africa.

Some American cars are assembled in South Africa and there is a lusty South African appetite, whetted by gleaming advertising in American magazines, for most American products. The South Africans overbought during the post-war period and consequently used up their dollar reserves. But the current dollar shortage and import control should pass and there is, in the Union of South Africa alone, a market of over two million Europeans, many of them in the upper income groups, who could be avid customers for American goods. Most South Africans like Americans, and have a great curiosity about the United States which they would satisfy by visiting "the States" were dollars available.

As our program to aid the backward colonial areas progresses, our stake in Africa will become far

greater. So what of this continent to which we are turning an investor's eye? If the more arctic regions of the American continent were lopped off, Africa would equal in size North and South America put together. It is the one great underdeveloped hinterland in which Western Europe can expand, now that Asia is torn by civil strife and the Latin American countries seem inclined to buy up railroads and other European investments.

Of the part of Africa that lies south of the Sahara, France controls the greatest acreage; an area about the size of the United States. The area under British control comes a close second in size, and ranks first in population, both native and European. In fact, over two thirds of the people in the British Colonial Empire live in Africa.

The Congo, which is more than seventy-six times the size of Belgium itself, puts Belgium in third place; and Portugal's colonies are more than twenty times the size of the motherland. Spain's holdings are negligible, and the only native states are Ethiopia and Liberia. The Union of South Africa is the only industrial state of considerable white settlement on the continent.

New roads, new horizons

Since the war, Great Britain and France have worked together on matters of common interest in West Africa. Two years ago, in Dakar, an Anglo-French Communications Conference initiated plans toward an integrated communications system. As a result, an inland road is being built across Gambia to provide a link between the French territories of Sénégal and Guinea. A survey is being made to extend the Sierra Leone railroad into French Guinea and thus provide an outlet to the sea for French produce. An international coastal highway is planned for the Gold Coast, Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Nigeria, and the Cameroons, and recommendations have been made for the improvement of telephone and postal communications.

By 1950, eight technical conferences between Britain, France, and Belgium will have considered their common interest in agriculture and soil conservation, rural economy, forests, nutrition, labor,



The Atlantic Report on Africa



education, health, and pest problems. Other colonial powers, and Africans as well as Europeans, are invited to these meetings.

A Joint High Commission has been set up to simplify collaboration between Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika. This interterritorial administration controls and legislates for a number of common services, such as production and supply, industry, research, revenue, posts and telegraphs. At present, a linking of the railroad systems of the Rhodesias and East Africa is under discussion by the High Commission. Before long, the native with a pack on his head may be an unusual rather than a common sight.

Now that governments and colonial offices see the need for coördination, the political scene is shifting in order to hasten and encourage the process of tapping Africa's resources. The Marshall Plan countries see in Africa a source of wealth to bolster their own economies and pay off the United States investment in Europe.

Peanuts in Tanganyika

The peanut project in Tanganyika might be called a trial run for development programs, and a study of the failures and difficulties of the Overseas Food Corporation will help those who come into the field later.

To begin with, the scheme was politically burdened and tied in with the margarine shortage in Great Britain. The average taxpayer and housewife were led to expect miracles which have not materialized. The targets set were too optimistic. The glowing hope of putting 225,000 acres under cultivation the first year resulted in a meager 7500 acres. Instead of 1,230,000 acres in 1949, only 45,000 will be planted, and almost half of those to sunflowers, although they give less oil than peanuts.

Evidently it came as a surprise to the management to discover that if you plow up Central Africa with machines, the earth will harden like cement, yet anyone who has ever raised so much as a carrot in Central Africa knows that a subsoil crop is difficult to pry out of hard ground. He knows equally well, having learned the hard way, that neither Africa nor Africans can be hurried.

No one anticipated that heavy equipment for clearing the scrub would be incredibly difficult to find, nor even that getting the scrub roots out of the ground would be an obstacle. Today, it is reported, there is hope that the roots will disintegrate

by themselves. This is a fine example of that axiom of African ventures: learn Africa and go her way instead of trying to force a non-African method.

Overcentralization of administration in London, an old Colonial Office error, has proved another hindrance. Anyone in the African bush who needs a reroofing job on his house during the rains is likely to go slightly mad while waiting for the approval of the head office.

The turnover of native labor has been high. The African has no love of regimentation. It is his custom to go out to work for a few months and put up with industrialization for the sake of a few pounds and then return to his kraal. Mines in Africa, the biggest employers to date, operate on that system and the African is used to it. With a few exceptions, long-term employment is outside his experience, unless he works for an individual who attempts to reproduce for him the conditions in which he is at home and happy.

White labor, too, has been discontented. Even if supplied with electricity and bathtubs, life in the African bush is too extreme a change for many people, the women particularly. One loves it or hates it, and there have been misfits. More careful screening and more intelligent orientation for those selected are necessary.

Mistakes are costly and now it is obvious that it will take at least twice the initial investment of 25 million pounds to bring the scheme into the estimated production. Meanwhile the accomplishments are not negligible. A port has been constructed, roads have been built, and a town of 2000 exists where there was nothing but scrub bush two years ago. Eventually an annual 228,000 tons of margarine should come out of it.

Whites versus natives

Before the most economic means of realizing the wealth of the continent can be found, some agreement on native policy is essential. Our own bold new program calls for "guarantees in the interest of the people whose resources and whose labor go into these developments."

"What people?" is the question being asked in Africa. "The black or the white?" How to balance the interests of the natives and those of the white settlers and the European powers is the big problem of Africa, and the solution varies in the different territories and even between territories within the orbit of the same power.

Africa's difficulty lies in the fact that small but energetic European populations are surrounded by Negro and Bantu races whose own civilization is at an Iron Age level and whose population ranges from four to a thousand times that of the whites. To prejudice the development of Africa in the interest of the natives is a proposition considered absurd by men and women whose homes and livelihood are in Africa. To them it is as if the settlers of colonial America had left the development of the prairies, the forests, and the mineral riches of North America to the Indians.

There is much to be said for their contention, yet no equitable solution has been found for developing Africa under European leadership while, at the same time, giving the native an opportunity to go as far as he is able.

Europeans set the pace

The aim of French colonial policy is to create a France Overseas. Therefore, it is the degree of Frenchness to which a native attains that determines his standing. There is no segregation and no color bar in the French colonies, and even the higher administrative and technical posts are open to natives. An educated minority — the elite — are trained for administrative posts, and citizenship is granted to those who meet strict requirements.

There are two classes of natives: *sujets* and *citoyens* — the *sujets* far outnumbering the *citoyens*. In 1946 forced labor was abolished, and the following year the natives were granted full equality with French citizens before the law.

Great Britain attaches to political rights, and to freedom in commercial relations, the importance which France attaches to legal and social status. Her policy is based on the assumption that the colonies may become self-governing, in association with Great Britain.

Great flexibility is the chief characteristic of British policy, which varies largely according to the degree to which Europeans have settled in the area. The larger the white population, the more determined it is on white supremacy.

The Union of South Africa, with well over two million Europeans, is

the most extreme exponent of white supremacy, and the present government is committed to making even more pronounced distinctions between the races and to eliminating the native from the European community except as unskilled laborer. The color bar is strictly enforced, and what little political representation has been granted to natives and coloreds has been threatened.

Although the Belgian policy in the Congo might best be defined as a paternalistic commercial policy, it still contains very marked advantages for the native population. There is no economic color bar and the natives are trained in skilled occupations to replace European labor. Also, a place is being made for the *évolué*, the educated African. He is not admitted to European social life, but at least he is not forced into the life of the primitive African.

The Portuguese consider the native the essential element of their colonization, and base their policy on a belief that natives or mixed populations must constitute the natural basis of African society. The color bar is hazy, and children of mixed marriages have the status of Europeans, as do Africans who have adopted European standards of living.

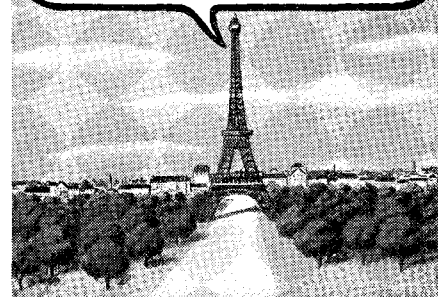
White fears

Among the British colonies, self-government and the development of political man are primary aims. Naturally, political consciousness is spreading among Africans, and this fact arouses white fears of being overwhelmed by Iron Age Africa.

The danger is that a primitive mass, stirred by talk of equal rights and opportunities, led by frustrated agitators, and enraged by suppressions, may try to take control before it has learned to manage its own affairs within the framework of industrial society.

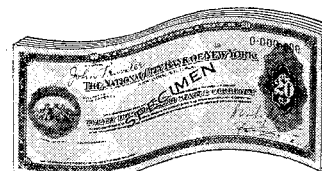
The one bright hope is that the trend toward regional coöperation and federation will foster an exchange of some of the more successful attitudes and methods of administration and training, and provoke new approaches to the African. There would then be grounds for the belief that the African's interests will be protected while the riches of his continent are being unlocked for the good of mankind.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Theodore Spencer Fund

Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will miss the frequent contributions in verse and prose from the late Theodore Spencer, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University. Professor Spencer's sudden death at the age of forty-six cut short the versatile role he played in American letters as poet, critic, scholar, and teacher.

His many friends are now engaged in raising a fund which will be used to commemorate his name in some appropriate form. Since he did so much to bridge the gap between the literary and the academic world, as well as to emphasize the theater at Harvard, bringing such authorities as Harley Granville-Barker and John Gielgud to address his courses, it is felt that the most appropriate memorial might be an occasional series of lectures on the drama.

Those who wish to express their appreciation of Professor Spencer and his work by contributing to this fund may make out their checks to Harvard University, and send them to the Theodore Spencer Memorial Fund, in care of the Treasurer, Harvard University, 24 Milk Street, Boston.

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Mr. Marquand and Truk

SIR:

In "Return Trip to the Stone Age" (April *Atlantic*), John P. Mar-

quand refers to "such gadgets as iron nails, Christianity, and disease." This sounds like a clever phrase, but does it mean anything?

Surely the Europeans only added to the variety of diseases on Truk. And if Christianity is a gadget, it is a useful one which may someday find its way back to our highly civilized centers to relieve the frustration which makes each new Marquand book a repetition of the previous one.

ANABEL A. DODGE
Manchester, N.H.

Sir:

While reading Mr. Marquand's article I was reminded of something that Dean Inge wrote — to the effect that it was not necessary to travel any distance to meet the savage: he lives right next door; and as for the mentality of the Stone Age, one meets that daily in the pulpit or on the platform.

MRS. ROBERT GRAY
Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

Christianity a gadget! This is too much to take.

How is it that so many "intellectuals" close their eyes to the highest truth and to the fact of a living Christianity and a living Christ? I can feel nothing but pity for a man who can attain eminence as a writer and yet miss the deepest satisfaction the human soul can know.

It is fair and right that the *Atlantic* should publish viewpoints of many sorts, and we who read the magazine can judge them as we will. But I am convinced that we should cry

"Enough!" when Christianity is classified with iron nails and disease.

MRS. ERIC O. JANSSON
Milwaukee, Wis.

The Absolute of Freedom

SIR:

I'm not sure that I understand the full import of Philip Wylie's complaint about Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer in *Atlantic Repartee* (April issue); but I'm sure I do not understand how Mr. Wylie can be so sure.

Taking Dr. Oppenheimer to task for saying there is no such thing as an absolute ("The Open Mind," February *Atlantic*), Mr. Wylie reminds the physicist that in physics "there is one absolute: the velocity of light."

When Mr. Wylie or a physicist or anyone says the velocity of light is absolute, I wonder for how long it is absolute. And what is the speed of light, if it's the one element we can tie to with confidence? My two great scientific reference books, the *World Almanac* and *Webster's Unabridged*, don't agree. The *Almanac* says the velocity of light is 186,324 miles a second. *Webster's* says it is "about" 186,300. What do they mean — "about"? If I'm going to moor to an alleged absolute, I don't want any "abouts" or "maybes." Sure, twenty-four miles isn't much when compared to the total of 186,000, but I doubt if Mr. Wylie would care to trot off that twenty-four miles just to make his absolute pass the Bureau of Standards test.

Then there's the *Information Please Almanac*, which probably has not been accepted as a scientific work. It lists the velocity of light at 186,273

miles a second, which is practically selling Mr. Wylie's absolute short.

If one wishes to take the time, he can dig up a whole list of obsolete absolutes. Enough that the *Scientific American*, about 1910, listed the velocity of light at 185,500 miles a second. Absolutes have speeded up about 800 miles a second since then.

With very elaborate equipment Albert Michelson measured the velocity of light through air at 299,828 kilometers a second and through vacuum at 299,910, which he later corrected to 299,853 kilometers a second—which, if I have not erred in multiplication and long division, comes out 186,311 miles a second through vacuum. In any event, Michelson proved, to the satisfaction of contemporary physicists at least, that the speed of light varies according to condition of the track; and if that's absolute, so is a race horse. Perhaps Michelson subsequently was proved wrong; if so, that merely goes to show that today's absolute may go with tomorrow's cigarette butts.

Newton's law stood as an absolute for a very long time until Albert Einstein poked some holes in it. Why, judging from the history of science, should anyone consider Einstein invulnerable? I wouldn't know. I read somewhere that "the Einstein theory requires us to suppose the world line of a ray of light also shall be a geodesic in the continuum." I don't know whether that is absolute either.

CLYDE BRION DAVIS
Salisbury, Conn.

I Personally —

SIR:

I send you the following verse with acknowledgments to David McCord ("Sanctuary," *Accent on Living*, April *Atlantic*) and to my own childhood misapprehension of a line in "The Burial of Moses" by Cecil Alexander, when read aloud to me by my mother. I was completely baffled but delighted by the image, and never asked for an explanation.

THE STALKER STALKED

Lo, the poor Indian, hunting
Gladly, the cross-eyed bear,
Through Cry, the beloved country,
Back to its rocky lair,
Stopped with a whoop of horror
When suddenly he found
Perchance the lion's stocking,
Upon the stony ground.

ASHTON SANBORN
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

It would help if people who wrote of stamp collecting collected stamps. The stamps of Monaco ("Monaco," by Joseph Wechsberg, *Accent on Living*, April *Atlantic*) are not enthusiastically received by philatelists but are regarded as a racket, and find a market only among children and indiscriminate purchasers.

CHARLES G. HAMILTON
Aberdeen, Miss.

SIR:

Frederick Packard, who tells in *Accent on Living* ("Have You a Fire Stick, Please?" April *Atlantic*) how he caused some confusion in a Havana restaurant by substituting *camarotes* (staterooms) for *camarones* (shrimps) and thus ordering "broiled staterooms with rice," would be interested in a misadventure of mine in Milan.

My train was almost due, and I was hurrying with final packing and checking out from my hotel when I discovered that the boy who had taken my shoes to shine had not returned them. Hastily I summoned a bellhop and demanded *mia scala*. Amazed, he assembled several other employees and finally the manager. When, with my repeated demands, the waving of arms and the looks of bewilderment became too disconcerting, I opened an Italian dictionary and discovered that I was demanding not my slippers (*mia scarpa*) but my stairs (*mia scala*).

Later, I had a rather baffling experience with English as spoken in England. In a small dry-goods store, I asked for some muslin, intending to make a stout bag, and was shown some very sheer organdy. I explained that what I needed was the heavy cotton material of which sheets are made.

"Oh," said the saleswoman, "you mean calico."

"No," I replied. "Calico is a coarse figured cotton material of which housemaids sometimes make their morning frocks."

"La, now," said the saleswoman, "that is foulard."

As I made my way to the door, I called back, "Foulard is a soft figured silk used for street and afternoon dresses."

Then I went into a little dry-goods store across the street and asked for a half yard of calico. I promptly got a good strong piece of muslin.

MYRTLE C. GEYER
Chicago, Ill.

1948

1949

Atlantic Prizes to College Students

The Atlantic Contests for College Students for 1948-1949 (closing date April 8) were open to all students using the Atlantic Monthly in a course during any part of the 1948-1949 college year.

Essay Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Here's to Dear Old . . ., by Charles S. Plotkin, Bates College, Maine; Robert Berkelman, Instructor

HONORABLE MENTION

Other Critics, Other Reviews, by Howard Chamness, Pomona College, Calif.; Frederick Mulhauser, Jr., Instructor

An Evaluation of Fear, by Julianne Norris, Wellesley College, Mass.; Mary Eleanor Prentiss, Instructor

Tender Roots, by Janna Synnestvedt, College of the Academy of the New Church, Penn.; Richard R. Gladish, Instructor

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Black Water Blues, by Montgomery Culver, University of Pittsburgh, Penn.; Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor

HONORABLE MENTION

Shadow Over the Tree, by Louise Charles, University of Tulsa, Okla.; Dennis Murphy, Instructor

One Happy Family, by Donald E. Baker, University of Pittsburgh, Penn.; Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor

The Seeking, by Jeanne Heitkamp, Clarke College, Iowa; Sister M. Ignatia, B.V.M., Instructor

Flanagan's Night in Hell, by Patricia Kiely, Mundelein College, Ill.; Sister Mary Irma, B.V.M., Instructor

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Mister O'Reilly's Tomb, by Daniel J. Hughes, University of New Hampshire; Carroll S. Towle, Instructor

HONORABLE MENTION

Three Poems: "Direct and Wide," "Graham Greene: The Heart of the Matter," and "Entrance Through a Line from Hart Crane," by Herbert Morris, Brooklyn College, N.Y.; James P. Meagher, Instructor

Homecoming, by Daniel J. Hughes, University of New Hampshire; Carroll S. Towle, Instructor

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1949 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one to Charles S. Plotkin, Bates College, Maine (for his essay, **Here's to Dear Old . . .**), and one to Robert Berkelman, Instructor of Charles S. Plotkin.



FOR EVERY ADDED CAR...

\$530 More Needed for Oil Facilities

For every additional car that rolls onto America's highways the oil industry must put up \$530 more in new capital.

It takes that much for equipment to find, produce, and transport the added gasoline and oil needed to keep it running.

To supply oil for each additional oil burner, the industry invests \$670;

for a truck, \$970; for a Diesel locomotive, \$108,000; for a transport plane, \$221,000.

And because Americans use more cars, more trucks, more trains, more planes every year, it takes more and more money at work all the time to keep oil flowing out of the earth at the rate they use it.

This money comes from invest-

ments—from stockholders and from earnings put back into the business to meet the always expanding needs. Sound investments like these are for your future. Soundly and progressively managed, they give you assurance of oil to meet your growing needs.

*The better you live,
the more oil you use...*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)



Drilling for oil at sea, sometimes twenty miles offshore, has already attracted investments running into scores of millions in California, Texas, and Louisiana. But whether the tidelands oil should belong to the states or whether the Federal government should have paramount rights has provoked heated discussions throughout the Southwest as well as in Congress. A leading authority on oil and gas law, ROBERT E. HARDWICKE of Fort Worth, Texas, was Chief Counsel for the Petroleum Administration for War. In this paper he presents the case for states' rights.

THE TIDELANDS AND OIL

by ROBERT E. HARDWICKE

A NEW frontier, one-tenth the size of the United States, and rich in petroleum and other natural resources, extends seaward from our shores. This frontier, often called the tidelands, is that part of the continental shelf covered by the comparatively shallow waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

The ownership of this belt of submerged lands and the right to take its resources are now in dispute. The protagonists are the Federal government on one side, and a large majority of the states on the other. That it will be a bitter contest seems inevitable—a contest involving difficult questions of law and troublesome questions of policy.

Our present economy and our future safety depend heavily on petroleum. If we are to be prepared against sudden attack, we must have adequate petroleum supplies in this country, and we should not rely on foreign sources. It is not enough to know that, with time and unlimited money, large new deposits could be found inland, and also outward under the seas. There may be billions of barrels of oil in the continental shelf, but that oil will be of little use until it has been discovered, developed, and made available in adequate quantities at the right place and time.

It takes more than courage and hard work to get crude oil on short notice out from under the seas, and its refined products into the possession of the armed forces. Skill can be commandeered by the

government, organization can be achieved, money can be had, costs can be ignored in an emergency; but you can't buy time.

The story of the search for oil deep under the seas is interesting enough to justify the telling, even if it were not enlivened by the quarrel over who owns it or who should control its development. The outcome of this quarrel will inevitably affect all the states and may even change materially our dual system of government.

Our continental shelf, in area about 290,000 squares miles (Alaskan portions excluded), extends to the line where the gradual seaward slope of the continent steepens rapidly into the abyssal oceanic basins. The line marking the 100-fathom depth (600 feet) is ordinarily considered the edge of the shelf. Its width varies from about 5 miles on parts of our western coast to some 140 miles at the Texas-Louisiana line, and more than 175 miles off the New England and Florida shores. The approximate areas of the portions of the shelf bordering the different coasts also vary materially: the Pacific coast, 18,500 square miles; the Atlantic coast, 127,000 square miles; and the Gulf of Mexico, as much as 144,000 square miles.

The shelf itself, as distinguished from the waters above it, contains many valuable resources, such as oysters, clams, shells, kelp, sponges, and sand, as well as salt, sulphur, oil, gas, and other minerals. Already large deposits of oil and gas have been dis-

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covered off the shores of California, Louisiana, and Texas, and it is with these resources and the Gulf Coast area that we are now primarily concerned.

Petroleum was first discovered in the shelf in 1894 when a well was drilled from a platform over shallow waters off the coast of California. The search for underwater deposits in that area was further stimulated in 1927 by the discovery that the drilling bit, instead of going almost straight down, would drift so that a well started on or near the shore might slant seaward and penetrate the producing zone at a point beneath deep water a considerable distance from shore. By 1935, California operators had perfected methods of controlling the drift or of conducting directional drilling; consequently, a well could be started on shore and be bottomed with astounding accuracy close to a predetermined point under water a considerable distance from the starting point.

The present and potential value of the petroleum deposits in the shelf which can be produced at reasonable profit may be very great. Despite the difficulties encountered in development of the Pacific shelf, where deep water is close to shore, the total production of four fields producing from the California shelf, up to January 1, 1949, had amounted to about 152 million barrels of oil, worth about \$2.50 a barrel at present prices. The future production from those four fields was recently estimated at about 168 million barrels. Great quantities of valuable gas are also produced along with the oil.

Although production in the Gulf of Mexico far off shore has hardly begun, it is very probable that much oil will be found. Already eleven separate fields have been discovered off the Louisiana shore, and three off the Texas coast. In the 31½-mile strip (27 nautical miles being the seaward boundary of Louisiana and Texas as declared by statutes of those states in 1938 and 1941) there are about 16 million acres claimed by Louisiana, of which some 12 per cent are under lease, and about 19 million acres claimed by Texas, with approximately 2 per cent under lease. The seaward boundary of Texas was further extended by statute in 1945 to the outer edge of the shelf. Whether a state can extend its boundary without the consent of the Congress is a question beyond the scope of this article and will not be discussed.

Estimates of oil reserves (oil recoverable at reasonable profit) in the 31½-mile strip along the Louisiana and Texas shores range from 4 billion to 10 billion barrels. These estimates are not based on fanciful speculation or unreasonable assumptions. In comparison, the total 1948 production of crude oil in the United States was little more than 2 billion barrels, and the total proved oil reserves (probable recovery from deposits already discovered) were estimated at less than 24 billion barrels — a figure which of course does not include the tidelands.

The stakes are high, and so is the ante, yet a few

operators are taking the gamble and risking millions. They have leased from the states enormous areas of the shelf in the Gulf and lower Atlantic. The approximate areas leased and the approximate bonuses (cash payments for the purchase of leases) paid to the states since 1944 are as follows: Florida — \$29,000 for 6,500,000 acres; Mississippi — \$111,000 for 800,000 acres; Louisiana — \$26,500,000 for 2,541,604 acres; Texas — \$7,300,000 for 370,000 acres; a total of \$33,940,000. In addition to the bonuses, operators have paid to the states large amounts in annual rentals (payments made to keep a lease in force until drilling is commenced), and are obligated to pay royalties (usually one eighth) on oil and gas produced and saved. No areas off Mississippi and Alabama are currently covered by leases. At the present time, the Louisiana and Texas coasts offer the best opportunities for successful development, and most of the activity is in that section.

2

WITH the purchase of the leases, an operator's troubles begin. Assuming that he has leased an area located some 20 miles from shore and under 40 feet of water, he must first locate the tract accurately, and then find some practical way to keep it readily identified. Obviously, the ordinary methods of marking boundary lines (stakes, pipes, trees, and rocks, with bearings on near-by objects) cannot be used. Triangulation and shoran (a specialized type of radar) are used and positions are described by latitude and longitude. In a very real sense, a tract is often tied to the stars.

Having located the area, the operator must then decide whether the earth formations are such that, at reasonable depth, oil and gas in large quantities might be trapped. More than a hunch or an intelligent guess is required to justify the expense of drilling even one well in deep water.

Usually the operator will drill if he has an indication of a "high" or a domal arrangement of the strata far beneath the ocean floor. Along the Gulf mainland, many subsurface highs have been located which were formed by movements of bodies of salt. Such domes are found by geophysical methods. During geologic time, great salt beds accumulated in the region of the present Gulf coastline of Louisiana and eastern Texas, and were eventually covered by many layers of sedimentary material which finally became rock. The weight of the sediment, combined with other causes, such as folding and faulting, forced the salt masses to move or flow, following the lines of least resistance, usually upward. The effect locally was about the same as if a gigantic plug of salt, shaped something like a bullet with a diameter up to 5 miles, had been pushed by tremendous hydraulic pressure upward against the covering strata of rock, bending some of them into domal shapes, and sometimes actually

breaking through several layers. The resulting shapes of some of the layers of rock, called structures, were favorable for the accumulation of oil and gas.

The task of collecting and interpreting accurately the geophysical data, and of correlating them with a great mass of other data concerning subsurface conditions in the area, requires the skill of geologists, geophysicists, paleontologists, and other specialists.

Having found what appears to be a favorable structure, the operator who elects to drill must then overcome innumerable difficulties not encountered on dry-land operations. Offices, camps, supply depots, repair shops, and giant cranes or other lifting devices must be established on shore and be duplicated in part at the wellsite, and many forms of expensive water transportation are required.

A real challenge to ingenuity comes with preparation for drilling operations. Here, 20 miles from shore, is our assumed location for the well in 40 feet of water. Safe and comfortable living quarters must be devised for the men, and adequate space must be provided for great quantities of heavy machinery and materials. The discomforts and dangers of burning sun, cold winds, fogs, ocean currents, and waterspouts (a species of tornado) must be met; also, the frequent danger from sudden line squalls which, though of short duration, have wind velocities up to 75 miles an hour. Finally, adequate protection must be provided against hurricanes, common in the Gulf, frequently with winds of over 100 miles an hour and with 30-foot waves. In spite of all these and other difficulties, the operator hopes to carry on operations around the clock, without costly delays for lack of men or materials.

Operators have met the physical challenge in a variety of ways, showing a versatility characteristic of our competitive system. One operator constructed a giant, double-decked structure on 100 piles driven from 150 to 200 feet into the Gulf floor, capable of sustaining a load of 10,000,000 pounds.

A more common arrangement makes use of a smaller platform for the derrick and drilling equipment, supplemented by a barge, usually a converted LST, securely anchored and moored to serve as a floating warehouse, repair shop, and houseboat. When a well is finished, either as a dry hole or producer, the barge can be readily moved to another location.

One operator is now building a huge double-decked structure especially designed so that it may be easily dismantled and moved from one location to another.

From most of the structures in the deep waters of the Gulf, several wells can be drilled to test a relatively large area. This can be done by directional drilling, so that the bottoms of the wells are widely separated though the wells are started in a cluster on the platform. Already drilling opera-

tions are being conducted in approximately 60 feet of water in the open Gulf, and operators claim that before long they will drill in water 100 feet deep. Wells have been drilled in Lake Maracaibo, Venezuela, in water that deep, but there the waters are quiet and the difficulties not so great as in the open Gulf.

3

THE operators have taken great care to make the men comfortable, to protect their health, and to provide for their safety, both ashore and in the Gulf. Under one typical arrangement, the men stay twenty days at the well, then go ashore for ten days. At the drilling sites, pure water is obtained by distillation. Operators do not use gasoline in any boat or at any location, such as a drilling platform, where it would be dangerous to do so. Radar and radio telephones are standard equipment, and are put to many uses. Special studies have been made of currents, winds, and wave action in the Gulf, and operators are coöperating with the United States Weather Bureau in securing information as to the weather, especially adequate advance information of line squalls and hurricanes. The science of oceanography is being extended, under conditions existing in the Gulf, with new experts in that field being developed by the oil companies.

The problem of keeping the seas out of a well is relatively simple. A string of pipe of large diameter (20 inches or more) is lowered from the drilling platform to the bed of the sea, and then driven at least 100 feet into the ground. The upper end extends to the platform, the lower end is considerably below the bed of the sea; consequently, the sea is effectively cased off, though the pipe is full of sea water. The drilling bit, attached to a string of drill pipe, is then lowered through the water-filled pipe. The weight of the equipment may carry the bit through many feet of mud and silt.

Actual drilling begins by rotating the drill pipe, thereby rotating the drilling bit so that it will penetrate the sea bed, cutting or breaking up the rock and other material at the bottom of the hole. During drilling operations a fluid, usually called "mud" (water, mud, and other substances carefully selected and mixed to proper weight and consistency), is continuously pumped under considerable pressure down the hollow drill pipe, through openings in the bit to the bottom of the hole where the fluid mixes with and collects the cuttings, and carries them to the surface. The sea water originally in the pipe is soon displaced or pushed out.

Should oil or gas in quantity be discovered far from shore in deep water, unusual problems of production, storage, and transportation are presented, far different from those encountered in operations on dry land. All activities in the Gulf present bewildering problems of marine transportation, es-

pecially in the frequent periods of fog and high winds. Many types of vessels are used, such as speedboats, launches, tugs, barges, shrimp trawlers, luggers, cargo carriers, houseboats, yachts, and others, some of which are queer hybrids. There are also converted naval craft — subchasers, air-rescue boats, Navy YF barges, LST's, LSM's, LCP's, and LCT's — carrying on strange activities for warcraft.

The public records show that twenty-eight companies own leases or an interest in leases covered by the coastal waters of Louisiana and Texas. Among this group, fourteen of the twenty largest companies own leases directly or through subsidiaries. About half of the owners are individuals or smaller companies. Few operators have been willing to take the financial, legal, and political risks that are inherent at present in operations in the Gulf of Mexico.

The cost of carrying on deep-water operations is very great. Seismograph crews cost more than \$1000 a day; drilling costs average about \$3000 to \$4000 a day; complete drilling platforms for deep water vary in cost from \$200,000 to \$2,000,000. Aside from the cost of the platform, the expense of drilling a well in deep water to 14,000 feet is estimated to be about \$500,000. One company had spent a total of \$18,000,000 on Gulf leases, exploration, equipment, and operations up to January 1, 1949, with only two fields to show for it.

The amount spent in Gulf operations by all companies since the middle of 1945 has been estimated at more than \$100,000,000. To offset this, the cumulative production of oil to date from wells in the Gulf, excluding the Creole Field, which was discovered close to the Louisiana shore in 1938, is about 130,000 barrels of a value not exceeding \$300,000. The companies are, therefore, some \$100,000,000 in the red and are still spending millions. At least sixteen dry holes had been drilled off the Louisiana coast, and nine off the Texas coast, up to January 1, 1949.

4

IN addition to physical, financial, and economic problems, operators are also faced with the claim by the United States that their lessors, the states, had no title to the land leased and no right to control the development of the resources.

The California Legislature, assuming that the state owned the seaward area out to its western boundary line (3 English or statute miles from shore), provided in 1921 for its development under state leases. Several oil fields were discovered within a few years, so that the value of the petroleum resources of the strip was evident by 1937. That was the year when Gerald P. Nye, United States Senator, questioned the title of California and other littoral states to the offshore strip, and tried unsuccessfully to persuade the Congress to

declare that the strip was part of the Federal public domain. Indeed, the Congress even refused to direct the Attorney General to file suit to determine the question of title. Similar resolutions were introduced in several succeeding sessions of the Congress, but all failed to pass.

Unquestionably, there were many decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States, and there were other legal and historical precedents, which apparently established title in California and other littoral states to a line at least 3 statute miles from shore. Officials of the United States, including Harold L. Ickes, as Secretary of the Interior, had, before 1937, formally declared that the individual states, not the United States, had title to the strip and the right to grant permits for the development of oil and gas. Mr. Ickes, in 1937, took the position that, since the title of the states to the strip had been questioned, the issue should be settled in the courts. He testified before a joint committee of the Congress in March, 1948, that it was President Roosevelt who had raised the question of title in 1937, and that he (Ickes) and the Secretary of the Navy had promptly urged the Attorney General to file suit. No suit was filed until 1945, though President Roosevelt himself had suggested it in 1937, and though various cabinet officers and others in high places urged the Attorney General to commence legal proceedings to determine whether the United States had title to the submerged areas.

During the period 1937 to 1945, offshore development continued in California. Its beginning in the Gulf of Mexico was in 1938, when oil was discovered in a well drilled in relatively shallow water about a mile from the Louisiana shore in what is known as the Creole Field. The second field, Rabbit Island, was discovered in 1942 some 7 miles out in the Gulf close to Rabbit Island. Some operators do not consider these fields to be in the Gulf, but in any event the production proved that fields would be found in open water; so large areas were leased in August, 1945, from Louisiana, and plans were made to start extensive operations. Because of World War II, new operations in the Gulf were virtually impossible during the period 1941 to 1945, but operations began on a large scale after the war, as soon as materials were available.

All this development took place under state leases. Beyond doubt, the states and oil operators had reason to be confident that the Supreme Court of the United States would hold against the United States in the suit brought against California. This the Court did not do.

By a six to two decision, announced June 23, 1947, the Court declared, in an opinion by Mr. Justice Black, that California did not own the belt extending 3 English miles (3 x 5280 feet) off her coast, but that the United States, *because it had to protect the country and conduct our foreign relations, had paramount rights in and power over the area, an*

incident to which was full dominion over its resources, including oil. The opinion of the majority admits that prior decisions of the Court justified the belief that the "states not only owned tidelands and soil under navigable inland waters, but also owned soils under all navigable waters within their territorial jurisdiction, whether inland or not." In spite of these prior decisions, the Court held that California did not own the strip, but the Court refused to declare that the United States was the owner. Justices Frankfurter and Reed dissented. Mr. Justice Jackson took no part in the decision.

5

THE implications of the decision are alarming and go far beyond the clouding of titles of states to offshore areas and to the beds of navigable streams and inland waters. The reasoning may logically be extended to inland waters and areas and to the resources of the uplands. Most of the states are joining the littoral states in fighting extension of Federal control by such a doctrine, and are urging the passage of legislation which will restore the status which was thought to exist prior to the decision in the California case, or give paramount rights to the states.

Nevertheless, Attorney General Clark has asked leave of the Supreme Court to file suits against Louisiana and Texas, announcing that the decision in the California case is a conclusive answer to the claims of those two states. According to the Attorney General, it is wholly immaterial that Texas, as a recognized independent nation for about ten years (1836-1845), came into the Union under a formal agreement with the United States that Texas would "*retain all the vacant and unappropriated public lands lying within its limits,*" and would cede to the United States only edifices, forts, barracks, fortifications, navy yards, and "other means pertaining to the public defense."

At that time (1845) and on subsequent occasions the United States recognized the southern boundary of Texas as extending to a line 3 leagues (10.5 statute miles) from shore. Yet now the Attorney General of the United States seeks to file suit to obtain a decree by the Supreme Court declaring that the United States, not Texas, has title to the belt and the right to control the development of its mineral resources. One state official was so disturbed by the action of the Attorney General that he suggested secession and the return of Texas to its status as an independent nation.

Since the decision in the California case, various bills have been introduced in the Congress which would release to the states any claim of the United States to the beds of navigable rivers and inland waters, and would release to each littoral state all claims of the United States to the beds of the seas to a line 3 nautical miles (3 x 6080.20 feet) from

shore, or to a line representing the seaward boundary recognized by the United States, if farther than 3 miles from shore. A similar bill quitclaiming the seaward areas was passed by the Congress in 1946, while the California case was pending, but was vetoed by President Truman in the closing days of the session. Several bills of that nature are now pending.

The Council of Governors, the Council of State Governments, and the National Association of Attorneys General, in accordance with resolutions passed by almost unanimous votes of the representatives of those organizations, have actively supported quitclaim legislation, and have expressed great concern over the extension of Federal power and control over state and private resources which is implicit in the language and holding of the California case. These organizations have also vigorously opposed bills which would undertake to place the resources of the shelf under the control of an agency or department of the Federal government.

The value of the resources of the shelf may be very great, and undoubtedly there will be sensational appeals to greed and prejudice. Already the cry has been heard that the big oil companies, by favoring state ownership and control, are trying to grab the vast and wealthy Federal domain represented by the tidelands, and that this "steal" should be prevented.

It must be emphasized that the littoral states for more than 150 years have exercised power and control over the resources of the tidelands, and for years have leased areas of the shelf for oil development. No adverse claim of title or superior right was made by any official in behalf of the United States before 1937, and even that claim was generally thought to be unsound, really fanciful, until the Supreme Court announced its decision in the California case in 1947.

The states and their lessees must have rights and equities which, as between private litigants, would be tantamount to title; otherwise the Administration would not have sponsored bills providing that a person holding a lease issued by a state before June 23, 1947, or even at a later date, could, under certain conditions and upon the recommendation of a board, exchange it for a Federal lease containing in many respects the same terms as the state lease. The bills also provide that neither the states nor the operators shall be liable to the United States in damages on account of oil or gas produced before June 23, 1947. One of the bills would allocate to the states a part of the royalty received by the Federal government from production. Clear it is that the states, not the oil operators, are the ones faced with the greatest loss, and are the real opponents of the Federal government in this controversy.

Why should the sinister label of "land grab" be used to describe the efforts of the states (even though they may be aided by their lessees) to induce

the Congress to pass a bill which would settle questions of title or control in favor of the states — thereby establishing rights which were recognized as theirs until June 23, 1947? Indeed, if the term “land grab” is to be used, there is some justification for saying that the United States has made the grab.

Federal control has not been urged as a method for getting the government into the oil business. Neither has Federal control been advocated because the states might not enforce adequate conservation measures. Nor has Federal control been proposed as a means of getting a new or better group of operators than those who hold or could acquire leases from the states. No claim has been made by the advocates of Federal control that petroleum supplies were lacking during our two World Wars because the Federal government *did not have control* of oil development onshore or offshore. This brings the discussion to what might be expected if an agency of the Federal government should be authorized to grant leases and control offshore operations.

It has been argued that the laws and their administration pertaining to the development of the Federal domain for oil and gas for a period of twenty-eight years (1921–1949) indicate what is likely to happen if the Federal-control bill becomes law. It has been said that the Teapot Dome scandal is proof that Federal officials are not always honest, although there was no intention to say that Federal control of the development of the shelf would probably result in a similar scandal. It can be said, however, that the laws and administration of the public domain have often been publicly described as most unsatisfactory in comparison with state laws and administration.

The mineral leasing act was the cause of many complaints by operators, but this the Congress finally recognized by long-delayed revision of the statutes in 1946 for the declared purpose of stimulating production on the public domain. The Department of the Interior, administrative agency under the act, has improved many of its regulations, forms, and practices to encourage development and meet objections, so that complaints as to administration of the mineral leasing act have materially decreased; however, some justifiable grounds for dissatisfaction still remain.

The history of the administration of the mineral leasing act indicates that inefficiency is inherent in an arrangement which places control of great far-away areas and activities in a Federal agency in Washington, subject as it is to inevitable frustrations and restrictions which can be blamed only in part upon inadequate appropriations. Perhaps much of the blame rests upon civil service laws and the volumes of regulations and rulings which govern the employment, transfer, promotion, discipline, and discharge of employees, and to a considerable extent govern the rates of pay — giving little discretion in those matters to the officials of the

agency. The situation is quite different from that prevailing in industry and in most state agencies.

Regardless of the ability of top-rank Federal officials, no way seems to have been found to avoid a complicated routine or red tape with little flexibility, often affecting judgment and always slowing the processing of papers and the announcement of final decisions, even minor ones, to such an extent that planning by operators is made most difficult. The delays and uncertainties have been maddening. Moreover, Federal laws, leases, and regulations still impose upon operators obligations which are generally considered by them to be unnecessary and to confer powers upon the Secretary of the Interior which authorize arbitrary action with respect to important operations.

This much is certain: development of the public domain for oil and gas has not been comparable to the development of private lands or the public lands belonging to states. There is no indication that Federal laws and administration with respect to the reserves of the shelf will follow a different pattern, much less a better one. On the contrary, the bills sponsored by the Administration are unusually restrictive and harsh. For instance, they would require each lease to provide that the Secretary could control the rate of development and the amount produced as he thought advisable “in the interest of national defense or the public welfare.” Each lessee would be required to agree that the Secretary, during war or national emergency declared by the Congress *or* by the President, could suspend operations under a lease, or even cancel the lease, in which latter event the government would be obligated to pay the lessee “an amount determined in accordance with regulations promulgated by the Secretary which incorporate guiding equitable principles.” These are amazing provisions.

It may be said that the operators would be authorized by the Administration bills to supply capital, materials, and men, and take all the risks, while many of the usual functions of management would rest in the Secretary of the Interior. He would also have the power to cancel the lease and pay damages in accordance with his own ideas of values and fairness. Provisions of that nature would not be likely to stimulate leasing or development.

This country needs oil and gas in great quantities. Logically, operators should be induced in every reasonable way to develop without delay the petroleum resources of the shelf. Federal control is bound to be a deterrent of great magnitude. Under state control the operators have a brilliant record of achievement, overcoming the impossible almost every day. A prompt disposal of the controversy by the Congress in favor of the states will undoubtedly cause an increase in development activities, and will also avoid the strain and bad feeling which are inevitable if the issues are to be settled by further litigation and by bitter contests in the Congress.



A noted paleontologist, ALFRED SHERWOOD ROMER, who graduated from Amherst College in 1917, is Director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard University. A member of Phi Kappa Psi, he was head of the corporation which owned the chapter house at Amherst, and therefore the alumnus who stood most directly in the crossfire which developed between the local chapter and the national fraternity when the Amherst undergraduates pledged a Negro for membership in the fraternity. Here is what happened.

THE COLOR LINE IN FRATERNITIES

by ALFRED S. ROMER

1

DURING the year just past I have found myself deeply concerned with the affairs of a group of fine youngsters who, acting from high motives, were unexpectedly embroiled in a major social problem. Under vicious attack, for a time they were dismayed and confused; but they came through and, I think, won their final trial.

For me, it all began with a phone call from Amherst in March of '48. I happen to be president of a corporation owning a fraternity house there — a fraternity which was at that time a chapter of a national organization known as Phi Kappa Psi. The rushing season, during which freshmen are pledged to the various houses, was in full swing, and on the phone was a member of the Phi Psi rushing committee. They were thinking, he said, of pledging a Negro boy, one Tom Gibbs. Did I approve? What would the alumni generally think?

Personally, I told him, I would approve, and I felt sure that at least a fair percentage of the alumni would also approve. But I felt equally sure that there would be some who would oppose the action. This was a pretty radical step, even if in line with college policy. Better think it over carefully, and get plenty of advice. They did; although they could not then imagine all that was to follow. Tom Gibbs was pledged to Phi Psi membership, with the general approval of the college community.

Fraternities are an old-established part of the college scene. The fraternity house gives the boys a home, friends, an adventure in group living and coöperative effort. My own experience is, I think, typical of that of many Amherst men to whom their fraternity was a source of strength. I came to college with a partial scholarship and \$50, and not much more support in sight. I was not, obviously, a potential athletic star, nor did I show much evidence of becoming a campus "big shot." But the fraternity took me in, found me jobs, loaned me money,

gave me friends to buck me up when the going looked rough. Without its aid I could not have completed college.

In the thirties there was some deterioration in the Amherst fraternity situation, and there were complaints on the part of the faculty against them as being anti-intellectual and centers of a type of life with definitely lowered moral standards. This complaint was to some extent justified. But actually the fault lay, it seems to me, not so much with the fraternities as with the character of the student body as a whole and hence, basically, with the admissions policies of the college. To Amherst, as to most colleges in those days, there was admitted a considerable percentage of "nice boys" who, whatever their family standing, were no students — boys of the raccoon-coat-and-hip-flask variety. The presence of these gentlemen changed the social and moral picture of student life for the worse. Since the fraternities were the major expression of this life, the blame was laid at their door; but the same condition would have developed even if there had been no fraternities.

During the war, the Amherst fraternities were quiescent, and in this lull future college policies were discussed and reported upon by alumni and faculty groups. In both reports the majority vote was against continuation of the fraternities. Final decision lay with the trustees of the college, who had to take into consideration the fact that the fraternities were responsible for lodging half the college body in their houses. The trustees decided to allow the fraternities to continue, but threatened to terminate their existence if reforms were not made and lived up to. Strict rules were laid down for fraternity-house conduct, and a committee of undergraduates and alumni was formed to see that these rules were enforced.

On the matter of membership qualifications the

general thesis of the trustees was that any man good enough to be admitted to Amherst College should be good enough to be admitted to one of its component social groups. Here, however, their ideas could not be completely reconciled with the fact that selection of membership is a basic feature of the fraternity, and insistence that a group accept a student not of its own choice would in itself have ended its existence. Here the trustees compromised. They worked toward the democratic goal, however, in various ways. They insisted that the number of members admitted to the fraternities each year be high enough to include most of the college body, and themselves sponsored a fourteenth house, in which boys not bid to one of the thirteen fraternities would be able to enjoy a somewhat comparable social life.

Racial intolerance was a puzzling problem. The trustees desired that racial barriers be eliminated, having, of course, anti-Semitic bars particularly in mind. Here, however, their only ruling could be merely a negative one—namely, that no fraternity could continue at Amherst if its charter had any limitations on membership based on race or religion.

Under these regulations, fraternities were re-established at Amherst when the war closed. On the whole the experiment appears to be a successful one. Conditions have not been perfect, but there has been a sharp swing back from the "collegiate" days of the thirties to a state in which the college body—and consequently the fraternities—is closer to the older and healthier ideals of earlier decades. There has been a further breakdown of racial barriers. Nearly every house contains Jewish members, voluntarily elected as a matter of course in line with a reasonable college policy.

Into this scene a year ago came, as a freshman, young Thomas Gibbs of Evanston, Illinois. I have only met Tom briefly, but every account of him is the same. A good student, but not a spectacular one. A good cross-country runner, but not a star athlete. A modest, friendly, likable boy; a naturally popular one, and, as a result, the first member of his class to be elected to the student council. A democratic spirit was abroad in the student body. If Amherst democracy meant anything, if the ideals of the Amherst fraternity system were something more than a string of noble words, here was a lad who belonged.

It was a departure from tradition, nevertheless, and only three of the thirteen houses felt strong enough to consider seriously bidding him. Two, I am told, came within a vote or so of the unanimous action required, but could not quite reach agreement. Phi Psi finally agreed unanimously to pledge him, after considering the situation from every viewpoint. Faculty and administration opinion would, of course, favor them. The student body, they felt, would back them—which it did most heartily.

The social picture, house parties? Smith and Mount Holyoke girls when asked saw no objection. Amherst alumni? Fraternity houses are owned by corporations of which the alumni are the majority members, and alumni support is of major importance. Time was too short to take a poll, but Phi Psi hoped that Amherst graduates would approve their action or at least adopt an attitude of tolerant forbearance (which the great majority of them have indeed shown).

There remained one further important matter. What of the national organization of which they were a part? What was the legal status of the matter? What was the ethical background? They searched the fraternity constitution and by-laws and found that the selection of members was specifically stated to be the business of the local group alone. Nothing gave the national organization any right to interfere.

Character and ability, said the constitution, were the true criteria for membership. The Phi Kappa Psi ritual, like that of every fraternity, was full of encouraging and noble phrases about brotherhood and democracy. And what could be more heartening than this declaration by the man who was then president of the national organization, Winston R. Tate of Kansas City? "Too often fraternities over-emphasize conformity to the demands of a tight little social world, create fake standards of excellence, cultivate a snobbish exclusiveness. . . . Phi Kappa Psi strives to avoid these tendencies, both by teaching and example. It insists that personal character is the first concern, both of the organization and of the member. . . . Phi Kappa Psi seeks to assist men to lift their eyes to wider horizons, to become tolerant, to question all things in the light of reason; and finally to develop the moral courage to follow those paths that have been illuminated unto them and without regard to external consequences."

The way seemed clear and open; Tom was pledged. And note the spirit in which it was done. These boys were no set of professional liberals campaigning for social equality. Just a group of very decent youngsters, living up to the principles which animated their college and (they fondly imagined) their fraternity. Here was a boy they liked, whom they wanted to be one of themselves. It was as simple as that.

2

THE news of the pledging of Gibbs presently reached national fraternity circles in the Midwest, and the troubles of the Amherst chapter began. Little more than a month later, there arrived a deputation from the national fraternity headed by an ex-president, Harry S. Gorgas, a New York lawyer. Its object was to persuade the chapter to withdraw the pledge to Gibbs. The boys refused.

Both morally and in fraternity law, they were on firm ground. The deputation withdrew — pointing out, however, that the Amherst chapter would encounter strong opposition at a national convention of the fraternity to be held in Colorado in early July. The undergraduates, they said, had better poll their alumni to sound out their sentiments on the matter, and state their case by circular letter to the fifty or so other chapters of the fraternity.

Here was trouble, but not, it then seemed, too great difficulties. The alumni were polled — some 500 graduates stretching back over half a century. They overwhelmingly supported the chapter — 90 per cent for Gibbs, many enthusiastically. Letters were sent to inform the other chapters, and in June a delegation of the boys — five undergraduates and two young graduates — set out for Estes Park, Colorado, eager to discuss the matter in brotherly fashion with the executive council of the fraternity and the convention delegates. But at the convention, the matter was treated not as one for discussion but one to be hushed up and summarily disposed of. The Amherst delegates were met with threats and peremptory commands. Most active and vociferous in opposition were alumni groups from the Middle West, particularly Chicago.

The delegates had expected to plead their case with the executive council of the national organization, and, if necessary, plead it on the convention floor. No discussion, no plea was allowed them; when they arrived, they were presented with a *fait accompli*. The council had already voted unanimously that Gibbs could not be initiated, and, should the Amherst representatives show signs of recalcitrance, there was ready for introduction on the convention floor a resolution to revoke their charter and summarily throw the chapter out of the fraternity.

The delegates were staggered by such treatment. This action was quite illegal, as members of the council were willing to admit in private. But whether this action was legal or not, it could be overridden only by a two-thirds vote of the entire convention. Discussion with other delegates soon convinced the Amherst men that such a vote could not be obtained.

The Amherst men were in a most difficult position — one for which they were not at all prepared. They did not feel they had the right to place the chapter's very existence in jeopardy; so, after lengthy discussion with some of the national officers, a "compromise" was agreed upon. Definitely, said the national representatives, Tom could not be initiated, although the chapter might, if it wished, keep him as a sort of permanent pledge and treat him as a "social member" of the local group (whatever that might mean). If — and only if — the delegates agreed to this stipulation would the resolution to cancel the Amherst charter be withdrawn. The delegates pointed out that they could not, of

course, say in advance what the decision of the chapter would be; but they agreed to work for this "compromise" and promised that, should the chapter not agree, there would be no attempt to initiate Gibbs without due notice.

Within a day the national officers broke the agreement by the further demand that Gibbs be depledged at once; nevertheless, the delegates faithfully worked for the "compromise" in discussions back at Amherst.

One point of dispute regarding this "compromise" cropped up in later stages of the controversy. This had to do with the word *blackball*. One negative vote is enough to prevent election to a fraternity, and it was later the contention of certain national officers that the Amherst delegates had agreed to blackball Gibbs. But as far as I can discover, the word was not mentioned in these talks, and the delegates had no idea that such an outrageous promise was implied — a promise which, if made and carried into effect, would, of course, have effectively hamstrung the chapter and prevented any further discussion or action.

The convention was addressed by Mr. Gorgas, who said: —

"May I just take a moment of your time to speak to you in two capacities, first as a Phi Psi, and second as a member of the Executive Committee of the National Inter-Fraternity Conference? I am very sure that everyone in this room knows that the eyes of the entire fraternity world have been focused upon our sessions here during the past four days and that the possible decision which might be reached here has been awaited with fear and trepidation by everyone interested in the progress and development, reputation and standing, of the American college fraternity system.

"At this time at Attleboro, Massachusetts [where the fraternity pin industry is centered], Dr. Gilbert Meade, Chairman of the National Inter-Fraternity Conference, is presiding over a meeting of the Committee and a group of about forty of the most active and prominent fraternity men in the country, and it is going to be my privilege at the close of this meeting to send him a telegram which will read as follows: —

"'Controversial matter settled in friendliness and most fraternal manner.' I am very sure that many of those fraternity men in Attleboro will feel incredulous at the ability of Phi Kappa Psi to settle such a delicate and dangerous subject in such a fraternal manner." (Applause.)

The national officers regarded their victory as won, the upstarts from Amherst quietly and effectively crushed. A circular sent out after the convention stated smugly: "Before the convening of the Grand Arch Council, a great many alumni were advised that one of our chapters had pledged a Negro. Thanks to the fearless, diplomatic leadership of President Winston R. Tate and the able as-

sistance of his Executive Council associates, the problem was settled at the G.A.C. without discussion on the floor of the Council."

3

BACK at Amherst, the matter was far from settled. When the news spread among the boys as they re-assembled at the end of the summer vacation, there was worryment, fear, anger. What was their proper course? They had wanted — and still wanted — Tom as a brother. The clear course of honor was to make him one of them. But that almost surely meant their expulsion from the national fraternity, and what would result? Could they continue to exist if that were done? For one thing, the house in which they lived belonged to the Phi Kappa Psi alumni of the chapter. What would the attitude of their alumni be, if they were expelled? Further, what were their prospects if they became a local society without the prestige of national affiliation? Lack of national connections, it was feared, might reduce this strong chapter to insignificance.

These worries were very real to the undergraduates, and for two weeks at the beginning of the fall term the discussion continued. All were for Tom; no one favored throwing him over. But, for the time being, the house membership seemed irrevocably split between two courses of action, weighing honor and expediency. Half the group, afraid of expulsion, favored an attempt to work within the framework of the national fraternity for the acceptance of Tom, making him a "social member" meanwhile. The other half insisted that internal reform was hopeless, that "social membership" was a meaningless sham — either you were a member and a brother or you were not — and that the only honorable course was to keep their pledged word, even if expulsion resulted.

Vitally concerned, of course, were the other youngsters from Tom's class who were pledged to the fraternity. Their approval had been asked and given before Tom was pledged. They now got together, the fifteen of them, without Tom, to discuss the matter. All agreed that they still wanted him, and most of them signed a pledge that they would not be initiated unless Tom were too.

Letters were again written to the alumni; the alternatives — equally unpleasant — were placed before them, and they were invited to give their advice. Nearly 100 interested graduates wrote back promptly. With expulsion in view, the opposition had increased to 20 per cent. Two or three letters of this group were rabidly anti-Negro ("Brother Romer, would you want YOUR DAUGHTER to MARRY a NEGRO?"), but most of the letters in opposition were well-reasoned conservative arguments to the effect that though acceptance of Tom was in theory a fine and democratic action, it was not a wise one in the present state of society.

The big fact was that 80 per cent of those who wrote favored Gibbs. A few suggested that we at least try the "social membership" compromise. A good two thirds of the writers, however, insisted that Tom should be taken in as a full brother; stated that social membership was a sham, and that honor and decency demanded that we stick to our guns, no matter what the outcome. That was what the chapter unanimously decided, for itself, to do.

As a forlorn hope, the Amherst chapter made an attempt to solicit support from other chapters before informing the national officers of its stand. Little support was found. A few replies were favorable, some bitterly opposed. Other chapters, even if somewhat sympathetic, were obviously afraid to express a real opinion. Answers ranged from one received from a Pennsylvania institution, nominally of collegiate rank, whence the brethren replied "In short, you STINK," to the dignified statement of the University of Mississippi men that they felt it the privilege of any chapter to choose its own members — a reply especially distinguished as coming from a group so located geographically.

The hand of the more ardently anti-Negro alumni groups would seem to have lain heavily on the undergraduates. As an example of such alumni feelings I cite a document circulated by the Johnstown (Pa.) alumni of Phi Kappa Psi, when the matter had become public: —

The undersigned members of the Johnstown Alumni Association can find no words equal to the deep indignation and justifiable wrath that they feel towards the inconsiderate, wilful, dishonest, oath-breaking undergraduate members of Massachusetts Alpha. We demand that each and every one of these mischievous imps be disgracefully expelled from the fraternity, that the charter of Massachusetts Alpha Chapter be irretrievably revoked, and that alumni trustees, who may hold title to the Phi Kappa Psi House at Amherst, be requested to bodily eject these ungrateful outcasts. . . .

We reiterate what we said in our petition to the 1948 Grand Arch Council and suggest that the Attorney-General take immediate steps to have the fraternity's Constitution amended so that our chapters are not only traditionally, but constitutionally, forbidden to initiate negroes and restricted to initiate only members of the white race. The amendment should also forbid religions which do not respect the oath of secrecy, adherents of faiths and isms which are known to be antagonistic to the beliefs, customs, and traditions of the great majority of our present undergraduate and alumni members, and adherents of all political doctrines which would destroy our nation's system of democratic government and free enterprise. Furthermore no Chapter must ever hereafter be permitted to suspend the unit rule for admission to membership. All these restrictions should be carried out under penalty of expulsion and charter revocation.

A malignant growth has been found in our fraternity. Prompt surgery may remove the cancer, but

whether entirely or not depends on our skill and foresight now. Certainly a deep and ugly scar will remain. Complete recovery at this time is too much to expect. The damage done to our fraternal body is extremely severe, perhaps fatal.

In early November a letter giving the national organization fair warning of the Amherst chapter's intent had been prepared but not yet sent, and replies from other chapters were still being received. Then a wandering reporter for a Boston newspaper discovered the story and broke it prematurely. No further delay was possible; the national officers were informed of the intention of the chapter to initiate Gibbs in the near future unless action were taken against them by the general fraternity.

The reaction of the national officers was not unexpected. The executive council was obviously enraged by the refusal of the chapter to accept humbly the punishment given its delegates at Estes Park, and further inflamed by the high praise given the Amherst group by the newspapers of the country. The chapter was promptly suspended by Howard L. Hamilton, newly elected president (who is Secretary of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Ohio State University), and his action was confirmed by the executive council. Shortly there arrived imposing legal documents summoning the chapter to trial at a council meeting to be held in Chicago during the Christmas vacation. An extra vicious touch was the demand that the five undergraduates who had attended the July convention be also brought to trial.

Obviously, the proposed "trial" would be in the nature of a kangaroo court, with the expulsion of the chapter, and presumably of the individual members, as a foregone conclusion. A feeling of revulsion against this hocus-pocus at first inclined the chapter, and the boys especially concerned, to resign from the national organization as the simplest way out. This, of course, would play squarely into the hands of the executive council. Further consideration by undergraduates and alumni led to the decision to go through with the forms of a defense and put the onus of expulsion, and the resultant obloquy, directly on the shoulders of the national officers.

A short time before the trial, I received a letter from the father of one of the boys concerned. He told me that he had been visited by a neighbor, Mr. Harry Gorgas, who had expressed regret over the sad situation in which these lads were placed and had suggested that the father write me to ask that I use my influence to get the chapter to withdraw voluntarily; in which case, he indicated, the charges against the individuals might be dropped. This cold-blooded attempt to use the five as hostages was enough to rouse one's adrenalin to a high rate of output.

The kangaroo court was held, as scheduled, in a Chicago hotel during the last days of December.

One of the chapter's graduates (a lawyer) and two of the boys concerned presented a defense as a matter of form. The officers of the executive council, in conclave assembled, acted as the prosecution, judges, and jury, and would even, in questions of procedure, resolve themselves gravely into a court of appeals. As scheduled, the Amherst chapter was thrown out of the national fraternity. But on the question of expulsion of the individual boys, the officers compromised by suspending them for a two-year term.

With this pitiful farce of a trial, the name of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity disappeared from the Amherst campus. Reorganized as Phi *Alpha* Psi, the Phi Psi house continues, as before, with the respect and admiration of the college community.

In recent decades, the fraternity politicians active in the affairs of many of the national organizations have tried to strengthen the formerly loose-knit ties between the chapters, and by levying stiff taxes upon the undergraduates they have built up elaborate and powerful national administrations. These not only have tended to interfere actively with the conduct of individual chapters, but have further attempted to interfere with the administration of the colleges themselves.

This attitude is well illustrated in a "Report on the State of the Fraternity" presented at the Estes Park convention: "Relations with college and university administrations are generally favorable, but in a few instances the old 'Squeeze-play' is on, and vigilance and extreme effort on the part of the alumni and national officers of Phi Kappa Psi and other fraternities will be required to save these chapters. We believe that much can be done to change the anti-fraternity attitude of these college administrations; or, failing in that, to *change the personnel of such administrations.*" (My italics.)

The rituals of Phi Kappa Psi and I imagine of other national fraternities are filled with fine moral and ethical precepts which reflect the sincere beliefs of the founders of these organizations. But when, as in the present instance, it is clear that those in national control of fraternities are in direct opposition to the ideals of the undergraduates and indeed of our democracy, the question is naturally raised — and not on the Amherst campus alone — as to whether these national organizations shall continue.

As for myself, my term as a chapter officer expires in June, and I shall retire to my peaceful occupation as a vertebrate paleontologist. I do so, however, with the warm feeling in my heart that in this torn world there exist educational institutions with high ideals, and young men with principles and the strength to defend them. I salute Amherst College and my brothers in Phi *Alpha* Psi, winners in their battle with reaction and with their own fears.



The fast muscular waters of the Rockies are the particular delight of JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, author, geologist, and angler, who at the urging of the Atlantic now discloses his favorite haunts and bypaths to those who would like their first taste of Western mountain trout. Mr. Bradley graduated from Harvard in the class of 1921, took his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago in 1924, and since then has taught geology at Harvard, at Chapel Hill, in Montana, and at the University of Southern California.

FISHING IN THE ROCKIES

by JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY

I

As the pressure on Eastern trout streams grows heavier year by year, more and more fishermen are discovering the Rocky Mountains. They are learning that in the Rockies they can find a vastly greater number and variety of streams than they can find at home, less brush and fewer insect pests, a longer fishing season with more and larger trout, less pollution, fewer posted and privately leased waters, more exciting scenery and pleasant weather.

It would be unfortunate, however, for a newcomer to assume that this Paradise contains no serpents. Overfishing, overgrazing, overirrigating, and other abuses exact their toll from the Rocky Mountain trout stream. It is almost as easy in the West as in the East to get on poor water, or on good water at the wrong season. Western streams, like Eastern streams, are adversely affected by a variety of weather and water conditions.

The Eastern fisherman may have a preconceived notion that the fishing in the Rockies is almost too fast to be fun. Actually the Rockies contain not only some depleted streams but also some of the most temperamental trout on earth. In the spring creeks which feed the larger rivers, the trout are often extremely wary and selective in their feeding. Spring-creek fish may be quite as skeptical as any old brown in the Esopus who has seen everything and wants nothing that Abercrombie & Fitch have to offer.

The spring creeks of the Rockies are delectable little streams rising from springs along the sides of the major rivers. They wander independently over the flood plains of their larger neighbors for at most a few miles before joining them. They are trout water all the way. An ideal trout stream, according to Viscount Grey, has "broad shallows here and there, but with plenty of deep stretches, not stagnant, but with a good current all down them; its

breadth in the deeper parts should be about as much as can be cast across by a single-handed rod, and considerably more on the shallows where wading is possible." The larger spring creeks of the Rockies meet these specifications perfectly.

They resemble the chalk streams of England in other ways too. Moss and weeds which increase as the season advances give the trout ample food, cover, and more than a fighting chance for their lives when hooked. Many trout of one to three pounds, and a few up to five and six pounds, stay in these creeks the year round. The water is cold and of even flow all year, low and clear as air even in spring when other streams are high and murky.

Spring-creek trout are greedy but discriminating feeders. It is not uncommon during a hatch to see a dozen good fish feeding in a single small pool. The flies that hatch along these creeks in summer are typically small; the trout will generally rise only to a small artificial on a long fine leader. They show a marked preference for the color as well as the size of the naturals which are on the water, and it is difficult to tempt them with any artificial when no natural hatch is in progress. They are extremely sensitive to splash, shadow, and drag — a real challenge to the experienced fly-fisherman. I have seen crack Eastern anglers so happy in the discovery of a Rocky Mountain spring creek that they spent their entire vacations fishing a few hundred yards of water.

The tactics which are best for the spring creeks are not necessarily the best for the larger rivers into which they flow. While usually less cautious and selective, the trout in the larger waters are more widely scattered and more erratic in their feeding periods and habits. You can sometimes fish hard for days at a time on these larger streams without taking more than one or two good fish each day;

on other days you can take a weight limit of two-pound trout from a single pool.

Most newcomers to the Rockies need some time to adjust their thinking to the scale of the country. Accustomed to shorter, smaller streams with fewer and better-educated trout, they are likely to fish too little water too intensively. Though I am on controversial ground here, I believe that in the Rockies generally the first cast to a good spot is the best cast, and that it is a waste of time to work long over water which should have, but has not, produced. Day in and day out, it is my observation — on the larger streams — that the fly-fisherman who covers the most water catches the most fish.

While rainbows love to battle stiff currents and are often found in or close to white water, the cutthroats and browns are more likely to be in the glides than in the runs and riffles. They are often in the slow water along the bank and in the choppy eddies in the lee of the heads of pools. They are sometimes even deep in the dead water adjacent to the rips at the ends of points, islands, and bars. Inexperienced anglers are inclined to put their feet rather than their flies in these quieter waters where the veterans take most of their fish. Incidentally, it would be well at the start for the newcomer to take a good look at the veteran, even though he might be shocked by what he sees.

2

WHEN I first began to fish the trout streams of the Rockies in the summer of 1920, I saw not a single dry fly in use or for sale anywhere in Wyoming or Montana. Fly rods, to be sure, were in general use but few ever had a fly attached to them. Grasshoppers, worms, minnows, hellgrammites, salmon eggs, and spinners were the universally popular lures. Such fly-fishermen as I met were almost invariably fishing wet with a snelled Grey Hackle on the terminal loop of a heavy leader, and a Royal Coachman for a dropper. If this rig failed to produce results, the fisherman did not change it. He assumed that the trout were not rising.

Native Rocky Mountain angling practices are now generally more sophisticated than they were in 1920, but they are still capable of shocking a purist. Last summer it was my good fortune to be able to fish several streams between New Mexico and Alberta. If I were to paint a picture of the average native Rocky Mountain angler from the many models I saw in action, I would show him as a fly-fisherman rather than a bait fisherman. He would be using a cheap nine-foot rod, a heavy automatic reel, a four-foot leader of about twelve pounds test, and two snelled wet flies. In his hatband there would be half a dozen other flies of different patterns, some of them gross and outlandish. On his shoulder there would be a large leather-bound creel worth nearly as much as all the rest of his outfit.

Before the purist dismisses this man as a comic character, he should look into that creel. Crude though the tackle may be, it works. Though his rod is cheap, the native fly-fisherman of the Rockies is a master at manipulating the two-fly cast. The automatic reel is a convenience without being a threat to the sturdy terminal tackle. Doubtless the short heavy leader and coarsely snelled flies scare away many trout. But the native angler overcomes this handicap with his expert use of currents to present his flies in a convincing manner, and also with his thorough knowledge of the stream.

The mind of this man fits no better than does his tackle into the pattern of traditional fly-fishing. His angling has little literary or academic taint. He is not ashamed to use a fly which would make him a social outcast on the Neversink. He never debates the values of "fancy" and "imitation" flies, nor probes his soul to discover whether he is a "presentationist" or something else. He is, in short, a pragmatist with little respect for any point of view except that of the trout.

He often uses conventional flies, particularly such patterns as Black Gnat, Grey Hackle, Ginger Quill, and Royal Coachman, which enjoy reputations as fish-getters in the Rockies. But he uses them without deifying them. Unlike some of his brothers on the leaner streams of the East, he does not become a connoisseur and tier of traditional flies as a compensation for failure to make consistently good catches. He is rather somewhat of a cynic about flies. He suspects that the great multiplicity of patterns is either a hoax or a delusion.

His deviations from the straight and narrow path of orthodoxy are strictly logical. Because the fish are large he uses large flies. Their prototypes are the grasshoppers, bees, grubs, and minnows which large trout like to eat. His preference for flies made of hair rather than feathers is equally logical. They are durable, buoyant, and eminently sensible lures for large trout in fast water, adaptations not to the attitudes of the fisherman but to the appetites of the fish and the conditions of their environment. Trout flies, like men, are judged by their performance rather than their ancestry nearly everywhere in the Rockies.

The typical native fly-fisherman of the region is faithfully wedded to the wet fly. Practically all his favorite flies fall within the broad category of wet flies, bucktails, and streamers. He walks with the current, quartering his cast downstream and retrieving with jerks through the slicks and along the edges of the riffles and runs.

The dry-fly fisherman in the Rockies is almost invariably a visitor or a local youth. The children of the Rockies have been quick to learn the dry-fly techniques but slow to teach their parents.

Rocky Mountain fly-tiers, on the other hand, have not been wholly indifferent to the possibilities of the surface lure. Missoula, Montana, for ex-

ample, is the native home of the floating Bunyan Bug. This weird creation is much more like a bass bug than a trout fly. With its large hook and heavy body an inch or more in length, its long whiskers of stiff nylon bristles at right angles to the body, the Bunyan Bug is the perfect target for a purist's contempt. It is also a target that trout like to shoot at.

There are times in the Rockies, generally while the streams are still high with the meltwater from winter snow, when the rainbows feed in the middle of the heaviest rapids. Under such conditions a conventional dry fly dropped in the white water would be drowned at once; dropped at the edge of the current it would provoke no rise. A Bunyan Bug, which would float in the Maelstrom, bounds over the heaviest water like a chip of wood — and the rainbows bound after it.

The Wulff flies which are becoming increasingly popular in the Rockies reflect a wider breach in the loyalty to the wet fly. Though their wings and long full tails are made of deer hair and their bodies are relatively heavy, they are true dry flies which definitely suggest large May flies. Originally designed by Lee Wulff, an Easterner, nevertheless they are becoming in the Dan Bailey version as Western as sagebrush and lodgepole pine.

A fly with only sufficient buoyancy for two or three casts over a rising trout in a slow smooth glide of a British chalk stream is not generally satisfactory in the Rockies, where most streams are fast and broken, and feeding fish are difficult to detect. The Wulff flies reflect a frank willingness to sacrifice a certain amount of realism for a greater degree of buoyancy. In the muscular rivers of the Rockies they are ideal. They are not only incomparable floaters, but their visibility under the dazzling light of the Western sky is not equaled by any other fly. Best of all, they are prime favorites with the trout.

Many standard English and Eastern dry flies also work well on Rocky Mountain streams, but the hackles must be stiff and the colors visible in broken water. I personally fish dry whenever it is remotely feasible to do so. I do so despite the fact that bait and spinner fishermen catch larger fish, and wet-fly fishermen more fish when the water is excessively high, turbid, or cold. I know that conditions are often right for the dry fly in the Rockies; that when they are right I can make at least as good a catch as the next fellow — and have a great deal more fun doing it.

My attitude in this matter is that of many Eastern fishermen. Native anglers, on the other hand, leave dry flies pretty much to the visitors. If there were no tourists the Rocky Mountain fly-tier would probably tie no dry flies at all. Most of his local customers are quite content with their Ginger Quills and Woolly Worms.

There was a time, and not so long ago, when one seldom saw an out-of-state car parked by a Rocky

Mountain trout stream. Today one is as likely to meet an Oklahoman as a New Mexican on the banks of the upper Rio Grande. Dudes from the Middle West swarm with the willow flies to the Gunnison of Colorado. The Madison of Montana is almost as heavily fished as the Willowemoc of New York, and not a few of the fishermen are from New York and Pennsylvania. Each summer an increasing number of visitors, many of them novices, are casting flies and catching trout in Rocky Mountain streams.

3

FEWER than a dozen transcontinental highways carry most tourists across the Rockies. Every one of these highways gives easy access to superb trout fishing. For many miles U.S. 2, up by the Canadian border, follows the Flathead and Kootenai Rivers, two of the best trout streams in the Montana Rockies. Farther south, U.S. 10 and Alt. 10 trail the Clark Fork of the Columbia. In northern Wyoming, U.S. 14 skirts some of the best water in the Big Horn range and passes through one of the most spectacularly beautiful canyons in the entire West. U.S. 20 in Idaho opens up some of the best reaches on the Upper Snake.

In the southern Rockies, U.S. 30 touches several good feeder streams in lower Wyoming and Idaho; U.S. 40 parallels the Upper Colorado and Yampa Rivers in Colorado. Farther south, U.S. 50 and the world-renowned Gunnison River run side by side for many miles. U.S. 66, though south of the best trout streams, crosses roads which lead to good small waters and to the magnificent scenery of northern New Mexico.

The highways that follow the north-south grain of the Rockies lead to even greater riches. Any Federal highway with a number that contains the digits 8 or 9 will take you to excellent fishing. Try U.S. 285 from Santa Fe to Denver, with particular attention to the Los Pinos and Conejos Rivers near the New Mexico-Colorado line. Try U.S. 191, 189, 187, 93, 89, or 91 in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana. All these highways are for the most part well surfaced, uncongested, and magnificently scenic. They would be amply worth while even without the fishing.

Perhaps the best of all north-south highways for the fisherman is U.S. 93 between Twin Falls, Idaho, and Missoula, Montana. From this road one can reach such memorable trout waters as Silver Creek and the Wood River near Sun Valley, Idaho; the upper Salmon River and its two superb tributaries, the Pahsimeroi and the Lemhi; the upper Bitterroot River of western Montana. There is enough fishing for a lifetime along this route, but the fisherman must pay a price for it. In my case last summer the price was a nearly complete absence of good places to eat and sleep — and three ruined tires.

Remarkably few resorts of any type are located on

the best fishing waters; still fewer are run by and for fishermen. The specialized fishing camp found everywhere in Maine is practically nonexistent in the Rockies. In time I suppose they will appear — as the fishing begins to dwindle. At a dude ranch in the Rockies the visiting angler is likely to find himself with a horse he doesn't want, at a tariff he can't afford. He is almost certain to discover meal hours arranged not for his convenience but for the cook's. And he will be very lucky if he gets even a sample of the best fishing which the Rockies have to offer.

"Big water, big fish" is a general rule in the Rockies, although there are some notable exceptions. Since the major streams are also the major lines of travel, most of them are easily accessible and heavily fished. The trout are relatively wise and cautious. But a few large streams — much of the South Fork of the Flathead in Montana, for instance, and all the Middle Fork of the Salmon in Idaho — flow through valleys which have not yet been opened to railroads and automobiles. Streams of this type, full of large and innocent trout, are heaven for the angler who wants it fast and easy. Getting there by pack train, on the other hand, is likely to be slow and hard, and is certain to be expensive.

Those who lack the time, money, or fortitude for an extended pack trip can get fast fishing easily by operating from a base camp near the edge of a wilderness area. Take, for example, the Blackfoot River which flows west into the Clark Fork of the Columbia between Helena and Missoula, Montana. Thanks to the two near-by cities, to a good highway along most of its reach, and to a liberal sprinkling of dude ranches, the main Blackfoot is no longer the superb trout stream it once was. The North Fork of the Blackfoot, however, is quite another story. It is heavily stocked with good-sized trout which the rankest amateur can catch. The best water on this stream can be reached in a few hours — on foot or horseback — from the civilized end of an excellent Forest Service trail. Those few hours are likely to spell the difference between a heavy creel and a heavy heart.

I shall never forget my first evening on one of the larger wilderness streams of the Rockies when I took seven three-pound cutthroats on seven casts, without changing my position except to land the fish. I shall never forget the cheer of campfires in lonely forests, the calm of night on the peaks. Such are the traditional satisfactions of Western living and I do not undervalue them. Yet as the years go by I find that I do less and less wilderness fishing. I find that tougher streams in easier country provide better sport.

One of the greatest advantages of Rocky Mountain fishing is that a fisherman need not tie himself to a single stream or to a single stretch on a stream. There are many strategic points from which roads

radiate to a variety of good trout waters. The towns of Creede and Gunnison in Colorado, for example, give access to several of the best small trout streams imaginable. My favorite center for fishing the fine waters of the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming is the town of Shell, but Ten Sleep and Sheridan are close to nearly as good fishing and they are considerably more popular and comfortable. The town of West Yellowstone, where Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana meet, and where several of the best feeders of the Columbia and Missouri are within easy driving distance, is one of the choice locations in the Rockies for a fisherman. But many other places have magic names: Salmon, Idaho; Livingston and Kalispell, Montana; Kamloops, British Columbia — take note.

4

IN the Rockies the angler not only has much more water to fish but much more time to fish it. The legal fishing season is closed in most Eastern states by August or September, but it is open through September and October in all the Rocky Mountain states. Several larger streams — the Rio Grande, the Yellowstone, and the Kootenai, for example — are never closed to trout fishermen.

The natural as well as the legal season is longer in the Rockies. The trout fisherman in Maine must be content on the whole with a few weeks of good fishing in spring when the water is cold, and another few weeks in the fall. The trout fisherman in Montana gets increasingly good fishing from late August through September and well into October — the pleasantest part of the year to be outdoors — after most Eastern fishermen have stored their tackle for the winter. The die-hard can fish right through the winter on the open rivers of the Rockies. He can take trout and whitefish on spinners, occasionally on flies, in November, December, and even in January and February when the water is as cold as 32° F. He can get some of the best fishing of the year on these streams in March and April before the high water arrives.

The Rockies, to be sure, are somewhat short on the late April and early May fishing which makes winter endurable for so many Eastern fishermen. Because the native cutthroat and rainbow trout are spring spawners, most of the mountain states do not open their streams until mid-May or later. Late April and early May, however, are the unloved season of high water on many of the better streams (also wood tick time with its threat of spotted fever), and the fly-fisherman is bound to be unhappy anyway. He can assuage his grief with the thought of the five solid months — from late May to November — when throughout the Rockies the law will allow him to fish.

Nature, unfortunately, is less liberal than the legislature, and its laws are more complex. Each

stream, in fact, makes its own law, which in turn makes the problem of when to fish a real one. It is easy to get on good water at the wrong time. Few Rocky Mountain streams enjoy a reputation comparable to that of the Test, the Beaver Kill, or the Nipigon. The Firehole and the Madison in Yellowstone Park, however, are exceptions. They are widely and justly noted, and yet I suspect that they have bred more disappointment than any other trout waters in the Rockies. Both are early streams with productive peaks in late June. During July and August, the peak months for Park visitors, these streams are at their worst.

It is dangerous to generalize about the best season for stream fishing in the Rockies. There, as elsewhere, such variable factors as height, speed, turbidity, and temperature of the water, insect hatches, and trout migrations may profoundly affect the fishing on a given stream at a given time. In addition there are the factors which are peculiar to regions of high relief. Topographic, climatic, and biologic conditions may vary widely within a relatively small area. The quality and type of fishing, even the species of fish, may vary widely as a result, not only from stream to stream but from place to place on the same stream.

In the Yellowstone Park area, for example, one can identify five of the seven major life zones which lie between the equator and the poles. The Yellowstone River traverses all five of these zones from its source feeders in the Arctic-Alpine uplands south of the Park to where it leaves the mountains on an Upper Sonoran plain near Livingston, Montana. The trout in these different zones live in waters of different temperatures and speeds, with different shore and bottom conditions and different food.

From its source to Yellowstone Lake the Yellowstone River is a little-known wilderness stream, with so many native cutthroat trout that fast fishing can be taken for granted regardless of the season. From the Lake to Gardiner the river is deep and, except in the Canyon, of fairly unbroken current. The fish in this stretch run to rainbows and rainbow-cutthroat hybrids which are likely to rise best in July. Between Gardiner and Livingston, brown trout become increasingly abundant. The fishing is seldom good before mid-July, is better by mid-August, and is best in September.

Though not much is known about trout migrations (other than spawning runs) in Rocky Mountain streams, they are a far less important factor in determining the season of best fishing than they are in the warmer interior streams of the East and in the tidal streams of the Pacific coast. The cool water which stimulates summer feeding in the Rockies seems also to retard summer wandering. Trout at this season do not desert the body of the streams for the spring holes, as they do in many

Eastern localities, nor do they abandon the streams entirely for the cooler depths of lakes.

Marked summer migrations which are not noticeably related to spawning do occur here and there in the Rockies. The July run of big bull trout (Dolly Varden to the Easterner) from Flathead Lake into the North Fork of the Flathead River is an event which many Glacier Park fishermen eagerly await. Generally, however, the fisherman in the Rockies can neglect migrations. He can assume that any good pool will contain good fish at any time during the open season — provided, of course, that other fishermen have not done too thorough a job before him.

He can also generally assume that he will not be overbedeviled by muddy water during the summer and autumn months. Placer mining on feeder streams, which may spoil the early fishing, subsides in most areas as the water supply shrinks with the advancing season. Summer rains are relatively infrequent and short-lived; badly eroding streambanks, except in the extreme southern Rockies, are relatively rare.

Despite its many aspects, the general problem of when to fish in the Rockies can be solved as simply, as satisfactorily, and in exactly the same way as the problem of where to fish. By choosing some strategic point as a base, the visiting angler can find a stream which is both in prime condition and within comfortable range during any part of the fishing season.

In the Yellowstone Park area, for example, the June fisherman can get superb fly-fishing on the Madison, Gibbon, and Firehole Rivers within the borders of the Park. The July fisherman can do very well on the North Fork of the Snake, the Teton, the Boulder, and that part of the Yellowstone which flows through the Park. In August the Gallatin — and at times the Madison north of the Park — is good. In September and early October the Yellowstone River north of the Park, as well as the North Fork and the South Fork of the Snake, is at its peak. There are many other points where a comparable range of choice is possible.

All the larger towns in the Rockies contain tackle shops whose owners have good reasons for helping the visitor catch fish. These men can supply the indispensable specific and timely information about the better streams and seasons. They know the secondary roads that wander away from the main highways to hidden bonanzas of beauty and sport in the hills. They know the ranchers who are friendly to fishermen, the little dirt tracks through the corrals and over the fields to the hot spots on the major rivers. If you look like a person who will shut the gates, the man in the tackle shop will almost certainly tell you where to find them and when to use them.



OUT OF SCHOOL

To José Garcia Villa

by EDITH SITWELL

THE gold, the wild-beast fires begin again upon the fruit-boughs
Running from branch to branch, and our gold veins
Catch fire. In the caverns where our blood begins
Sound the ancestral voices

That are not fire but fate, blind impulse and predestination
Foretelling doom.
And the fleece of Marsyas, the last melting snow upon the branches
Trembles no more at the flute-sound.
O heart, it is spring!

And the wild-beast fires, the furred-lynx fruit-buds, the young winds
And the young tendrils of those vines the gold spring rains
Fall from the branches.

And from the hoarse voice of the stream freed from the ice
The animal laughters sound —
The neighings of the prophet horse arise
Who prophesied great evils once (and the spring thunders run
Along the ground
From his foretelling hoof); the bray
Of the world of asses following Darius —
The sound that scattered the great Scythian hordes;
The sound of the crowd's onolatry, and after
The Ritual Laughter at the escape from death:
For this is the age of the destroying Laughter.

In the forest there are great emerald mists from which the bird-songs
Fall, the Cassandra voices. Through green lightnings and the emeralds
Fallen from the trees
The young green sun of spring,
A laughing ghost, danced; with a ghostly voice
Calls to the children "See! New worlds and emeralds and Fates begin.

Soon will my greenness fade and I shall wear my own gold armour,
Fighting the mists."

And the children run from school
To the sound of the planetary system in the veins,
The beat of the young rains
And the thunder of the wild wood lilies' growth beneath the ground.

They flee the old man who all morning long
Sifted a little dust through his dry hands
And boomed at the children "Once this dust was Socrates,

The first spring sage, the satyr under the furred-lynx fruit-buds
Tearing the tendrils of the young spring rains
And, where the sap like peridots and beryls
Rise in the budding fig-branches, foretelling perils
Upon his flute that seemed like the young mist
Of spring, to the caverns where our blood begins.

Now is he but the emerald dust of lilies:
He is alone

With but the small equalities of dust.
And the green mist of spring will soon be gone, the Sun in his gold armour
Shout through the budding branches. Ere it is too late
You must discriminate

Between true gold and false, between the Sun that is the ghost
Of your own heart, and the Sun the world has lost.
When to your Sun

Arise the breath of all the cultivated earth,
Gold mists from vines,
And all gold airs and prayers from cities, Man

Seeing his mirrored morning face, no more can find
The mask he wore through centuries
(Of faith and hope). The gold corrosive of the hypermodern suns
Of unbelief have shone upon them. They are gone

And only emptiness remains. This is the only good.
O fear that laughing ghost in his gold armour high in air
Who calls to you."

But the children run from school
To learn their wisdom from the great gold fool
Who is to the world of sight
What truth is to the invisible — life-giver of all voices
In sap and bud, life-giver of mankind.

He sees through the rough Ape-dust the gold fires
Of the spirit spring like the wild-beast fires upon the branches;
The little and the great
The shadows of the crooked and the straight
Complete each other, and the cripple's hump,
The curve of the mountain hiding veins of gold
As equal in their grandeur! Sees the common lump
Of the world hold the seed of the flower the wisdom of the dark
Formed with an angel's innocence; the old
And wrinkled mask of Pithecanthropus Erectus
Hide the great brow of Socrates; the ass's ears
And the almond husk of the earth as no wise less
In grandeur than the long rivers and the almond husk
Of that great sleepy animal the world.

He sees the gold blood in the veins of plants and men
Have the beat of the gold planetary system; sees
The plant, a beast retarded by the dark,
(Whose root had once been gold, but changed by growth),
The beast, a plant that blossoms, freed by light,
Devoid of root like the planets, those bright bees
That move in heaven about their honeycombs of light,
And are forms of time that imitate the eternal — made
That from their unerring courses we might learn
From the intelligence in the wide heavens,
And the perturbed might learn from the unperturbed,
Set right the inharmonious errors of our lives,

And fear not change or Time and darkness, but behold
The elements are but as qualities
That change for ever like all things that have known generation, like a gold
Image taking a new form forever, mutable
As the child who is innocence and oblivion, acceptance,
A new beginning, primal motion, a self-moving game that changes
Like the heart of forgetful spring.

NOTES. Verse 13, lines 2, 3, 4. Adaptation of a passage in "Chance and Symbol," Richard Hertz.
Verse 15, lines 3, 4. The Emperor Julian. Verse 17, lines 3, 4, 5. Founded on a passage in Lorenz
Oken's "Elements of Physiophilosophy." Lines 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Founded on a passage in Plato's Timaeus
Dialogue. Verse 18, lines 2, 3, 4. Ibid. Lines 5, 6. "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Nietzsche.



Byron's letters to Countess Guiccioli, held in private by her family for seventy-five years, have now been released. Sympathetically edited by MARCHESA IRIS ORIGO, the letters and the day-to-day account of this extraordinary love affair will be published by Scribner's in September under the title Byron: The Last Attachment. For permission to publish the letters, the Marchesa is indebted to Count Carlo Gamba and the Legal Personal Representative of Lord Byron's estate. This is the final installment of the Atlantic's abridgment.

"MY ONLY AND LAST LOVE"

Byron's Unpublished Letters to Countess Teresa Guiccioli

by IRIS ORIGO

THE winter months of 1820–1821 were spent by Teresa in her father's house in Ravenna — and by Byron in the Palazzo Guiccioli, visiting her every day. It was a very different winter from the previous one. Then the love affair was in its most stormy phase: although they were living in the same house, their meetings had been uncertain and perilous, their love-making frustrated by quarrels and mutual reproaches, and their future completely uncertain. In public they had still maintained the semi-formal relationship of a lady and her *cavaliere servente*, driving together in Teresa's coach-and-six, and attending the theater and the carnival balls.

This winter they were never to be seen at the Ravenna parties, and had settled down to a semi-conjugal domestic routine, unbroken by emotional storms. In all this period from November, 1820, to July, 1821, we have only one letter from Byron to Teresa. Some others may have been lost; but it seems more probable that, seeing his *dama* in privacy every day — for Teresa, though living under her father's roof, had her own apartment — Byron felt no need to exchange frequent love letters.

Teresa writes of this period as having been a singularly happy one — and she kept, to the day of her death, among her "Byron relics," a small piece of the wall hangings of the room where Byron spent his evenings with her.

"He now saw his friend," she says, "released at last from a dangerous and unbearable position and living under her father's protection, in a dwelling even more noble and comfortable than the one she had left in Palazzo Guiccioli; he saw her happy and cherished by her whole family; and his happiness was increased by finding himself also the object of the regard and liking of the whole town."

Teresa has supplied in detail the strict routine of Byron's life at this time. Since he worked all night at his studies, he seldom went to bed before dawn, and consequently got up very late — breakfasting on a cup of sugarless tea and the yolk of a raw egg, without bread. He then read or wrote letters until his afternoon ride, which took place regularly two hours before sunset, and almost invariably in the company of Pietro Gamba. The two young men rode in the Pineta and indulged in pistol practice — often with a handful of ragamuffins and beggars following them and picking up the silver coins the gentlemen threw into the air to shoot at.

At sundown Byron went home again and dined frugally — "like a Pythagorean philosopher" — while reading, or talking to his dogs; he rested for half an hour and then went to spend the rest of the evening until eleven o'clock in Teresa's drawing room, in conversation, with a little music on the pianoforte or the harp. Frequently they were joined by Teresa's father and brother.

During the winter and early spring of 1821 Casa Gamba was the center of the political plots of the Romagna, and Byron was as deeply involved as the rest of the family. Day after day, the narrow streets of Ravenna were the scene of meetings between men of opposing parties, sometimes under the cloak of temporary fraternization, sometimes in open conflict. One evening the Papal Guards would be drinking in a tavern with a group of friends — Guards and Carbonari together wakening the echoes with their songs. But the next night there would be a shot in the dark, a sudden cry, and one of the soldiers was murdered. Then would come reprisal: the arrest or assassination of a Liberal to pay for the previous night's treachery.

Armed guards entered the houses of those the

government considered suspect, turning the whole place upside down in their search for arms and compromising papers. If anything suspicious was found, immediate arrest followed; the victims were taken off to one of the state fortresses, where interminable interrogation awaited them, often followed by exile or execution.

The post bags were searched and their contents duly reported to Rome and Vienna by the government spies. "I wonder if they can read them," wrote Byron, "when they have opened them! If so, they may see, in my most legible hand, that I think them damned scoundrels and barbarians, their emperor a fool, and themselves more fools than he; all of which they may send to Vienna, for anything I care. They have got themselves masters of the Papal palace and are bullying away; but some day or other they will pay for it."

A date for the rising of the insurgents of the Romagna was fixed for February 15; they were to join the Neapolitan revolutionary troops in an effort to liberate the Papal States. But the Austrians, perhaps having had word of the plan, sent 40,000 Austrian troops across the Po before the cities of the Romagna had succeeded in uniting their scattered volunteers.

On the 24th of February the Pope issued a decree, warning all good Catholics to abstain from taking part in the forthcoming rising. On March 7 the undisciplined Neapolitan troops found themselves face to face, in the plain of Rieti, with the Austrian army — and fled, almost before a shot was fired. In Naples, the greater part of the deputies deserted the Parliament, and by March 23 the Austrian troops had occupied Naples.

The Papal Government, thanks to its ubiquitous spies, was well informed by now of the names of its enemies. For a few weeks it remained inactive — completing its plans and its lists. Then, quite suddenly, it acted. At Forlì, scores of arrests were made; a new batch of Liberals was exiled or imprisoned. It seemed inevitable that the Gambas should be included in their number.

After some weeks of painful suspense, the blow fell. On the evening of July 10 as he was coming home from the theater, Pietro Gamba was arrested and was escorted to the frontier of the state. The next morning his rooms were searched, but Teresa had been warned in time, and was able to destroy any compromising papers. Since the principal object of the measures against the Gamba family was to provoke the departure of Byron — whom no one dared to molest directly — Count Gamba, too, was added to the list of exiles, and ordered to leave the state within twenty-four hours. It was presumed that Teresa, who was now living under her father's protection, would go with him, and that Byron's departure would therefore be ensured.

Teresa, reluctant to leave Byron and genuinely worried about his safety, let her father go off alone

in the early morning to Filetto, where he was to put his affairs in order before crossing the frontier next day. Early in August, Teresa joined him in Florence, hoping that a decree from Rome might allow him to return to Ravenna, and herself with him. But instead she found him and her brother making their preparations for an immediate departure for Switzerland.

2

AT THIS troubled moment Shelley arrived in Ravenna to visit Byron. His impressions of Byron were wholly favorable. "He has . . . completely recovered his health, and lives a life totally the reverse of that which he led at Venice. . . . This attachment," he told Mary, "has reclaimed him from the excesses into which he threw himself with carelessness and pride, rather than taste." And in a subsequent letter: "L.B. is greatly improved in every respect. In genius, in temper, in moral views, in health, in happiness. The connexion with *La Guiccioli* has been an inestimable benefit to him."

Byron enlisted Shelley's aid to persuade Teresa and her young brother not to go to Switzerland but to settle in Pisa instead. On August 17, Shelley left Ravenna, taking Teresa the following letter: —

BYRON TO CONTESSA GUICCIOLI

RAVENNA, August 16th 1821

MY LOVE: —

My letters have arrived. So there is little to keep me here. My intention is to take a house in Pisa where there will be apartments for your family — and for me — separate — but near. If that does not please you — tell me — and we will take a separate house for each of us. . . . This letter will be taken to you by the Englishman who is here now, and is leaving tomorrow. He will explain to everyone many things difficult and lengthy to set down in writing, which is not my talent in a language *not* barbarous. When all is decided, I will send a part of the household with the heavier effects, furniture, etc., needed for the house — then I will come with the others.

Greet Papa and Pietro.

I am always

[BYRON]

P.S. If you have found an apartment in Prato — and can find a house for me, it will do as well — but Pisa would be a more agreeable place to stay in — according to what I am told. I am leaving Ravenna so unwillingly — and so persuaded that my departure can only lead from one evil to a greater one — that I have no heart to write any more just now.

On August 21, Shelley arrived in Florence and at once called upon Contessa Guiccioli, attempting

to reassure her about Byron's safety. "Your letter," Teresa wrote to Byron, "your promises, your friend's visit, the assurances he has given me that I shall soon see you again, and that he on his part will at once take an apartment in Pisa for you, have given back to me a partial tranquillity — but complete tranquillity will only return to me on the day I see you again. My Byron, I am aware how great a sacrifice this move will be to you. How shall I be able to show you my gratitude? I have only affection to give you, and that cannot be increased. I am very sorry to see that you are so reluctant to leave Ravenna, and have such forebodings for the future — but what else can be done?"

"I vow that if it were allowed me I would fly to Ravenna, with the firm resolution of never leaving again, for my whole life, provided you too were willing to remain there. Since I have known you, I have had no other desire than to be where you are — and in your heart. But reason clearly shows that Papa will not be recalled for the present."

Shelley succeeded in securing a house in Pisa — the Palazzo Lanfranchi on the Lungarno — but for over two months, Byron delayed his departure from Ravenna on one pretext or another.

In September, Byron wrote to Moore: "I am in all the sweat, dust and blasphemy of a universal packing of all my things, furniture, etc., for Pisa, whither I go for the winter." Teresa, he said, had been obliged to follow her father, "because the Pope's decree of separation required her to reside in *casa paterna*, or else, for decorum's sake, in a convent. As I could not say with Hamlet 'Get thee to a nunnery,' I am preparing to follow them. It is awful work, this love, and prevents all a man's projects of good or glory. I wanted to go to Greece lately (as everything seems up here) with her brother, who is a very fine brave fellow (I have seen him put to the proof) and wild about liberty. But the tears of a woman who has left her husband for a man, and a weakness of one's own heart, are paramount to these projects and I can hardly indulge them."

3

WHEN Byron at last — on November 2, 1821 — arrived in Pisa, he introduced Teresa to a little group of English people who seemed to her very odd. There was Trelawny, that hawk-like sailor, dark as an Arab, with flashing eyes, loquacious and violent — an embodiment of Byron's Corsair. There was that tall, thin, bony Shelley who walked about the Pisa streets reading an encyclopedia, or lay motionless at the bottom of a pool in the Arno when a friend tried to teach him to swim; and there was Mary, his grave bluestocking wife who spent her mornings studying Greek with an exiled Greek prince.

Byron rode with the men in the forest, and once

a week entertained them at a dinner party, "with a grace, a generosity, an affability, which has never been surpassed."

It is hardly surprising that Teresa, who until then had only known the convent school of Santa Chiara and the *conversazioni* of Ravenna and Venice, did not know what to make of them all. The Shelleys and their friends the Williamses were sorry for her, and kind. Shelley offered to give her English lessons; Mary took her out driving. They thought her "a nice pretty girl without pretensions, good-hearted and amiable." But she was never really at her ease with them.

She made some pathetic attempts to adapt herself to the mysterious standard of the company in which she now found herself. She painstakingly sang the very bad verses which Byron had written to a Hindu air — "Oh, my lonely lonely lonely pillow!"; she removed her previous ban upon the completion of "Don Juan"; she even attempted to rival Mary's studiousness, by learning some Roman history. "But," she wrote to Byron, "will you love me more when I know by heart the names of the river Trebbia, of Lake Trasimene and of Cannae? If you will, my memory will accomplish miracles!"

She had, meanwhile, other matters to trouble her. When the Gambas arrived in Pisa, as exiles from the Papal States, the government of Tuscany granted them a permit to reside there for two months (which later on was extended, with some difficulty, to four) but at the same time ordered the local police to keep them under constant supervision. At first they reported that the Gamba family "was behaving in a very reserved manner. The lady, who is very attractive, has only gone out a few times with her father." But a little later on they observed that Count Gamba's house was becoming a regular meeting place for exiled Ravenati, whose ostensible position in the Count's household was only a cloak for their political activities.

At the beginning of the year Count Guiccioli, after having paid to his wife for six months the allowance ordered by the Pope, had sent her a most disquieting letter, in which he actually asked her to return to him.

She sent him an unequivocal refusal. "I must repeat to you that I am perfectly happy in my present situation and I think that no other would ever suit me again. When one has attained the tranquillity I now enjoy, at the cost of so many sacrifices and so much suffering, it is not easy to renounce it."

Count Guiccioli retorted by sending the Pope a petition in which he pointed out that the rescript had been granted only on condition that Teresa should lead "the worthy life which becomes an honest and noble wife separated from her husband. . . . It is repugnant not only to the Rescript but to every law," the Count continued, "that a wife separated from her husband should be supported

by him however and wherever her fancy and luck may take her."

Soon after this petition the Count, who had a spy among Byron's servants, from whom he received regular reports, was able to send the further news that, the Gamba family having been told to leave Pisa, Teresa was now actually living under the same roof with Byron, in a villa at Montenero, near Leghorn.

Guiccioli was successful: on July 11 the Pope, "in order to dissuade the imprudent young woman from a life which, she boasted, made her happy," revoked his earlier rescript and suspended Teresa's allowance.

4

THE "villeggiatura" at Montenero, where Byron and Teresa stayed from the end of May to the beginning of July, was not wholly agreeable. The Villa Dupuy, a large, square, "flimsy-built villa," stood at the end of a long, dusty road in the suburbs of Leghorn.

The summer, unfortunately, was an unusually hot one, and though Byron and Teresa tried to counteract the glare in their hot rooms by hanging damp green boughs against the windows, and to refresh themselves by eating a succession of water ices, the heat told heavily upon their health and spirits. Moreover in June the water supply gave out, so that every drop, "even for the most common domestic uses," had to be fetched on muleback from a spring in the hills, over a mile away.

It is clear from Teresa's account that Byron was at this time sunk in one of his dark moods of melancholy. It was not only that he was sometimes bored by Teresa — and certainly not that he had ceased to feel affection for her. On the contrary, all the evidence points to his having shown her — except in waves of moodiness or exasperation — a more simple kindliness than ever before. Now, as in the early days at La Mira, her chief charm for him was her warmhearted naturalness. "I feel with an Italian woman as if she were a full-grown child, possessing the buoyancy and playfulness of infancy with the deep feelings of womanhood."

But a full-grown child with the feelings of a woman is an exacting companion, and Byron was now, very often, too tired to respond. "The truth is, my habits are not those requisite to form the happiness of any woman. I am worn out in feelings, for, though thirty-six, I feel sixty in mind, and am less capable than ever of those nameless attentions that all women, but above all, Italian women, require."¹

¹ In this sensation of being "worn out" — which his friends considered one of his poses — Byron was not mistaken. When the autopsy of his body was performed at Missolonghi, the doctors found not only an acute condition of inflammation of the brain, but "a skull like that of an octogenarian," with the sutures fused together.

He could not, simply could not, keep up the eternal stream of tenderness, of endearments, of little kindnesses which, Teresa said, "made the world a Paradise for me." He was "distracted and gloomy" at meals; he forgot to bring her any flowers; he shut himself up for longer and longer hours in his study — and came out, to find her in tears.

He wrote a long letter to Edward Ellice, asking for information about the opportunities in South America ("Is it true that for a thousand dollars a large tract of land may be obtained?"), and with the members of his household he discussed the subject so freely that Guiccioli wrote to his lawyer to inform him that Byron was sailing to America.

Teresa, who loyally ascribed this new plan to "a profound disgust in Byron's loyal and noble soul" at the lack of freedom in Europe, took it for granted that she and her brother would both go with him. "Neither of them would have hesitated to cross the Atlantic." But nothing in Byron's letters suggests that he had any such intention. "I had, and still have, thoughts of South America," he wrote some weeks later to Moore, "but am fluctuating between it and Greece. I should have gone, long ago, to one of them, but for my liaison with Countess G.I. She would be delighted to go too, but I do not choose to expose her to a long voyage, and a residence in an unsettled country." Yet it was becoming increasingly evident that the Gamba family, at least, would have to go somewhere, since they would not be allowed to stay on in Tuscany much longer.

In July the Gambas were warned that unless they left the country within three days, a final sentence of banishment would be passed on them. Whereupon Byron at once wrote to the Governor of Leghorn that he preferred to leave the state himself, in their company. "I will not remain any longer in a place where my friends are persecuted, and a refuge is denied to the unfortunate." He asked, however, for a short delay, so that he might first settle his affairs; and meanwhile the whole party returned to Pisa.

Here tragedy awaited them. At midnight on July 13, Teresa, who was standing on her balcony in Palazzo Lanfranchi with her maid, looking out at the moonlight on the Lungarno, saw a carriage come hurrying up to the door. The maid called, "Who is it?" "Me — Mary Shelley — pray open at once." Teresa hurried down. Mary, "as white as marble," stood in the doorway. "Where is he? *Sapete alcuna cosa di Shelley?*" But they knew nothing — and poor Mary and Jane Williams got into their carriage again, and drove on through the night to Leghorn. It was only after another five days of torturing uncertainty, when the two bodies were at last washed up on the shore, that they were certain of the truth.

The rest of the tragedy, up to the final burning of the bodies, on the Tuscan shore, is too well

known, and too indirectly connected with this story, to be repeated here. But certainly Shelley's death, which so deeply changed the lives of all the members of that little community, affected Byron and Teresa no less than the rest. "The fine spirit that had animated and held them together was gone."

The rest of Byron's stay at the Palazzo Lanfranchi — nearly three months, until on September 28 he and Teresa set off for Genoa — was a time of waiting and indecision.

Leigh Hunt, with his Marianne and their brood of six, was firmly established on the ground floor of Palazzo Lanfranchi. They did not like it; they did not like Teresa; and Teresa did not like them. It was, indeed, hardly to have been expected. Mrs. Hunt — one of the most uncompromisingly British matrons who have ever set foot upon the Continent — was as intransigent in her middle-class independence as in her moral outlook. Everything about the life in Palazzo Lanfranchi was to her not only unfamiliar but distasteful — and she did not hesitate to show it. Perhaps if Teresa had been extremely cordial to her, if she had petted and praised the Hunts' dirty, ill-mannered, and precocious children, Marianne might have been mollified. But Teresa and Byron did nothing of the kind.

Nevertheless, so long as they were all together at Palazzo Lanfranchi, Byron did sometimes try to be friendly. In the mornings he would go down to the garden singing, and would call "Leontius" at the window of Hunt's study. But the truth was that neither Hunt nor Byron was able for a moment to forget that the poorer poet — since Shelley's death — was wholly dependent upon the richer one. Hunt had come to Italy, at Shelley's bidding, to edit the new joint periodical, *The Liberal*, full of the highest hopes. "We will divide the world between us, like the Triumvirate." But Shelley died, *The Liberal* from the first number was a failure — and there in Pisa were the Hunts, completely on Byron's hands.

For nearly three months this inharmonious party lived together at Palazzo Lanfranchi, with all their tempers growing thinner. During the first weeks Byron went on hoping that the Gambas might be allowed to return to Pisa, or even Ravenna; then, as that hope failed, he took the advice of Mr. Hill, the British Minister in Genoa, and decided to go there.

5

IT MIGHT have been expected, after so much friction at Pisa, that Byron, and still more Teresa, would have been only too glad to leave the Hunts behind them. But Byron was still committed to *The Liberal*; the Hunts had no other means of support; and so he wryly made the best of taking the whole "kraal" to Genoa with him. "The death of Shelley left them totally aground; and I could not see them in such a state without using the

common feelings of humanity, and what means were in my power, to set them afloat again."

Byron's villa was on a hill outside Albaro and had a fine view of the harbor. It was large enough to contain two entirely separate apartments (as Teresa is again careful to emphasize). The Villa Negrotto, which the Hunts were to share with Mary Shelley, was some little distance down the hill.

According to Teresa, the routine of daily life at Casa Saluzzo was very much like life in Pisa, except that, mercifully, the Hunts were now more than a mile away. Byron's household was entirely separate from the Gambas', even for meals, since he greatly preferred reading to Teresa's chatter or to the prosy, if amiable, conversation of her father — and there seems to have been some tacit agreement by which Teresa did not even go into Byron's rooms without an invitation, but waited for him to call on her or join her in the garden.

Throughout the winter, Teresa says, she became increasingly and unhappily aware that, for Byron, Albaro was only a halting place, an inn upon the road. And Pietro Gamba wrote: "I once saw him nearly on the point of departure [for America]. He often felt the want of some other occupation than that of writing, and frequently said that the public must be tired of his compositions and that he was certainly more so."

But where he should go next, he had still no idea. He played for a while with a plan of settling in the South of France; he thought of "taking a run down to Naples (*solus*, or at most *cum sola*)" to gather material for two or more Cantos of "Childe Harold." "He exhausted himself," says Trelawny, "in planning, projecting, beginning, wishing, intending, postponing, regretting and doing nothing."

Trelawny, who considered even the most foolish action better than inaction, lost patience, and went off for a riding tour in the Maremma. Meanwhile — without Teresa's knowledge — Byron was already in correspondence with a Committee for Greece which had been formed in London, and had offered them his services. In March he received a note from one of its members, Edward Blaquiére, stating that he proposed to call on Byron, together with the Greek representative in London, Andreas Luriottis, on his way to Greece. Byron replied that he would be delighted to see them, "and the sooner the better."

Characteristically, he told Pietro to break the news to Teresa as best he could. The scenes of despair succeeded one another. When Teresa was with Byron, she wept and pleaded; and at night, "unable to find rest, she took up her pen and wrote to him."

Even a less irritable man than Byron might well have felt some exasperation, and it must have been in the mood induced by a succession of such incidents that he relieved his feelings to Kinnaid: —

"I am doing all I can to get away, but I have all kinds of obstacles thrown in my way by 'the absurd womankind,' who seems determined on sacrificing herself in every way, and preventing me from doing any good. . . . She wants to go to Greece too! forsooth, a precious place to go to at present. Of course the idea is ridiculous, as everything must then be sacrificed to keep her out of harm's way. . . . There never was a man who gave up so much to women, and all I have gained by it has been the character of treating them harshly. . . . If I left a woman for another woman, she might have cause to complain, but really when a man merely wishes to go on a great duty, for a good cause, this selfishness on the part of the 'feminie' is rather too much."

Such letters — for there were two similar ones to Hobhouse — were outbursts of spleen, such as Byron had always been subject to. "However, I *will* go, ('d—n my eye, I *will* go ashore')." But it is probable that to Teresa herself — since he was both weak and, in the presence of suffering, kind — he presented a decent appearance of tenderness and regret. And his depression, which she naturally put down wholly to his sorrow at leaving her, did not need to be assumed. For now that he had definitely committed himself to heroism and glory, he was seized by one of his customary revulsions of feeling. His forthcoming expedition seemed to him not only ridiculous and futile; he felt an unconquerable premonition that it would also be fatal.

With such thoughts haunting him, it was more than a little irritating to have to deal, besides, with Teresa's heroics. He almost preferred the moments when she clung weeping round his neck to those when, "trying to be worthy of him," she would make a hero of him perforce, and talk about nobility and self-sacrifice.

One person at Albaro, however, was now completely happy: dear, candid, enthusiastic Pietro, the "thorough Liberty boy," was busying himself with preparations for the journey. Old Count Gamba was happier, too, for at last he had permission to return home. Soon he would be back in his own familiar world — riding in the cool early morning along the banks of the green canals; looking at his crops; talking to his peasants; discussing local politics with his old friends. Only one proviso had been attached to his return: he must take Teresa with him. And now, owing to Byron's Greek plan, that problem, too, was solved. She would go home with him and take her mother's place; and surely, when once the parting was over and Byron was away in Greece, common sense would return to her. She might even consider her husband's proposals and go back to him; at any rate, once she was living respectably at home, the Pope would restore her allowance.

As the date of Byron's departure approached,

Teresa no longer cared what happened to her. Again and again she made him repeat the same promise: he would send for her if he could — and if not, he would come back soon and never leave her again. He promised, and she pretended to believe him. But, she says, it was not easy to be brave when he himself looked so unhappy and so very ill. He had become very thin; the curls which she had always so much admired were wispy and streaked with gray; and he hardly attempted to conceal his depression and indecision. What seemed to her strangest, most ominous of all, was the date he had chosen: he who had never made any secret of his superstitious feelings, who had never been willing to do anything of the slightest importance on the 13th of the month, deliberately chose to sail upon this date.

On July 12, Byron spent the whole day receiving callers and settling his affairs, and did not even go near Teresa. "I have not seen L.B. at all to-day," she wrote to Mary Shelley, "but from Lega I have just heard that perhaps he will not get off tomorrow. Only a few hours more! — and yet, since that moment, I have breathed a little more freely."

But when the next morning came, the departure *did* take place. "The fatal day," says the "Vie," "arrived at last. In order to sleep on board, he was to leave Albaro at 5 o'clock. From 3 to 5 he stayed with Madame Guiccioli — and he asked Mrs. Shelley to come and stay with her at 5, so that she should not be alone after he had gone."

From the garden terrace the two women — from both of whom the sea had taken all that they loved best — watched the ungainly little brig which lay becalmed in the bay. The next morning Teresa, half dazed with sorrow, set off with her father for the Romagna. Halfway across the pass, at mid-day, she felt so faint that he told the coachman to stop. They got out, and sitting on a stone, she scribbled a desolate little note of farewell to Byron.

Before finally sailing from Genoa, Pietro sent Teresa a kind but hurried fraternal note. But Byron did not write; there was nothing left to say.

It was not until he got to Leghorn that, at the end of another letter to Teresa from her brother, he sent her a few last words: —

MY DEAREST TERESA: —

I have but a few moments to say that we are all well — and thus far on our way to the Levant. Believe that I always love you and that a thousand words could only express the same idea.

Ever dearest yours

[BYRON]

And with that meager farewell, on July 23, 1823, Byron was off to Greece. Nine months later, on April 19, 1824, Byron died at Missolonghi.

Kids in Trouble

One of the wisest heads now dealing with the problem of juvenile delinquency in Britain, BASIL HENRIQUES, C.B.E., J.P., served in the Tank Corps and was twice mentioned in dispatches in the First World War. He founded the Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement in London and is today Chairman of the East London Juvenile Court and an experienced dispenser of British justice.

BRITAIN'S YOUNG OFFENDERS

by BASIL HENRIQUES

1

IT IS very seldom that a child before the court comes from a good home where the parents are living happily together in a district devoid of slums and with adequate open space for play. There always has been juvenile delinquency and there probably always will be, for there are children who, like adults, are weak-willed and have not enough strength to resist temptation, and there are children who, like adults, are unhappy.

The Juvenile Courts in England are courts of primary jurisdiction, and the procedure in hearing a case is exactly the same as in the adult courts. But the language used is modified so that the children fully understand what is happening. For example, after the reading of the charge, the defendant is not asked "Do you plead guilty?" but "Did you do that?" If there is the slightest hesitation in the answer, a plea of not guilty is taken, and the case has to be proved in strict accordance with the laws of evidence and beyond reasonable doubt. As with adults, the defendant is always given the benefit of the doubt.

The age of criminal responsibility is eight, and the upper age of those dealt with in the Juvenile Court is seventeen. Some youngsters below the age of eight know the law! They commit all kinds of offenses, generally with a gang of older boys — for these little ones are useful in getting through small openings — and when they are caught, they merely thumb their noses at the policeman and say, "Yah, you can't touch me. I'm under eight!"

At fourteen, boys and girls cease to be "children" and are called by the undignified name of "young persons" until they are seventeen, when they become "adults."

A "young person" who is charged with an indictable offense has the right to be tried by a judge and jury in a higher court. Very few of them choose this. Those who do, generally know the ropes and want to give as much trouble as they can. Actually the higher courts do not have much greater powers than the Juvenile Courts, which can try every kind of offense except manslaughter or murder. The

few offenders who elect to be tried in a higher court probably hope that a soft-hearted jury will not find these "poor little chaps" guilty of the serious offenses with which some of them are charged.

At least one of the parents must be present. If they so desire, they can be legally represented and the court has the power to grant them legal aid if they are in poor circumstances. (As a matter of fact, very few cases are defended by solicitor or counsel; it is seldom necessary.)

The public are not allowed to be present in Juvenile Courts, but they are public courts in that newspaper reporters may be present and they represent the public. They may report any cases they wish to, but they may not give names or describe a case in such a way that it can be identified. There is some controversy now as to whether names should be reported, but the general opinion is that no useful purpose would be served by doing so, and a great deal of harm might result from giving publicity to what are often only childish pranks, even though such pranks are serious breaches of the law.

All the Juvenile Courts are administered by three unpaid lay justices, one of whom should be a woman. In London the panel of justices and the Chairman of the Court are appointed for three years by the Home Secretary. They are selected because of their aptitude and flair for the work and because of their experience in dealing with children and young persons.

It is now recommended that no Juvenile Court Magistrate should be appointed over the age of fifty and that the compulsory age of retirement should be sixty-five. Actually age does not matter so much as capacity to understand and sympathize with the outlook of children. But it is essential that a Magistrate have excellent hearing. Some of the children are too nervous to speak above a whisper, and forbidden words for any Magistrate should be "Speak up" or "What?" It is unfair to interrupt children when they are reciting the story they have carefully prepared.

Often the child is asked to come right up to the

Magistrates' table, and he tells his story in a whisper. That is why the table at which the Magistrates sit should not be broader than $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and also why they should not sit on a raised platform or dais. The children should be urged to tell in their own words what took place. Their description may vary from that of the police, and often the motive behind the offense is discovered in this way. They should be encouraged to say what happened from the time that they first thought of doing what they did.

This formal trial, even if for the younger ones the atmosphere of the court is somewhat informal, may be considered the wrong method of dealing with children. But it is the very essence of British tradition not only that justice should be done, but also that any citizen who is charged with an offense should feel that justice has been done in his case. A child has a very keen sense of justice, and he should leave the court feeling that he has had a fair hearing. If he or his parents are not satisfied with the decision of the court, they are always advised to appeal to a higher court, and legal aid may be granted them to do this.

Until the Magistrates can find an answer to the question why the offense was committed, it is difficult for them to order the right treatment. Pre-trial inquiries are an impingement of the rights of a citizen, for he may be found not guilty at his trial. The Magistrates therefore generally remand all except the most trivial cases in order to get a full report from the probation officer on the character, home environment, family relationship, and history of the child. When considered necessary, a psychiatrist's report is also asked for. This is by no means done in every case, but it is nearly always done in sexual offenses, or when the child has been before the court before, or when its behavior is beyond normal comprehension.

2

THE causes of juvenile delinquency are many and varied. Some of them are likely to be the same as in the United States, but some are peculiar to Britain and to those other countries which suffered the ravages of war. The most important of these was the evacuation of all school children to places of safety in what were called the reception areas. This meant that the children were separated from their parents during the very important formative years of their life. Furthermore their education was seriously interrupted, for many of them were misfits with their foster parents and became unhappy and homesick. The result was that they were brought back home, only to be sent away again after the next bad raid, often to a different reception area. Thus many who seem mentally subnormal are found to be only educationally retarded through inadequate schooling.

This backwardness and this lack of training by

their own parents, with whom many have felt themselves estranged when they returned home at the end of the war, are contributive factors in delinquency today. Americans can never be sufficiently thankful that they were saved these two great evils.

Again, in the bombed areas it is still comparatively easy to break into warehouses, shops, and dwellings, many of which have not yet been completely secured. Ruins to city children are like the rocks on the seashore, providing delightful games of fun and adventure. Once they have climbed onto the roofs of blitzed buildings, the urge to explore further is very strong, and soon they discover that it is easy to break open an occupied house or store. Thus, without previous wrong intention, they find themselves tempted to steal, and the temptation becomes too great for them.

There is also in England a shortage of police, and the streets are still only dimly lit on account of the fuel shortage. Both of these facts make the risk of being caught more remote. Perhaps one of the causes for the recent increase of charges against children and young persons is the better police detection. Nowadays a police car can be on the spot in three or four minutes.

More juveniles have been before the courts lately, but it would be absurd to describe the situation as a "crime wave." The offenses, though serious enough, are not serious in comparison with those committed in other countries. There are extremely few crimes of violence, and practically never are the juveniles armed. No matter how trivial the offense, such as stealing fruit off a stall or from the back of a van, it is included among the statistics.

Some of the "crimes" show that the defendants have a fine spirit of adventure and enterprise which has been misdirected. Others show that they have crafty, distorted minds. On the whole, however, they are delinquents not because they are bad, but because they are unhappy or come from a bad or broken home.

It is remarkable how many of them are not the first member of the family to be charged, one of their parents or elder brothers or sisters having previously appeared in the courts. A large number come from homes which are neglected and poor. They have dragged themselves up in the streets which were their nurseries as children and which became their playgrounds as adolescents. There has been no discipline in their homes, and no fixed standard of right and wrong has been set them by their parents. They have been punished one day for something which on the next was overlooked. They have often been threatened with punishment, but they have never known whether the threats would be carried out. (When they were, they were administered as smacks or a "belting" given in anger and with no deterrent effect.)

Occasionally the parents are charged with receiving what their children have stolen. Such chil-

dren have never been trained in self-restraint, and become an easy prey to any temptation. They do what they want to do on the spur of the moment with little thought about the consequences. When, therefore, they plead that it was "a sudden temptation," this is very often true; they see what they want and they take it, just because they want it.

The most difficult problems are the unhappy children, from unhappy homes in which the parents are not living together unitedly and harmoniously. It is probably just as bad for the children when they are brought up in a home where the parents are continually quarreling in front of them as it is when the parents are living apart or are divorced. In either case the children have divided loyalties, perhaps giving their affection to one parent and even hating the other.

But worse even than this is the plight of the children who feel that they are unwanted and unloved — the illegitimates, the stepchildren, and the children whose parents married because the mothers were pregnant at the time. There is nothing which causes greater suffering to a child than to be starved of parental love. Feeling that no one cares for them, such children in turn do not care what they do or what happens to them. It seems to them that nothing matters.

They seek to escape from their loneliness and unhappiness by mixing with undesirable youngsters, generally older than themselves, which brings to them a sense of their own importance, and they try to forget their half-conscious misery in illegal adventure.

Poverty in the sense of insufficient money is seldom a cause for delinquency today, but poverty in the sense of insufficient commodities is a very real cause. Sweets and food have been rationed and the price of toys is high, so that the temptation to steal things of which there is a shortage is very great.

Behind all this is a great deterioration in the influence of religion. Few of those who come before the courts are actively connected with a church or have had religion satisfactorily taught to them. For these children, there are no sanctions behind the great "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not." They do not stand in awe and reverence of what is good, and they fear no consequences in this world or the next. The all-important thing to them is not to be caught, and in actual fact it is generally the most stupid ones who are caught.

3

IN deciding how to treat a case, the Magistrates have the future welfare of the child foremost in mind, but they must also protect society and deter others from committing similar offenses. More often than not, it is the parents who need treatment, but the Juvenile Court only has the power to bind them over in high sureties to see that their children do not

get into trouble again. All cases of domestic relations and of neglectful or cruel parents are dealt with in the adult court, the children being sent for treatment to the Juvenile Court. In some respects this may be a disadvantage, although the Juvenile Court probation officers work in close coöperation with those of the adult court.

Instead of sending such parents to prison, which has little educative value, the experiment is now being tried of placing them on probation, on condition that they reside with their children in a cottage home for a period during which they learn how to do properly the domestic work of the home and to look after and care for their children. The scheme is too new to show results yet, but theoretically it gives promise of success, so long as the cases selected for such treatment are those where the ignorance rather than the cruelty of the parents is the cause for neglect.

As to the treatment of the child, the most usual practice is to place him under the supervision of a probation officer. He undertakes to be of good behavior and to be guided by the probation officer during the specified time, which must not be more than three years. Only if he breaks the conditions of his probation order will he have to appear before the court again to be dealt with in some other way. On the other hand, if his conduct is very satisfactory, the probation officer can always ask for the order to be rescinded before its expiration.

The work of the probation officers is perhaps the most highly skilled of all social work. Although they are required to have attained a diploma or a degree in social science, it is even more important that they possess an understanding heart. They must have a sense of vocation, and no amount of training can give them this.

They have to win the confidence of the parents as well as that of the children. Where there is disharmony in the home, they have to try to bring about a reconciliation between the parents, which means dealing with delicate marital relationships. Where the attitude of the parents towards the child is wrong, they have to advise and guide them so that the child gets a feeling of security. Where the slovenly habits of the parents are such as to prevent any kind of home life, they have the almost impossible task of trying to train them to become more orderly. The stupidity of many of the parents is very marked; some are almost mentally deficient.

Probation is never likely to succeed unless there is full coöperation in the home; if this cannot be achieved, it is generally better to remove the child. But removal is a last resort, because the tie between the child and its home is so strong that nothing can really replace it. Although a child often says that he does not want to return home, the craving for parental love remains with him wherever he goes. The court therefore is faced with a dilemma: Should it send him to a school, to the ordered life of which

he would probably quickly respond, or should it refrain from severing the strong ties to a home to which, though it may be an unsatisfactory one, nevertheless the child feels attached?

Because of this attachment, many children are allowed to remain at home under supervision even though the chances of success are remote. If this plan fails, both the parents and the child know that they have had their chance, and both are more likely to see the justice of his removal to a school and to be reconciled to it. This practice of the court means that the figures of failures on probation are high, but it does not mean that the system of probation is a failure.

It is sometimes advisable to remove a child from his environment for a short time either by boarding him with relatives or friends, or, if he is working, by placing him in a hostel. A gang can be broken up in this way, or a youngster who is beginning to let himself go, but whose bad conduct has not yet become a habit, can be halted by a jerk of this kind.

4

TRAINING in an Approved School, which corresponds to the American reform school, is really the only hope for those who have not had and are never likely to have good moral training in their homes. Between 80 and 90 per cent of those who are sent do not come before the courts again during at least three years after leaving the school. That there is not a greater percentage of success is due to the fact that the bad habits have become so ingrained by the time the children go to the school that it is almost impossible to eradicate them, or to the fact that the children are of such very poor mental caliber that they are incapable of responding to the training.

The order is generally for three years, but the length of time spent in the school depends upon the conduct of the child, and every six months his case is considered with a view to early release. He is generally permitted to leave after about twenty months, but if he does not settle down satisfactorily after he is released, he is liable to be recalled to the school by the headmaster at any time within three years of the date of committal. Supervision continues for a further twelve months, though he cannot be brought back to the school during that time unless he commits another offense.

There are a large number of Approved Schools which vary in character: some are large, others small; some are on the cottage system, some the barrack system; in some the discipline is very strict, in some it is less so. Every effort is made to send the child to the school most suitable to his own peculiar background, history, and character. All the schools are open, and none of them bear the slightest resemblance to prison.

The method of training is through trust and

friendship. Team games form an important part of the curriculum, and through them the children learn loyalty and unselfishness and fair play. A tradition or tone is created by the children themselves and they will not tolerate behavior which undermines the good name of the school. They are taught a trade, and those who previously were too unstable and undisciplined to stick to their jobs learn to take an active interest in their work and to form the habit of perseverance.

But the most important part of their training lies in the relationship between the headmaster or housemaster and the children. Masters are carefully selected for the strength of their personalities and their knowledge of children and young persons. Only when he looks upon his housemaster as his friend will the child be ready to confide completely in him and to reveal to him the worries and unhappinesses which deep down may have been the cause of his antisocial behavior. Once this has been achieved, it becomes comparatively easy to reform him; and unless it is achieved, any improvement will probably be only temporary.

There are some schools which are using color and beauty besides friendship and trust as a means of reformation. The walls, counterpanes, and curtains of the bedrooms are carefully chosen to bring a sense of peacefulness to a troubled child. The games rooms and sitting rooms are devoid of ugliness, and in its place are to be found homeliness and beauty. There are flowers on the white cloths of the dining tables, and the lawns are laid out with multicolored flower beds. The refining influence and beauty and the exhilarating effect of color induce in the child a feeling of pride in his school and of respect for himself.

The aftercare of the child is as important as the training in the school. His re-establishment in the community should commence the day that he enters the school. The aftercare officer will one day have to form a bridge between the child and its home, and while the child is being reformed in the school, it is the officer's duty to try to reform the home. When he has become the friend of both the child and his parents, rehabilitation is greatly facilitated.

But there are many cases where it is inadvisable to send a child directly back to his home. No school can teach the value of money or the right use of unsupervised leisure. Some of the schools, therefore, have hostels to which the boys are sent until they have settled down to their work and to a life of comparative freedom.

The state as a legislative body can do much to stem juvenile delinquency; the moral standards set by the nation can do even more; but most can be achieved by the training given to children by their parents. Slums must be abolished, but it is not enough for the state to build houses; what is needed is a home within each house, and that means a spirit

of love and happiness uniting all the members of a family.

Society must recognize that youngsters, especially during adolescence, like to associate with those of their own age; they are full of the spirit of adventure, and if there are no outlets for this on the sports ground or in the gymnasium, they will seek it in ways which may bring them to the court. The state must see that there is everywhere a sufficiency of playing fields, play centers, and youth organizations to satisfy the needs of children and young persons.

The more police there are, the greater will be the risk of detection and the fewer will be the crimes committed. It is the duty of the state to protect its citizens by an adequate police force.

But the crux of the matter is to be found in the moral standards demanded by society as a whole and by the parents in particular. What hope is there that children will grow up into moral, God-fearing, honest citizens if commercial dishonesty, marital infidelity, divorce, and deceit are not frowned upon by society? When citizens seek to evade laws and regulations, to avoid income taxes, to get more than their allotted share of gasoline and food, to dodge customs duties, how can children be expected not to follow their example by a similar

dishonesty in matters which appertain to them — in dodging school or work, in deceit and lies, in selfishness and disloyalty? If their parents indulge in gambling or drink, is it not only natural that the children should see nothing wrong in these things? If the main goal of their parents lies in ephemeral pleasures and excitement, why should not theirs be the same?

There will always be a residuum of children whose parents have not the intelligence to rear and train them, and there will always be some children who themselves have not the understanding or self-discipline to play the game of life fairly and cleanly, who are amoral, unrestrained, or perverted. The chances of eradicating delinquency among these are not great. For the latter group the hope lies in the psychiatrist; for the former, it is in removing the children entirely from their parents' influence.

In all this work the Magistrates of the Juvenile Courts and society as a whole must not waver from the belief that fundamentally children are good and not bad, and that it is the duty of the state and the task of the Magistrates to see that those children who appear in the courts are given the fullest opportunities to reveal the great good that lies within them.



TIDE POOL

by COMAN LEAVENWORTH

THIS world the sea cast up on the rock
(Six hours up and six hours back)
Under a mountain found by gulls
And crowned by the bones of barnacles
Is steeped as long in the sun at noon
As worlds that endure from moon to moon.

The weed stands up from its ocean bed
As gallantly as its fathers did;
The banners it raises still and bright
Are locked in a wilderness of light.
Everything seems at peace, in love,
And even the snails forget to move.

But over the mountain thunders the sea,
The sea that gave and can take away,
And some must be drowned and thrown ashore
To know each crevice, each rock, each hour
Sees new standards, fresh flags unfurled,
And each six hours another world.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



One of the younger leaders of the Texas bar, DILLON ANDERSON is a veteran who served overseas at Headquarters USAFIME in Cairo and with the General Staff Corps in Washington. The originality and sharp penetration of his mind won him promotion from Major to Colonel and award of the Legion of Merit. In his spare time, he occasionally devotes himself to the short story, of which this is his first to appear in the Atlantic.

THE REVIVAL

by DILLON ANDERSON

IT WOULD not be right if I did not make it clear in the beginning that the trip to Texas was Claudie's idea. He had spoken often and fondly of an uncle of his who had run off to Texas, where he had become quite involved and prominent in religion and politics. Claudie was so strong for going to Texas that he did not always bear in mind that this same uncle had also got himself killed while in that state. At any rate, Claudie was naturally pleased when I decided that we would go, and I might say that I was too, though we had no idea as to what particular thing we would do when we got to Texas. In those days I was specializing, you might say, in other people's business; and there was hardly anything that I could not do or have Claudie do.

We crossed the Louisiana border and drove several miles into Texas before we saw anything but pine trees and red clay. The white house by the sawmill was the first one we saw after we crossed the border; it was a fine, big house with a broad veranda. As we made our way up the little grade leading to the house, our old Ford was heaving and steaming like a worn-out teakettle. We had to have water.

At the big house I got out and went in, as I always have to do since Claudie has no approach for strangers. I won over the brindle dogs that came out, barking and growling, from behind the crape myrtle bushes by the front gate. Then I and the dogs went up to the wide veranda of the big house where a fat man was sitting in a wicker rocker, fanning himself in the heat and looking mighty worried.

"Stranger," I said, "I need some water for my

car, and my man out there is thirsty. My name is Hightower; what's yours?"

"Ball, and there's the well." He never looked toward me but once. He called the dogs, and they tucked their tails between their legs and slunk under the house.

"Pretty warm," I told him, as I drew the water; but his only answer was to take the handkerchief from around the back of his collar and wipe his forehead with it. I noticed he was pulling away at a cob pipe too fast and too hard to be enjoying it.

I drew the water, filled the radiator, and gave Claudie a drink, all the time watching Mr. Ball out of the corner of my eye. He never looked my way again until I went back to the veranda to return the bucket and see what was bothering him. By that time I knew that he needed help. Whatever it was, I knew I could do it — or have Claudie do it. I put the bucket back on the well casing, made the well rope up into a nice smooth, even coil; then I went over to where Mr. Ball was sitting.

"That's a mighty nice bunch of dogs you've got there, Mr. Ball — mighty nice," I said.

"I like 'em pretty fair," he replied; but I could see his heart was not in it. Still, he was getting a lot friendlier for a person who was paying me almost no mind at all.

About this time the gate hinge gave its complaining whine. A great big rawboned young man came through and strode up the walk between the crape myrtle bushes. He was wearing boots, a big, shining sheriff's star, and two pistols. One of his pistols was pearl-handled. Beyond the gates and alongside our Ford was the sheriff's car, and in the front seat there was a bareheaded blonde. Her hair

was the color of corn silk. Claudie was sitting in the Ford and looking straight at her. And she was looking the other way. Something familiar about the way she looks, I thought. It was vague, but it was there.

"Come in, Sid," Mr. Ball called out to the sheriff. "Come up and have this extra chair."

The sheriff said, "Howdy, Mr. Ball," and sat down. Nobody said anything to me, so I went to the well and drew another bucket of water. Then I sat at the far end of the veranda and listened.

"They've been stealin' more growin' timber than ever before this summer, Sid," Mr. Ball was saying.

"I know it, Mr. Ball," the sheriff said. "There ain't even enough dogwood left in the forest to interest the Garden Club ladies. All of our dogwood is going to Europe as axehandles."

"The thieves cut several thousand feet of white oak this past month for barrel staves and sold it in Beaumont, too," Mr. Ball went on, "and now they are cutting some pine and burning the stumps so the evidence will be gone. Can't you do anything?"

"Hit's mighty, mighty hard to get a conviction any more since the Legislature made timber stealin' a felony, Mr. Ball. You know, we used to keep old Hooks Butler in jail about half the time when it was a misdemeanor. Juries will send a man to jail for thirty days for timber stealin', but it hain't serious enough a crime to send a man to the penitentiary; they just won't do it."

Mr. Ball looked glum for a while; then his face began to get redder and redder. "Sid Cotton," he said to the sheriff, "I spent a thousand dollars to get that law passed. I knew that Hooks Butler and his sorry kin were causing all the trouble, and I thought we could keep them all in jail for a long time. I pay you fifty dollars a month and get you deputized, and still things get worse and worse. If you don't go do something to stop that stealin', I'm going to fire you. Good-bye!"

The sheriff left. He and the bareheaded blonde were driving off in front of a cloud of red dust when Mr. Ball turned around my way and said, "You still here?"

That's when I made my move. "Mr. Ball," I said, looking him straight in the eye, "what you need is a first-class evangelist. Yes, sir," I said, taking the chair the sheriff had vacated, "this Butler and his relatives need an old-time, knock-down, drag-out revival; they need to be 'saved.'"

I'll bet Mr. Ball hadn't looked any better in weeks than he did when this idea started to percolate. He just sat there and looked at a swarm of gnats by the cistern until his face brightened up like a coal oil lantern when the wick is high. Then he turned to me and said, "What faith is hardest on stealin'?"

"The Apostolic," I told him.

"You see, Mr. Ball," I went on, "fortune and a kindly fate have brought me here. I go about, just helping people. I can cure this stealing."

"You might be right. . . . What did you say your name was?"

"Hightower, Reverend Clint C. Hightower," I said, speaking from a point far down below my collarbone.

"You mean you are a preacher?"

"I am, sir," I said, standing and folding my hands firmly behind my back end. "When do I start?"

We haggled over the price for an hour. I reminded him how much money he had spent for no results, and he argued that he did not know how much better I could do than the sheriff had done. We finally settled on a two weeks' revival at the old Turkey Trot tabernacle, right down in the middle of the whole nest of Butlers. He let it out that there had not been a revival down there in eleven years, so I got the price up a little more to pay for the backsliding I would have to undo. He agreed to pay me a hundred dollars a week for the work, in addition to the collection plate, and a bonus of a hundred dollars if we could convert old Hooks Butler himself. Claudie was to do the singing, which I had agreed would be bass or better. Then it took me the last hour to talk the old devil into a twenty-five dollars advance.

I and Claudie drove to Beaumont that night. It was about dark when we found a nice beer and domino parlor where the people seemed very friendly to us.

"Claudie," I said, after a beer or so, "Mr. Ball needs us awful bad up there."

"How?"

"His community is steeped in sin."

Claudie put his glass down and looked at me like an old pig looks at a new gate.

"Clint," he said, "I won't do it. We have put out all kinds of help in this world. We have bought votes in Georgia to help a good man get elected constable, and then we imposed on him something awful. We have promoted two county fairs, and we broke a waiters' strike to help the café man that was going broke. We gave swimming lessons in Birmingham, until you fell in the pool and almost drowned. We were piano tuners in Savannah that time to help those ladies explain to their husbands what we were doing in the parlor. We were eye-witnesses to an accident we didn't see to help an old peddler collect the damages the streetcar company owed him; but when it comes to sin, I draw the line."

I finally got him stopped and explained to him that we were not going to promote any sin; we were going to stop one of the worst sins of all: stealing. Claudie didn't like the idea of singing in a revival at first, but he agreed to it when I told him I would give him a full half of all the collections. Naturally, I didn't mention Mr. Ball's bonus. Claudie was suspicious at first about getting this full-half cut of the collection plate. You don't have to be smart

to be suspicious, you know. But I told Claudie the beer had just made me overly generous, and I agreed to handle all the preaching.

"You can still sing, can't you, Claudie?" I asked. Claudie answered by singing off a few bars of a song he had learned in the wrong part of El Reno, Oklahoma.

2

WE SPENT the week and most of the twenty-five dollars in Beaumont. We had a fine time. I got a Gideon Bible and a black frock coat for myself and bought Claudie a haircut. Then we went to the Turkey Trot job.

Our revival got away to a mighty slow start. In fact, it was nearly left at the post when the weather faired off three days before the services began and the catfish got to biting at night on Big Caney Creek, which runs right through the Turkey Trot neighborhood. We didn't have enough congregation that first Sunday night to make a ring in a boardinghouse bathtub. There were a few of the women-folks, sitting here and there and fanning themselves with palm-leaf fans, while the children fussed or slept under the pews. All but three of the men stayed outside the tabernacle; they stood around in little groups smoking and talking in low tones. None of Hooks Butler's tribe was there.

The next day it rained a gully washer, and the creek got up half-bank full and too muddy for even catfishing. There was a good deal of lightning and thunder — sharp, gashy streaks of zigzag flashes and rough, rumbling thunder, clapping close up and bouncing away over the piney hills until it played out in a threatening mutter far away.

There is nothing like an electrical storm to help a revival meeting. We had a fine attendance the next night, with the tabernacle over half filled, nearly all the men inside, and three Butlers in the congregation — but not old Hooks.

Sid Cotton, the sheriff, was there with his wife; she was certainly a beautiful thing, with big, blue eyes and peachy complexion. There was something about her high forehead that seemed almost familiar, like a picture that just fills the molds of your fancy and so gives you a feeling of dim recognition.

The singing was better than I had hoped for. Claudie stood up there, with his hair parted way over on one side and his shoes laced all the way up, and sang loud and sweet. You know, there is something about good, loud, full-voiced country singing of religious songs, such as "Rock of Ages" and "Faith of Our Fathers," that makes feelings rise up in you like yeast in a churn by the fire, and sends tingles out to the ends of your fingers. We were getting somewhere.

It must have been Wednesday or Thursday of the first week that we had our first flurry of trouble. About nine o'clock or ten in the morning, I was on

my way to the tabernacle when I met that lovely blonde, the sheriff's wife. I stopped, and she stopped, and we looked at each other for a moment or so before either of us spoke.

"Sister Cotton," I said, not wishing to lose any more time, "what's your first name?"

"Elaine." She almost smiled as she said it.

"Elaine," I said, "you look so beautiful to me that it is almost like recognizing a fond old dream of beauty."

Then Elaine's smile froze fast, and she said, "You ought to recognize me, Mr. Hightower; you sold my father a lightning rod in Fayette, Mississippi, nearly two years ago. You got his money, but the lightning rod never came. I was the oldest daughter, and you made a pass at me only ten minutes after you came to our house."

"Oh, Claudie!" I yelled. Claudie was in the car. "Come here, quick."

Claudie came quick, and said, "How d'ya do, Sister Cotton."

She said, "How d'ya do." It was frigid.

"Claudie," I went on, "don't you remember Sister Cotton? Her father's lightning rod order is the one you lost over in Mississippi. Remember?"

Claudie just looked dumb and said, "Did I?" Sometimes I could kill him.

"Of course you did. I have worried about it all this time. Now we can clear everything up. Elaine," I turned and said to her with dignity, "please hand me your father's address, and I will send him the lightning rod. It's in New Orleans now, ready to be shipped."

"You can't," she said, looking me square in the eyes and not batting hers at all. "He's dead. He was struck by lightning."

Elaine turned and walked slowly away. But she looked back once as she left.

Claudie wanted to leave Texas right then. He said he had had enough. We went over to the blacksmith's house where we were boarding and started to pack our clothes. Right in the middle of it, I quit. "Claudie," I said, "I know women pretty well. If she just suspected us, she'd tell on us, and they would tar and feather us both and ride us out of here on a rail. But she's got us dead to rights, and she knows it. I'm going to stay. I'll bet she doesn't squeal on us."

I must have sounded a lot surer about this thing than I really was because Claudie said, "You're betting a lot," but he started unpacking. Claudie thinks I'm smarter than I really am about such things; he was unpacked before I was.

That night at the services, Sid Cotton, wearing his sheriff's star, and the lovely Elaine sat in the front row. It was plain that she had said nothing to anyone, and I want to put it down right here and now that she looked to me like the quintessence of distilled sweetness. She might have been just the farmer's daughter a few years before, and a bare-

headed blonde a few days ago, and a neighbor's wife to covet until that morning, but she was the angel Elaine to me that evening. I wanted to go out and fight a dozen wildcats with my bare hands, just to keep her from having to hear their ugly mewling. I couldn't have preached a sermon if hell had been next door, so we sang an extra number of songs and gave over the rest of the time to calling on members of the congregation to volunteer and testify about what the Lord had done for them. It sounded like a liquid asset to hear those old nesters get up and talk right out in a crowd like that about the Lord's blessings. I knew that timber stealing would not mix with this sort of thing.

One of the Butlers had had running sores all one spring, and had been cured by faith. One dear old lady had had fits, and fever, for "nigh onto a year." She was cured. Next, her husband got up to testify after she had nudged him. He had had the liquor taste, and when he got delirium tremens, the Old Scratch used to come and poke him in the rear with a pitchfork. He couldn't get rid of the habit or the Old Scratch until he joined the church. Right after that, five shoats he had lost had come back. The schoolmarm got up and cried and said that once when she was in Chicago in summer school, she had gone astray with a man who ran a billiard hall. She was pretty complete about it, and she went so much into detail that I was afraid for a while that she was not making anyone want to go to heaven; she was simply making people want to go to Chicago. She vowed and declared that after she joined the church, she had not been astray a single time. What a pity, I thought; and then I thought again, Why, Clint, you damned, dirty, hypocritical dog, you do this for money that will only get you drunk and in trouble, and these people believe you.

But I had to get on. I had taught Claudie a little speech and rehearsed him in it. This seemed to be a good time for it.

"Dearly beloveds," I said, "my colleague, Brother Claudie Hughes, has not related to you his experience with the clutches of sin. He is modest, but I think he should tell you of the long, thorny path he followed back to grace. Once he was steeped in sin." I turned and pointed to Claudie, and the drama of it all was feeling its way right up my spine and out through the end of my pointing finger. Claudie looked a little startled.

"Brother Claudie was once a common thief," I told them. I shuddered, and Claudie shuddered, and people in the congregation all shuddered and looked at each other. I looked at all the Butlers there, and they shuddered too.

"Yes," I said, "a common thief. The blackest sin in the catalogue. Taking that which belonged to others, and depriving them of it against the peace and dignity of the state. Tell them, Claudie," I said, "tell them all about what happened to your

awful stealing ways when you gave your heart to God."

"I quit," Claudie said. Then he looked at me, forgot the rest, and sat down.

"Let us pray," I said.

Saturday night after the meeting broke up, I and Claudie counted up the first week's collection and divided it fifty-fifty, just as we had agreed. It amounted to \$18.80 each. After Claudie went to bed, I drove up to Mr. Ball's house, collected my hundred dollars for the first week, and asked Mr. Ball what effect the revival was having on the timber stealing.

"It's dried up down around Turkey Trot," he said, "but there is trouble up north of here a few miles."

"Too bad," I said, thinking all the time about making this thing into a full summer job.

"Yes," he said, "I just sent Sheriff Sid Cotton up there to lay out in the woods all night for 'em and try to catch one red-handed."

"I see," I said; then I said, "Good night, Mr. Ball."

3

IT WAS around ten o'clock, or maybe a little later, when I got to the Cotton house, but Elaine was still awake. Somehow she wasn't surprised, and she came out, and we talked in the old Ford. It was a prime summer night with a sly sliver of a new moon lying back of the pine trees and just a few soft, summery clouds like uneven bolls of open cotton floating by on the south wind. Somewhere in the distance a mockingbird sang in the night, and I said to Elaine, "Nobody but God could set up a night like this." Elaine just sat there and looked hurt. After a while I went on, "Elaine, do you mind if I call you Elaine?"

"No," she replied, softly, but I knew something was eating on her inside.

"Elaine," I said, "how would you value the love of an honest man?"

Elaine looked at me for a moment or so, with a speck of a kindly gleam in her eye, and then she said, "An honest man? What difference could that possibly make to you? What were you doing up at Mr. Ball's tonight?"

"Why, I wasn't —" I started, and then I knew that she knew how I found out that Sid was away and was not coming back that night. I knew, too, that I'd have to do some tall talking before she figured the rest of it out. Then, somehow, I knew at once that there wasn't any use; that wouldn't do. So I said, "Elaine, there's no use pretending to you. You know I'm not good. I'm bogus. I'll leave. Thanks for keeping mum about me and Claudie. You're the finest woman I ever saw, and I love you. Good-bye."

By this time I was hanging my head and feeling much worse than a sheep-killing dog looks. Usually,

when I look down, and then look up, I have a pretty good idea of what I'll see, but this time I was dead wrong. When I looked up, there was Elaine putting her arms around me and a tear was glistening on her cheek.

You can take all the fresh sweetness of the new green buds in the springtime, and the quiet blue peace of twilight in the woods in winter; you can take the relief that it is to drink cold buttermilk of a hot summer evening when you're tired, and the rising beauty that hums and buzzes in you when you hear sung the old songs you heard in childhood. You can roll all these into one and smother it in the fragrance kissed from a million hyacinths, and that's the way I felt that moment with Elaine in my arms. I kissed her and held her and my heart went sailing up into my throat in much the same way that a tightrope walker in pink silk tights is lifted to the top of the circus tent while the drums roll. Then Elaine pulled away and ran inside.

4

THE next day was Sunday, and I preached a stem-winding sermon to them that made the woods ring. Elaine was in the front row.

Hooks Butler was there for the first time. He came in late and sat way back, but I knew who he was before anybody told me. He was one-eyed, and he carried his head a little to one side so that it gave him the look of alert slyness you see in certain dumb animals. His face had a sharp, thin hardness about it that you could almost chop wood with. He never took part in the singing.

I suddenly decided on a double feature, two texts and all. "Be sure your sins will find you out" and "Thou shalt not steal." It seemed only fair to give Mr. Ball his money's worth.

Two hours and fifteen minutes later I finished with the best description I could give them of the sharp, crackly tongues of hell-fire, blazing blue and licking away at a bunch of thieves and Judas Iscariot. I was in a lather. There was a fair sprinkling of "Amens" in the congregation, and Claudie led the singing off, while I panted and shooed the gnats away. As we sang, I could see by the lights of the gasoline torches that there were tears on the cheeks of some of the ladies. Then I looked at Elaine, and right away I wanted her bad. The thing that happens in songs and storybooks had clearly happened to me — but she was married to the sheriff. Then I looked at old Hooks Butler. Clint, I said to myself, get yourself together and extend the invitation to that old son-of-a-bitch out there. There's a hundred dollars in it. I let them have it with all the stops out, and eight more people joined up, bringing the total to seventeen. Two were Butlers, but not Hooks.

After they were all gone that night, I and Claudie sat in the front pew and talked awhile. Claudie said

he'd heard me act as barker for fat ladies and fire-eaters in side shows; he had heard me argue politics in Tennessee; he said he had heard me talk my way out of a vagrancy rap in Mobile; but he never before heard anything so good as my sermon that night. I told him his singing was first-rate, and think I must have meant it, too.

"Clint," he said, "you know what I almost did tonight?"

"No, Claudie," I said, "what?"

"Well," he said, "I almost got converted; I almost hit the sawdust trail."

"You fool," I said. "You dope, that would have ruined everything!" But I thought about what Claudie had said until I went to sleep.

The next week the weather was fair and clear again, and the creek cleared up, but the people kept coming to the revival anyhow. Hooks Butler never missed another meeting. Tuesday night he came up to the rostrum after the services, but I could see he wouldn't have done so if he hadn't been convoyed up by his old lady. She told me how much good they had got out of my sermon on "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Hooks just fidgeted and shook hands and hurried away, looking down.

The following morning, I and Claudie were working on the foot organ that had sprung a leak somewhere when I saw Elaine coming toward the tabernacle. She held her head high and her walk was quick and firm, so I could see that she was making no ordinary call.

"Go ahead, Claudie," I told him. "I'm going out to speak to Sister Cotton."

"Clint," she said, in an agitated, trembly voice, "somebody saw us Saturday night."

"Who?" I asked.

"Old Granny Strickland. She lives about a mile down the road, and she was out looking for her cat."

"Did she tell anybody, Elaine?"

"She told Sid this morning, but I told him she was crazy. She has spells, anyhow, and Sid ain't sure yet. I knew I'd better find you before Sid did."

"Elaine," I told her, and I meant it, "you and I had better get in that Ford and see how quick we can get how far. I love you, and you know it, and I'll look after you forever. There's going to be trouble here, and I'll take you somewhere where nothing can trouble us because we will be together."

She looked at me for a long time, and I saw what I wanted to see in her eyes; then she said, "No, Clint, it wouldn't be right."

5

SATURDAY night was the last night, and up to that time we had a total of fifty-four dollars and twenty-nine converts. All we needed to shoot the moon was Hooks Butler, and he was on hand early. Mr. Ball

came and sat way over at the right, a little removed from the others. Sid and Elaine came later and sat over by him.

Claudie led them in the songs we had selected for the way our customers had sung them before. My text was one I had saved for this last chance — my last chance with Hooks, and Hooks's last chance with God. It was "The wages of sin is death." Before I started I thought, Hooks, you damned old thief, tonight you're my meat.

I began by telling them how God and man despised the hypocrite who would sit in church on Sunday and steal during the week. I told them how sin and hypocrisy ate away at the soul, as the boll weevil eats the cotton boll. I gave them some Beatitudes I had learned from my grandmother, the Twenty-third Psalm, and a whole passel of proverbs. I worked in a passage or two that I'd once memorized from *Black Beauty* and then some of the things Little Eva said before she passed out in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The words crowded and flowed like a spring branch after a quick shower when I told them about the awful death of the spirit that is steeped in sin and hypocrisy. I told them stealing was the worst of all, and then I asked all sinners to come and repent and be saved. Claudie took then to singing "Almost Persuaded," and Hooks Butler pulled out from his pew and started down the aisle.

"There comes one hundred dollars," I said to myself, and looked at Mr. Ball, who was looking at Hooks. When Hooks came up to shake my hand, the tears were streaming down his face — even from his bad eye. Someone shouted, and the others took it up, and then the music stopped. Seeing Hooks Butler converted was no mere incident in the Turkey Trot community. You wouldn't do it right by calling it an event. It was an epoch.

"Brother Hightower," he said to me, "you are a man of God. I want to be like you." Then he cried some more, and scratched himself about the back of the neck; then he sat down on the mourners' bench with his head in his hands.

I had no words to reply to Hooks Butler. After a bit, things quieted down, and I wanted to say something, but still I could not for the life of me. So I looked at Claudie, and he started singing, in soft and mellow tones, "Shall We Gather at the River?" The others joined, and the piney woods around the tabernacle were all in tune with the singing.

When the song was ended, Mr. Ball got up and told how proud he was that the revival was such a big success. Then he turned to the congregation and said that the tabernacle looked pretty old and worn-out to him. He said he certainly would like to see a new one built. There was a lot of solemn nodding.

"Well," Mr. Ball went on, "it can be done for six hundred dollars, and I will give half of it. I am ready to write my check for three hundred dollars."

There was a lot of whispering, and a quickening in the rhythm of the palm-leaf fans as the shouting mood came over the congregation.

As soon as the shouting died away, Hooks Butler rose to his feet and said, "I'll give a hundred dollars," and with this Granny Strickland fainted dead away. We took up a collection that produced about a hundred more. Then I realized that the Hooks Butler bonus Mr. Ball owed me would put us over the top.

"Peace," I said, "dearly beloveds, we only need a hundred more, and that is the amount of my contribution." This really created a stir. Someone started singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." I looked at Elaine, and her eyes were shining; in her look nothing was held back, nothing was concealed.

Claudie was stunned. He came over to the pulpit and whispered, "Where in the hell are you going to get a hundred dollars?"

"Claudie," I replied, "trust in me and trust in God." He resumed his singing.

There was a heap of rejoicing and handshaking and everybody loved the Lord and everybody else that night as the meeting broke up. It was a good, sweet, weepy occasion all around; and everybody was very happy.

Among the last, Elaine came up to the rostrum to tell me good-bye. When she shook my hand, she left a note in it. The first chance I got, I went over to one side and read it. It was short: —

I'll go with you — anywhere. Be here at the tabernacle at daylight tomorrow if you want me.

Clint, I said to myself as I reread the note, you never did believe all of that Bible story about Joseph in Egypt. Remember how you choked on that part about Joseph when he was made a pass at by Potiphar's wife? Well, here is one that is happening to you in Texas, Clint, and something tells me you are not going to believe the way this one comes out either.

I and Claudie went back to our room, where we packed our things. We told the blacksmith and his wife good-bye and drove down to the New Orleans-Houston road. We rode along for an hour or more in the direction of New Orleans before I or Claudie said anything. Along about midnight Claudie said, "Clint, you are awful smart, but I think I might go back next week and help Pappy with the cotton crop."

I did not answer right off. We got a tankful of gasoline at a filling station in Lake Charles; and while Claudie checked the air in the tires, I reckoned by the road map that by daylight we could be in New Orleans — or we could be back at the tabernacle in the Turkey Trot community.

"Claudie," I said, "drive us on to New Orleans tonight, will you? Close the cutout and don't go too fast; I want to meditate."



Journalist and historian whose penetrating and prophetic book, *The Making of Tomorrow*, appeared in 1942 shortly before his death, RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES, bilingual that he was, worked ceaselessly for a better understanding between the French and American democracies until his strength was spent. Among her husband's papers, the Countess de Sales found these epigrams — written over a period of years — the first installment of which we published last month. The French was often so tight-packed and precise as to defy translation, in which case it seemed wiser to the editors simply to reproduce the original.

REFLECTIONS

by RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

NEW YORK is like a toy city at night. There are no windowless walls. There are no walls — only windows. It is like looking through cages. Only in those deep wells where elevators are rising and descending is there shadow or mystery. A powerful, Sibylline murmur rises from their depths.

The resonance of New York: you can hear pins fall, flies wheeling on steel wings, steel walking.

La vérité flotte dans ses apparences.

Every action has its element of artificiality. There is no true bravery without bravado, no true love without sentimentality, no true eloquence without boastfulness. Truth is encumbered with the paraphernalia of untruth.

Between the two contradictory forces which oppress humanity, material optimism and spiritual pessimism, there is no place for the honest man. The soul is not cured by realizing that it is now only a word. We are only half civilized.

To keep on going, close your eyes. Distractions, Life, Work are necessary if you are to stop thinking about Distractions, Life, and Work. One can keep alive only by being too busy to think about it.

Je suis assez grand pour me punir tout seul.

Montaigne advised us to accept the idea of death. It is more difficult to accept the idea of life.

Systems of philosophy, the Arts of Happiness, and other panaceas have at least the merit of pleasing their creators. It is delightful to construct a system, to create a religion, to become a human

signpost pointing out the way. And it is the height of wisdom and happiness to fall into the traps of your own philosophy — to believe in the religion you have created.

La nuit dernière, insomnie. J'ai entendu sonner quatre heures et je me suis mis à attendre le premier chant du merle. Pas longtemps: je connais mon horaire. Et tous les autres: le terrible "chœur des petites voix." Essayé d'analyser avec tout le sang-froid possible l'impression de détresse produite. Souvenir? — mais de quoi? où? quand? Il y a des moments, des états qui échappent à l'analyse. Oiseaux, taisez-vous. Ne chantez plus. Vous chantez contre moi. Je sais bien ce que vous voulez dire: "La belle journée qui commence, aube fraîche, feuillage humide et tendre, éveil vivace et prometteur . . ." Mais moi, je veux m'enfoncer dans le sommeil qui est sombre, silencieux, ouaté, dans le néant personnel de ce sommeil que j'attends, que je réclame et que vos cris m'interdisent.

The modern conception that science can extend itself indefinitely is immature. Theoretically it is quite impossible that man should know everything; he would then cease to be a man.

They tell me I ought to accept reality. Why not tell me to accept disorder? My cat accepts reality with complete acquiescence; he adjusts himself to it as rubber tires adjust themselves to ruts in the road. That is his role. Must it be mine? However reasonable, prudent, practical one may be, there is always a stubborn something in us which refuses such an acquiescence. For us, living is a refusal to accept such "reality," to fight against it, to create an order which is superior to it. What I mean by "reality" is — the inevitable.

La bonne entente est la moyenne entre les malentendus.

Love is latent in all of us; so is dizziness. The first indication of love is a humming in the ears.

A woman whom you once loved but love no longer has an unfortunate tendency to believe that you have never truly loved her, but that now, now, at last you are about to do so.

Les amants dorment nus et enlacés. Il n'y a entre eux que le sommeil; mais cela suffit. S'ils vivaient dans deux planètes différentes, un gouffre plus infranchissable ne les séparerait pas.

Each of us seeks the being to whom we will dare to expose our inward weakness. When we find such a being, our first impulse is to impress her with our courage.

Reason and happiness make a sorry couple. Happiness demands a kind of intellectual numbness. It is a mistake to see everything too clearly. Let me say, I know that you are deceiving me, but please don't tell me so. I will do the same for you. Choose your deceptions and stick to them. We will end up in perfect understanding. It would be most annoying if you were quite reasonable and matter-of-fact. Let us act as if we were both somewhat slow in our wits, partially blind, perhaps a trifle insane.

Recette pour dormir: Ne pas se coucher pendant huit jours, puis se coucher.

Under the pretense that the love which unites them is indestructible, lovers come to treat one another with a cruelty which the most ferocious hate would hardly justify. The same love which — in their happiest moments — revealed their weakness, now permits them to stab more surely, to wound more deeply. "It's because I love you," they say, "that I speak so strongly. I am hurting you for your own good." Why not admit that we can only really hate the ones we love? But that is inadmissible.

We expect everyone to act in such a way that we can envy, criticize, or even hate him. That is why the truly indolent are so exasperating.

Lorsqu'on sait très bien ce que l'on veut, on ne le veut plus beaucoup. Le désir tire sa force de l'ignorance.

To make a virtue out of loving one's country is absurd. Nothing is more inevitable. You have only to listen to your inward voice speaking your native tongue. Logically, it might be the part of wisdom not to love one's country, but more is lost than gained by such denial. However much I dislike cer-

tain stupidities in France, it is better to accept them than to achieve an exile's false impression of impartiality. What are these roots of ours? I do not know, and the whys and wherefores are unimportant; they exist, and to pull them up is a mortal wound.

The tightrope walker misses his former vertigo. He is dying of equilibrium.

Ne plus se plaire, passe encore; mais ne plus plaire aux autres, tragique. Un levier formidable, la coquetterie.

It is a painful experience to see one we love suffering from the same incurable malady which afflicts us. We are helpless to comfort. Perhaps one can be constructively sympathetic only toward those who suffer from ills we have never experienced.

Every man has his own form of panic. No matter how unkind we are, the discovery of another's Achilles' heel is always painful; it is renewed proof of the fragility of man's equilibrium — more particularly of our own.

La beauté éternelle est également une affaire de mode.

You can never console anyone for anything. All you can do is to help someone to believe the lie he is telling himself.

Familiar hopes reappear like a herd of cows that return to the stable in the evening. When you hear their bells approaching, you know it is time for the milking. A lean herd, like lean hopes, is a sign of poor pastures.

Another day wasted! One cannot but be humble at the end of a wasted day.

Habituez-vous à vous-même; ne vous désolez pas; acceptez-vous. Dans cinquante ans vous serez oublié.

I must plead guilty to the crime of "literature," but I defy you to propose a worthier occupation. I use the words which have created the world, which have created me. I know words; I am worth only as much as the words which represent me. The inexpressible does not exist. Give me time and I will explain everything.

My friend David is pounding on the door of death. It is harder than one thinks to escape from this magic circle of life, from this prison, this discipline.

Each man holds the key to his own death. Some day the finger of Fate will find the combination.



A trust officer for upwards of twenty years, LYNN LLOYD has been surprised to discover how few people of wealth or moderate means have taken the trouble to revise their wills or to reconsider the gifts for their children in the course of the past year when the marital deduction has made such an immense difference to the sizable estate. Mr. Lloyd is a resident of Chicago and the Vice-President of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank.

THE MARITAL DEDUCTION

by LYNN LLOYD

1

THE Federal statutes, rather sober documents, have recently had in them something approaching sex appeal. The Revenue Act of 1948, enacted over the President's veto by the much maligned Eightieth Congress, devotes over 70 per cent of its ponderous phraseology to enumerating new privileges and relationships between husband and wife. Strangely enough, the inducements there set out for a husband to do nice things for his wife by way of gifts, either during his lifetime or at his death, not only are inexpensive, but may *save* rather than cost money.

A well-to-do married man, worth \$250,000, can now give his wife up to half of his estate — in this case \$125,000 — and the net savings in taxes on both estates may increase his children's inheritance by \$20,000. In addition, the gift by increasing his wife's estate would add to her income \$1000 or more a year for as many years as she may survive him. This legalized privilege is called the "marital deduction," a wholly new concept in the Federal tax laws.

In addition to reducing the aggregate taxes of individuals about \$4,800,000,000, a fundamental purpose of the Revenue Act of 1948 was to equalize the burden of Federal income, gift, and estate taxes between residents of the eleven community-property states, whose substantive laws were of Spanish or French origin, and the residents of the thirty-seven remaining common-law states, whose laws derived from the common law of England. The disparity in income-tax payments was considerable. For instance, a married man living in a community-property state, such as Texas, whose net taxable income was \$20,000 and whose wife had no separate income, could in effect divide his income with his wife on his tax return and, as a result of the lower surtax rate, would pay \$4606 in Federal income tax. But a married man living across the state line in Arkansas (a common-law state) would

have to pay a Federal tax of \$6368 on the same amount of income.

To adjust this inequity, the Revenue Act now gives husbands and wives living in common-law states the privilege of "splitting" their income, so that the amount of their income tax will be the same as if they lived in a community-property state. It should be noted that this does not change the ownership or control of property or its income, but is merely a fictional division for tax purposes.

In order to get the necessary votes to pass this law in both houses of Congress over the anticipated Presidential veto, it is reported that some inducement had to be given to certain Representatives and Senators from the community-property states. This was done by repealing the estate-tax provisions of the former law, which taxed the full value of all community property at the death of whichever spouse was the first to die, and by including in the new estate-tax law the provision for a "marital deduction" of up to 50 per cent of the estate. Thus the Federal estate tax on estates of married persons in all states is now substantially equalized, provided that this allowable marital deduction is in fact exercised.

Not only are Federal income and estate taxes affected by this new law, but gift taxes are also made subject to the principle of splitting between husband and wife. The gift tax is levied on gifts of property which you irrevocably bestow during your lifetime. As in the case of other Federal taxes, certain exemptions are allowed and the tax applies upon the excess.

The former Federal gift-tax law permitted two exemptions before gifts to individuals were subject to the tax. You were permitted to give a total of \$30,000 during the course of your lifetime to any individual or group of individuals without incurring a tax. In addition, annual gifts up to \$3000 to any one donee were not subject to tax.

Under the new law the specific or lifetime exemption of \$30,000 is continued in the same amount, but one half of the property transferred from husband to wife, or vice versa, is regarded as already belonging to the donee spouse; hence, gifts of \$6000 or less in any year from a married person to his spouse need not be reported and are not subject to tax under the new statute.

However, if each spouse already has a substantial amount of separately owned assets, further gifts between them may offer no economies which cannot be realized more simply by splitting income currently and by arranging to use the marital deduction at death.

The important application of the marital deduction in connection with gifts is in cases where a married person, with the consent of his spouse, makes a gift to a third person or persons, such as children. Since most parents expect eventually to bequeath most of their property to their children, many of them are willing to give them moderate amounts immediately. They may give \$6000 a year to each child without tax, and thus relieve this much of their assets from the impact of the Federal estate tax which would otherwise apply at death. A gift of \$6000 to a child, made by a father who has \$1,000,000 taxable estate, if the mother consents to the gift, would mean a reduction of \$1884 in Federal estate taxes at the father's death. If the donor's estate is only \$200,000, such a gift would nevertheless save \$1704 of estate taxes.

2

THE Revenue Act of 1948 reduces individual income taxes for the first time since 1928, except for a minor reduction by the 1945 Act; it reduces gift taxes for the first time since the gift tax was enacted — on June 6, 1932; and it reduces Federal estate taxes for the first time since February 6, 1926. The reduction in income taxes applies both to rates and exemptions for individual taxpayers, including married persons, and gives the latter the privilege of splitting. The reduction in gift and estate taxes applies to married couples only, and involves no change in rates.

Since his inauguration in January of this year, the President has asked Congress for increases in income, estate, and gift taxes for individuals, for higher taxes on corporations, and for higher Social Security taxes, in the aggregate amount of about \$6,000,000,000 per year. As yet he has not suggested that the principle of the marital deduction be removed. Many students of taxation believe that income splitting and marital deduction are now permanently in the law, and that only changes in rates will occur hereafter.

Taxpayers were practically forced to take advantage of the new income-tax reductions when they filed their final returns for the year 1948. The

instructions which accompanied their returns were so explicit that the saving could scarcely be avoided. There is unfortunately no comparable means of forcing married persons to take advantage of the permitted reduction or deferment of Federal estate tax through the marital deduction.

While the canons of the legal profession may discourage lawyers from publicizing such matters sufficiently to get their clients to act, the banks and trust companies of the country are constantly drawing public attention to the importance of reviewing wills, trusts, and life insurance, and to the tax effects (often adverse) of joint ownership of real estate, securities, and bank accounts. The marital deduction can be of benefit only if used, and it can only be used intelligently and to the best advantage after you have thoroughly analyzed your assets, your will, your life insurance, and your entire estate plans — and the same for your spouse.

When you contemplate using the marital deduction, here are some of the most important considerations to have in mind: —

Where one spouse owns all or most of the assets, use of the marital deduction by that spouse will probably be of considerable advantage; but where assets are owned by both spouses, and have considerable disparity in value, use of the marital deduction by the spouse owning the smaller estate may result in little or no benefit.

In some states the Federal estate-tax reduction resulting from use of the marital deduction may be partly offset by an increase in state inheritance tax; therefore, the effect on the combined Federal and state death taxes should be considered in measuring the net result.

The portion of the estate relieved from Federal estate tax by use of the marital deduction by one spouse will be taxed at the death of the surviving spouse; thus the aggregate taxes on both estates might be unduly increased, instead of reduced, by the marital deduction. In such cases, non-use or only partial use (less than 50 per cent) may be advisable.

Annual income of the surviving spouse will be increased because of the tax saved (or deferred) by the marital deduction in the estate of the first spouse to die. Moreover, the surviving spouse will have the protection of a greater amount of principal, as well as greater income. Depending upon the size of the decedent's estate and the probable period of survivorship, this factor may be more important than the possible decrease, or even increase, in the aggregate taxes on both estates.

A "marital-deduction trust" created by will for your wife, in preference to a direct bequest to her at your death, is permitted by the law, provided she gets all the income and the right to will the principal at her death. This trust is widely recommended by lawyers because it offers the important benefits of: eliminating probate expense and pos-

sibly state inheritance tax at the death of the surviving spouse; reducing income tax on future capital gains; and retaining the property in trust and protecting the widow and children through management by an experienced trustee.

The *maximum* tax saving will be accomplished only when the marital-deduction property is relieved from Federal tax in the estate of *both* spouses — the second as well as the first to die. Careful planning can often accomplish this result through:

1. Creating for one's wife, by will, a marital-deduction trust (including 50 per cent of the net estate) from which fixed monthly payments of predetermined amount will be paid to her as an annuity from both income and principal, thus gradually consuming the principal of this fund. The principal so received and consumed will not be taxed to her as income when received, nor will it be subject to Federal estate tax at her later death. Compensating provisions can be made for the children (and also for the wife's protection) through a residuary trust including the remaining half of the estate, in which income could be accumulated. This plan can substantially increase both the wife's

spendable income and the amount of principal eventually going to children.

2. Creating a marital-deduction trust for one's wife by will (including 50 per cent of the net estate) and giving her both the necessary right to will the principal of this fund at her death and the additional right to dispose of it in whole or in part during her life by outright gift or by restricted power of appointment. The outright-gift method could save the second death tax, but might incur a gift tax. The method of restricted power of appointment would permit her to transfer it by deed to any of a limited class of persons (descendants or their spouses) and could save the second death tax without incurring a gift tax.

Since 1946, the taxpayer has come out second-best to the government in every tax decision but one handed down by the United States Supreme Court. Against these odds and with further burdensome tax increases threatened, it should be obvious, to those who have acquired a taxable amount of property, that they ought promptly to take intelligent advantage of the privilege still allowed by law to plan carefully for its future distribution.



AT WOODSTOCK

by FRANCES RANSON

LYNX in the lilacs, dark as danger
Out of Asia; what is stranger

Than tropical cat who proudly stalks
Along these formal garden walks?

Hemmed by violet, hedged by rose,
Softly the shining alien goes

Baffled by this cool flowered plot
Where mango and cinnamon trees are not.

Yet strange as panther in garden is,
There is a thing more strange than this.

Foreign as tiger must ever be
Scenting hawthorn; wondrously

Like to a leopard in green lands,
Removed from all he understands,

Is love, bright beast, amazed to find
Himself in the austere, ordered mind.



An Atlantic Story



A native of Macedonia who became an American citizen in 1924, STOYAN CHRISTOWE covered the Balkans for the Chicago Daily News in 1927 and 1928 and utilized his knowledge of Eastern Europe when he served as Adviser on Balkan Affairs for our Military Intelligence in 1942-1944. Since the war, Mr. Christowe has been living at West Dover, Vermont, whence came his volume of American reminiscences, My American Pilgrimage, which was published in 1947 under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

IVAN THE BEAR

by STOYAN CHRISTOWE

PERFORMING bears in the Balkans come from the Carpathians, but about Ivan, the biggest bear ever seen, it is said that he comes from the Urals. Now, in the villages, nobody knows exactly where the Urals are, but the name Uralski Planini has something awesome about it, suggesting mammoths and behemoth.

And a mammoth of a bear is Ivan. His body, standing up, looks like the charred trunk of an oak with two spurs at the top. It is a wonder, the bigness of Ivan the bear. Yet, to many, the bigger wonder is that the huge animal is led by a puny man, a swarthy little man with a jack-o'-lantern face, whose name is Marin and who both looks like a gypsy and doesn't. Straight black hair comes low over his forehead, and long black mustaches divide his face into half-moons. But he is formidably girt by a strong leather belt from which dangle two heavy chains, like the ones loggers use. The end of one of these chains is hooked to the iron ring which hangs to Ivan's nose like a padlock to a door; the other chain is fastened to the brass-armored halter which encompasses Ivan's enormous head and muzzles his snout.

Thus the great bear is doubly bound to the little master. Nevertheless Marin holds, scepter-like, a dogwood staff thicker than his hand can grasp and twice his height. At the conclusion of every dance he hands the bear the staff — perhaps in commendation, perhaps as a token that the power which the staff represents, in figure and in fact, is his, Ivan's, and he, Marin, holds it by virtue of his superior knowledge and for Ivan's own good. "You've danced well and proper, Ivan," says Marin.

Staff upon the shoulder in the manner of a shepherd's crook, the bear nods his stump-like head and rocks his trunk, suggesting, no doubt, that holding the staff is much more to his liking than dancing at his master's bid. Then, giving back the staff, he takes from his master the tambourine to pass it on to the housewife in whose dooryard he has just performed. In a moment the housewife returns with the tambourine half filled with flour, and Ivan takes it with a bow and hands it to Marin, who empties it into one of the flour sacks tied to the mare's pack-saddle.

That done, Marin turns to the lemon-pale child who's been clinging to the woman's skirt and says, "Bless him, the little one, is he subject to ailments of diverse kinds?"

"He screams in his sleep in the night," the mother replies, "and he is a ready victim of any pair of evil eyes."

"Fear not, my little one," heartens the little bear-master, "Ivan will banish the evil things." He takes the shy child in his arms and, petting him and otherwise reassuring him, tries to place him astride the bear's back. But the child shivers and screams, and the crowd of onlooking youngsters draws back. The big bear is doubly secured by the muzzle and the nose ring, and Marin holds the staff; still the youngsters keep at a fair distance from the bear. They do not know what the bear-master knows: that Ivan is held to his tameness not so much by the staff and the chains as by his own fear, by his not knowing his own strength, by his not knowing that only an inch of his own gristle separates him from his freedom.

"Fear not, my little one," says Marin, having placed the child upon the bear's back. With one hand Marin holds the child and with the other leads Ivan about, giving the little one the bear-ride cure.

"This will outfear the fear in your heart," the bear-master says. "And you'll scream no more in the night, and a strong and fearless and free man you will grow up to be." The child stops sobbing and his pale face blinks into a smile. He has ridden a bear. What fear can there be for a child who has ridden a bear, and that bear Ivan!

But one thing more. A tuft of Ivan's hair for the child to wear at his throat. The big bear's rump is bare as a monkey's, for the hair has been clipped from it tuft by tuft for young ones to wear as charms against sickness and evil. If the spell of evil eyes may be broken, and ailments of diverse origins may be averted by talismans of hair from ordinary bears, as anyone will tell you, then how surely by that of Ivan, the mightiest of bears.

The grateful, trusting mother hopefully clutches the hair as though it were the health and well-being of her young. Neatly, carefully, she will sew it into a piece of cloth dipped in molten beeswax and hang it at her child's throat. But now she must hurry and put some more of her scant supply of flour into the tambourine.

Followed by the entourage of fascinated youngsters, Marin moves on to the next house, and the next, repeating his performances. His bear dances, does tricks, treats the sick, bows like a bride, kisses the hands of men who hand him coins, passes the coins to his master, and then shambles on behind him. Slowly and heavily shuttle the paws, the broad mane trembles, the whole gigantic mass tumbles on behind the little master like a bumblebee behind an ant.

In the dooryard of the next house, Marin thumps the tambourine and sings out his ditty about the bandits who rob the poor peasant folk. Slowly the bear's forepaws rise up and presently the whole shaggy bulk, balanced on the powerful haunches, begins to rock and shake like a tree in the wind. Nothing is heard save the voice of Marin and the sound of his tambourine. All the dogs of the village, who welcomed Ivan with loud protestations, have disappeared into their holes.

The dance over, the housewife tells Marin what the whole village knows. With sadness in her eyes and hope in her voice she tells how her husband has been ill these many months, how Grandma Shimba has tried all her magic cures on him, and all her herb potions. The grains of salt she tossed into the fire sizzled and popped and the old woman did sneeze and yawn languidly, which was a good omen. The priest, too, read from his sacred books, smacked the sick on the forehead with the bunch of basil soaked in holy water, and walked about the house chanting divine words and sprinkling holy water over walls and furniture and shaking puffs of in-

cense smoke from his jingling censer. Everything thereafter smelled chastened and exorcised but still the sick man, laments the wife, is unable to rise and yoke his oxen and plow his neglected fields.

"The man's a victim of magics, opiates, and quack doctoring," says Marin. "He needs not the priest's prayers but the bear's paws. Come, Ivan, let us deliver the man from these terrible evils."

With a deep groan, which delights the youngsters, the big bear leaps across the threshold. Once inside he sniffs in this corner and blows in that, growls here and grumbles there, sweeps the floor with his furry paws and shakes his woolly trunk like a mummer on New Year's Eve, till he comes to the corner where the sick man lies on a mat under a coarse blanket. The bear scents the covered form and gives out a low, sustained, and frightening roar. Then he lifts one mop-like paw, then another, then another, and thus cumbrously, but cautiously, as though danger lurked beneath, he paws and treads and kneads. Upon the back of the suffering man, upon the shoulder blades, upon the aching thighs and outstretched limbs, the bear rubs and presses while muffled groans issue from under the blanket. If the evil things do not escape through the chimney and the man does not rise to yoke his oxen, it is none of Ivan's fault.

2

AFTER making the rounds in the upper quarter, bear and master, still escorted by the retinue of fascinated children, tramp over the little wooden bridge to the lower quarter of the village. Ahead, just beyond the bridge, lies the grassless plaza, flanked on one side by the church and the school-house and on the other by the riverbank with its row of droopy willows. In the shade of the willows, on wooden benches, sit several village loafers with the two local gendarmes. The sight of the bear, taking the width of the bridge like an overloaded haycart, causes the men to bestir themselves. One of them, looking up to the opposite end of the plaza, sees a lone figure approach. "Hey, here comes Boyko," he says.

"Sure enough, it's Boyko the wrestler and no mistake," says another man. "He must have heard about the bear. Maybe he wants to wrestle him."

Crook in hand and skin bag over his shoulder, Boyko strides down toward the bear troupe. A giant of a man, fearsome as any bear, he summons his sheep in the highlands of the mountains and winters them in the lowlands by the sea. Bears and wolves and other beasts of the forest are no strangers to him. And he is the greatest wrestler since Koka Trash the Albanian.

Presently, children and grown folk form a ring about Ivan the bear and Boyko the wrestler. Wrapped, as always, regardless of weather, in his bearskin coat, the fur on the outside, and upon

his massive head the bearskin calpac, Boyko looks like a man-bear and is thrice the size of Marin the bear-man.

"Wrestle him, Boyko," voices urge the big shepherd, who leans on his crook before the bear. Some dozen youngsters hurry toward the houses to shout, "Quick! Come! Boyko the shepherd will wrestle Ivan." And they hurry back breathless as soon as they have heralded the event.

In the presence of the shepherd, big and shaggy like himself, the bear paces about nervously, his four paws treading a clumsy pattern, his enormous body wobbling and jingling the chains. Now and then the bear's back shivers, causing the hair to bristle and stand on edge like the quills on a hedgehog when touched with a stick. The small shifty eyes, like knots in a brown stump, turn for a brief instant on the mountain man in whose own gray eyes, as he stands there, are friendliness and sympathy, as if they pitied the big animal because of the iron ring and chains. Under the eave-like brows the shepherd's eyes lose their meekness and compassion and narrow up with contempt as they shift from the big chained animal to the swarthy little animal who has chained him.

"No, I'll not wrestle the bear," says Boyko. "But I'd like to wrestle the little fox who holds the chains."

Derisive laughter bursts on all sides.

"No, Boyko, the bear you must wrestle."

More people gather in the plaza, bringing traces of the work they have left behind — the men, chaff in their ears and straw in their hair; the women, flour on their headkerchiefs and dough on their hands.

"I wrestle no man or beast." Marin knocks the earth with the bottom of his staff. "My bear Ivan will wrestle with any man or any beast, for any stake."

"The bear, Boyko, the bear," an old man urges. "There's no strength in the bear-man."

"If I wrestle the bear and down him, I get the bear," says Boyko. "If not, I'll give the fox a sheep. Those are the stakes."

"Fair enough," some men shout, though others look askance at the oddness of the stakes.

3

MARIN now unbuckles the bridle from Ivan's head, and holding the animal by the nose-ring chain alone, he says to him, "Be you a wrestler, Ivan. With Boyko of the mountain match your strength."

Boyko too takes off his furry calpac, unslings the skin bag from his shoulder, but keeps on his bearskin coat. As he steps up, the big bear shies away, pacing as in a cage, his body trolling, the soles of his feet slapping the earth.

"Rise up, Ivan." Marin clanks the chain but the forepaws do not lift.

"It's the bearskin," says Marin. "Take off the bearskin."

Removing the wrap, Boyko now stands naked from the waist — or not quite naked, for his broad chest and shoulders are tufted with hair. Hulking and defiant, again he steps forth, his strong arms spread in a wide arc, his deep chest heaved out.

The paws now stop treading, and the two black knots in the brown stump turn like gimlets upon the half-man, half-animal shape.

"Stand up, Ivan." Again Marin clanks the chain, but this time he gives it a slight, measured pull which forthwith lifts the forepaws from the ground. Slowly now the behemoth trunk rises, forepaws hanging limply, chain dangling from the nose, hind feet treading alternately to steady the towering mass.

Nobody stirs. Some hold their breath, watching intently. For an instant the distant, solitary bark of a dog breaks the hush. And then in the ensuing silence Boyko's widespread feet grind the dirt, sidling his body toward the standing bear, stolidly waiting to meet his mountain strength.

A few feet from the bear Boyko charges; his powerful arms clutch at the furry trunk, which reels and staggers but is quickly steadied, rocks a little and is steadied again. Like one possessed, Boyko heaves at the unwieldy form; he breasts and shoulders, and lunges, summoning strength from every bone and muscle to throw the bear in one mighty heave.

And the bear Ivan! All he does is keep from falling. To do this he simply dances, a tread-like, slow, and ponderous dance.

To the onlookers it seems Boyko is trying to uproot a tree by sheer human push. The man is possessed of great strength and he repeatedly gathers concentrations of this strength and heaves them at the bear, but the bear is planted deep in his own strength, and though he yields and staggers a little and rocks a little he remains standing, his furry surface wrapped about the struggling man.

Now everybody knows Ivan is a trained wrestler as he is a trained dancer. And Marin of course knows it, for it is he who has done the training. He knows better yet how to conduct a wrestling match between his bear and a man. All the people must be given due entertainment for the coins they are expected to drop when Ivan passes the tambourine around after the match. So Marin hops about on his short legs, accommodating his chain to the bear till he is ready to give him the signal. The people may think that Boyko is wrestling with the bear. He is, in truth, wrestling with Marin the bear-master, who holds the bear's strength in his hands.

Sweat pours down Boyko's back as he digs his heels into the ground and once again pushes at the bear with all his might. High above him the bear rocks his head from side to side, keeping time with the feet which pedal the earth to keep his body

standing. In the small black eyes where Marin can read the different moods of his bear, he now sees a curious amusement, as if Ivan were merely playing with another bear, whom he does not wish to hurt.

Now, thinking the moment has come, the bear-man jingles the chain and taps the earth three times with his staff. Presently Ivan's arms will close in without strangling, his broad chest will press down without crushing, his great weight will bear down without hurting. Slowly and surely Boyko will be pinned to the earth, limbs extended, shoulders and back touching ground all along.

Like a jester before monarchs little Marin frolics about, giving his bear plenty of chain, but a whole long minute passes and there's no sign the bear is taking the hint. He still dances rather than wrestles, his eyes still have the calm and bemused look.

Again Marin jingles the chain and again he sounds the earth with his staff. Still the bear holds back, his arms hang limply over the struggling man's back.

One thing Marin can't stand is disobedience in his bear. Whenever that happens, anger flames up in him like a firebrand and he cannot restrain himself from using his power — the chain and the staff. In a sudden rage he gives the chain an unmeasured pull and the metal ring digs into the gristle; but he is not appeased, and before he realizes what he is doing he rams the pole into the bear's back.

From the depths of the animal the wildness comes in a thunder-like roar, in a savage blazing of the eyes and a stiffening of joints and muscles. The tree which Boyko has been trying to push down is beginning to fall upon him with all its crushing weight, and the man's painful moans, though drowned by the bear's roar, are heard by Marin and bring him to his senses. He knows now what he has done and he knows that pulling at the chain again or using the staff would drive the beast farther back into the wild rather than return him to his tameness. In a flash, like the wise bear-master he is, he unhooks the tambourine from his belt and, striking it with the flat of his hand, sings out his ditty about the bandits who rob the poor peasant folk. And just as suddenly as the bear takes flight into the wild because of the tear in his nose and the blow in his back, he is summoned back to tameness by the music of his master. The stiffness drops from the bear, his arms loosen, his strength withdraws, and the whole frightful bulk lifts away from Boyko before it has crushed a single bone.

Breathing a deep sigh of relief, Marin announces that the match is over and that it is a draw. And nobody questions the wisdom of Marin's decision, not even Boyko, who is shaken but unhurt.

But the match is not over — not between Marin and Boyko, nor between Marin and Ivan. That night, as is his wont whenever his bear takes tempo-

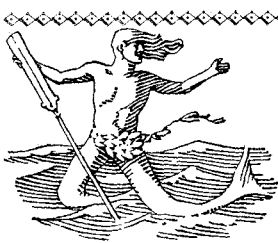
rary flight into the wild, Marin purges the beast of his tendencies towards disobedience and rebelliousness. When the moon comes up and sheds pale light upon the threshing lot at the outskirts of the village where Marin and Ivan camp, the bear-master takes up the long dogwood staff. As the little figure, holding up the big pole, casts a grotesque silhouette upon the moonlit camp site, Ivan, a black mass chained to the stout threshing post, sits up and sends forth a low, imploring cry. The bony mare, too, tethered near-by, scrapes the earth with her hoofs and makes a rattling noise with her lips.

The sinister figure in the moonlight takes a stand beyond reach of the chains but within striking distance of the pole. The man's short legs are spread apart and his feet are hard-pressed upon the ground; both hands hold the pole firmly to prevent its slipping away or being seized by the bear. Presently the uplifted pole's elongated shadow bounds weirdly across the floor and for a brief moment is foreshortened as the far end of the pole itself lands on Ivan's shoulder. A deep, bottomless, terrifying bellow issues from the beast. He rears up now, beats the air with his forepaws and stomps the earth, but the little master is not stayed. He raises the pole again and again and brings it down upon the bear with all the strength of his tough little body.

The wakened villagers feel sorry for poor Ivan. Even a bear's painful cries can evoke compassion in the human heart. Some dogs, too, perhaps in fright, perhaps in sympathy, howl in the night. And the moon-robed mountain, itself a gigantic crouching animal looming above the rooftops, must hear the bear cries.

Once again the pole poises in mid-air, but this time it does not strike, for now Boyko's huge shadow falls athwart the moonlit lot. His manly arms reach up from behind and his powerful hands seize the pole and send it hurtling to the edge of the lot. And then under the blinking eye of the moon and to the accompaniment of clinking chains, a strange little drama takes place, to be revealed by the dawn to the village folk, who are astounded to see chained to the threshing post not Ivan the bear but Marin the bear-master, and no bear in sight.

Human nature being what it is, the same folk who pitied poor Ivan the night before, now at dawn feel sorry for Marin the bear-man. Only a few folk, and they dull-witted and callow, conjecture that Ivan, big that he is, could break the chains with one mighty desperate pull of his Ural strength and escape into the mountain. But why did he not kill his master first? And how did Ivan manage to put his own chains around his master's throat? Howbeit, these few puzzled folk soon read something in the faces of those wiser than themselves, and then the truth dawns on them, and they, too, nod their heads knowingly.



The Atlantic Serial



In preparing The Bismarck Episode, from which this account is drawn, CAPTAIN RUSSELL GRENFELL, R.N., had the advantage of the personal testimony of almost every surviving officer who took a prominent part in the operations, as well as access to the captured German archives. As a result, many new and important facts have come to light. His narrative, which will be published by Macmillan next month, is unsparing in its judgment of both sides, and ranks as an important contribution to naval history.

THE "HOOD" AND THE "BISMARCK"

The Sinking of the "Hood"

by CAPTAIN RUSSELL GRENFELL, R.N.

1

IN the middle of May, 1941, Britain's fortunes were low. For practically a year she had been standing all by herself in face of the powerful and victorious Axis Powers; Hitler's forces had conquered Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France in 1940. Early in 1941 they had overrun Yugoslavia and had passed on to the invasion of Greece.

At sea, the situation was bad and getting worse. The enemy's acquisition of the whole Norwegian coast and the French Channel and Atlantic sea-boards had given him numerous excellent bases for the prosecution of his submarine offensive against shipping — an offensive which was facilitated by the grave shortages in convoy escort vessels and coastal aircraft with which Britain had entered the war and which could not be rectified under many months. Mercantile losses had been mounting ever since the fall of France. By May, 1941, they had become so serious that the British War Cabinet was on the point of deciding that it would be contrary to the national interest to publish any more monthly figures of the tonnage sunk.

The German Naval Command was not content to rely only on U-boats and aircraft, great as was the damage they were inflicting, but was using also its surface vessels in the attack on Britain's sea communications. The *Scheer* had been operating against shipping in the Atlantic late in 1940. The

battle cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* had been out early in 1941 and had inflicted some severe losses on convoys before appearing at Brest in March. It was almost certain, too, that the new battleship *Bismarck* had been completed and had for some months been under training in the Baltic. She also might take a hand in the game at any time.

In the early hours of May 21, a report arrived in the Admiralty to the effect that two large German warships, heavily screened and accompanied by eleven merchant vessels, had been seen steaming northwards in the Kattegat the day before. This vital piece of news was at once sent on to the flagship of the Home Fleet, H.M.S. *King George V*, then in harbor at the main operating base at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys. The information that had just come in was obviously of major importance, though not such as to cause surprise. It was, indeed, for just such an eventuality as this that Admiral Sir John Tovey's fleet existed and had been stationed in the Orkneys; namely, the appearance of enemy warships in the North Sea.

Two questions immediately arose: What were these enemy ships that had been seen coming north, and what were they going to do?

It was, of course, a matter of conjecture whether the *Bismarck* was one of the German squadron. But this assumption was, in fact, made from the start — that the *Bismarck* was coming out.

Much more difficult was the estimation of the

enemy's intentions. There had been indications for some days that some enemy operation might be imminent. In the second week of May, an unusual amount of German air reconnaissance had been noticed between Jan Mayen Island and Greenland; that is, over the sea approaches to Iceland from both east and west. As there was also a noticeable increase in enemy aerial reconnaissance over Scapa, a circumstance which usually presaged a German naval enterprise of some kind, Sir John Tovey, with the possibility of an enemy movement ever in the forefront of his mind, had signaled to the cruiser *Suffolk*, then on patrol in the Denmark Strait to the north of Iceland, to keep a special watch on the passages in both directions. Next day, as a further precaution, the *Norfolk*, with Rear-Admiral W. F. Wake-Walker, commanding the 1st Cruiser Squadron, on board, sailed from the war base at Hvalfjord in Iceland to take the *Suffolk's* place so that the latter could return and refuel in readiness for anything that might be impending.

In addition to these indications of possible naval activity by the enemy, there had been persistent rumors, over several weeks, of troop movements in Norway towards Kirkenes, on the coast well to the north. These rumors Admiral Tovey had interpreted as a possible indication of a coming invasion of or raid on Iceland or the Faroes. In view of this intelligence, the report that eleven merchant ships were in company with the German warships when in the Kattegat on May 20 was clearly a factor of potential importance.

The list of possibilities therefore came to this:—

1. The enemy warships might be escorting the convoy to Norway as a primary duty, afterwards returning to Germany.
2. They might be escorting the convoy northward for their own use when operating from the Norwegian coast.
3. They might be escorting the convoy northward preparatory to a military descent on the Faroes or Iceland, for which they were intended to provide the surface cover.
4. They might be escorting the convoy as an incidental duty, and afterwards be breaking out into the Atlantic.

The question was, Which of these four possible courses of action would the enemy follow? There was really no means of knowing. All were quite if not equally possible, and the only pointer in favor of any particular one was an Admiralty Intelligence opinion, based on special information, that the ships were about to break out into the Atlantic.

The Admiral's final decision was that an Atlantic breakout was the enemy course of action that constituted the greatest immediate menace and hence was the one on which he would base his plans. This crucial point being settled, the next

step was to consider what route the enemy might take in breaking out. There were five passages by which he could go. There was the Denmark Strait between Iceland and the east coast of Greenland. There was the passage immediately south of Iceland, between it and the Faroes. There was the passage between the Faroes and the Shetlands. There was the Fair Island channel between the Shetlands and the Orkneys; and, lastly, there was the Pentland Firth. The Pentland Firth could safely be ruled out, but all the other four were possible. The question was what disposition to make to watch the exits.

2

WHEN the news of the *Bismarck's* possible sailing reached the Admiralty, it was realized that the enemy had the initiative and the British were confronted with search and chase problems which might well prove of some complexity. Such operations were notoriously expensive of ships; and early in the forenoon the Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff was telling Sir John Tovey by telephone that the *Victorious* and *Repulse* had been ordered to sail north from the Clyde to join his flag.

This gave Sir John Tovey a force of two battleships (*King George V* and *Prince of Wales*), two battle cruisers (*Hood* and *Repulse*), and one aircraft carrier (*Victorious*) to give battle to the *Bismarck*, if it were she who was about to break out. These odds of four or five ships to one, or of two separate battle forces of at least two ships to one, look satisfactory enough at first glance. They need, however, a certain amount of qualification. The *Bismarck* was undoubtedly a tough proposition. She was brand-new. She was probably larger than any British battleship, and was believed to have about six feet greater beam, a feature which was specially valuable in conferring superior stability and defensive qualities. She carried a main armament of eight 15-inch guns, 1 inch larger in caliber than those of the latest British battleships, and was believed to be as fast as or faster than any British capital ship afloat. Moreover, the Germans had demonstrated in the previous war their ability to build exceptionally strong warships, able to stand greater punishment than their British counterparts. In addition, there was reason to think that the *Bismarck* had been given plenty of time in the comparatively secure waters of the Baltic for target practice, exercises, and the training of the ship's company, and that she was by now a thoroughly efficient fighting unit.

The British big ships by no means presented a similar high quality. The *Repulse* was twenty-five years old and had two guns less than the *Bismarck*. Moreover, she was very weakly armored and of short fuel endurance.

The *Prince of Wales*, conversely, was too new.

She had joined the fleet less than two months before, and with many of the contractor's workmen still on board. Two of her turrets were not actually handed over to the Navy by the firm until April 27, hardly more than three weeks before, and not till then could training with the whole armament be started. Captain J. C. Leach had therefore had quite insufficient time to work his ship's company up to battle efficiency and to "run in" the machinery. When Admiral Jellicoe commanded the Grand Fleet from 1914 to 1916, he would not take a new ship to sea with the fleet till she had had two months' full training at the fleet base.

The *Victorious* was in much the same condition as the *Prince of Wales*. She had first commissioned at the builders' yard at Newcastle-on-Tyne two months before and had gone straight to the naval dockyard at Rosyth to dock. There she remained till May 16, when she proceeded to Scapa to complete her trials and to embark two squadrons of aircraft in readiness for her forthcoming convoy trip to the Mediterranean. The outstanding trials and the essential tuning-in of wireless and radar installations had been completed by the evening of May 20, and on the morning of the 21st — the day with which we are now dealing — the *Victorious* had gone to sea to embark her aircraft. When Sir John Tovey was being informed that she was now at his disposal, she was outside the harbor and was engaged in flying on nine Swordfish aircraft of No. 825 Squadron and six Fulmars of No. 800Z Squadron.

The Swordfish squadron had been well trained and worked up under its leader, Lieutenant-Commander E. Esmonde. Moreover, two or three of the aircraft were equipped with some of the first ASV radar sets and had opportunities to practice with them. But the squadron was intended for combined operations work and had not therefore carried out its deck-landing training. None of the "hostilities only" pilots had, in fact, ever before landed on a carrier's deck. The Fulmars were not a squadron in the true sense, as they were manned by a scratch lot of pilots and observers who had been got together for the trip to the Mediterranean only, and the observers especially were short of training of every kind.

As soon as the aircraft were on board, deck-landing training was started. But only two or three pilots were able to do practice landings before the ship returned to harbor for the night. In respect, therefore, both of herself and her aircraft, the *Victorious* was anything but a fully efficient unit.

Of the remaining two heavy ships, *King George V* and *Hood*, the latter was over twenty years old; and in those years there had been a number of improvements in warship design from which the *Hood* had naturally not benefited. If somewhat outmoded, however, she was nevertheless a power-

ful unit with a main armament as strong as that of the *Bismarck*. Thus, of Admiral Tovey's five large ships, two (*Prince of Wales* and *Victorious*) were some way from being fully efficient, one (*Repulse*) was considerably weaker than the *Bismarck*, and a fourth (*Hood*) was rather long in the tooth. The Admiral had therefore only one ship (*King George V*) that could at this time properly be regarded as a fair match for such a vessel as the *Bismarck*.

The general picture in the mind of Admiral Tovey after he had been discussing the situation with his staff for some time can now be appreciated. He was assuming that the *Bismarck* was one of the two German ships seen coming north in the Kattegat on May 20. He had decided that the contingency of her and her consort endeavoring to break out into the Atlantic was the one to be primarily provided against. He had also reached the conclusion that while there was a balance of probability in favor of the Germans using the Denmark Strait escape route, the southerly channels between Iceland and the Faroes and between the Faroes and the Orkneys could not be ignored. Therefore, the interception dispositions should, if possible, be designed to cover all of them; though, in case of shortage, the order of priority should run from north to south. Finally, the formidable nature of the *Bismarck* as a fighting ship he fully recognized; and while the British strength had been increased by the attachment of the *Repulse* and *Victorious* to his command, the weakness of the first and the unpreparedness of the second and of the *Prince of Wales* were factors to be borne in mind.

The Admiral decided to divide his heavy ships into two forces. One of these, to consist of the *Hood* and *Prince of Wales* under Vice-Admiral L. E. Holland in the *Hood*, he would send north to Iceland to be handy for the Denmark Strait and the Iceland-Faroes passage, which the Commander-in-Chief regarded as the two most likely exits. The other heavy force would consist of his own flagship the *King George V* and the *Victorious*, later to be joined by the *Repulse* from the Clyde. With this force, the Commander-in-Chief would cover the passages from the Faroes southwards.

The question remained when to put these dispositions into force. The Commander-in-Chief had brought all ships at Scapa to short (two hours') notice for steam already. But actually to sail the ships was a different matter, and one which was dominated by the question of fuel expenditure. It was possible that the enemy, if he were bent on escape into the Atlantic, would be caught in one of the exit channels and brought to action near to a British base. But this could not be guaranteed.

The Admiralty, aware of Sir John Tovey's greedy anxiety for news of the enemy, were able to tell him that special Spitfires of the Coastal Command Photographic Reconnaissance Unit would be tak-

ing off about 11 A.M. to search the Norwegian coastline. One of the Spitfires, piloted by Flying Officer Churchill, searched the Skaggerak and Oslo Fiord, but sighted no warships. Another aircraft, piloted by Flying Officer Suckling, searched the western approaches to the Skaggerak and the Norwegian coast as far north as Bergen. Almost at the end of his search he sighted two warships in the secluded Grimstad Fiord just south of Bergen, and these he photographed. This was at 1.15 P.M. on May 21.

Suckling landed at Wick airfield at 2.45 P.M. and reported having seen two cruisers. But his personal estimate was incorrect. When his photographs had been developed, they showed to the expert examiners who eagerly scrutinized them that what he had really discovered was a battleship of the *Bismarck* class and a *Hipper* class cruiser. So the *Bismarck* it was.

3

THE exciting evidence contained in Suckling's photographs set activity in train in a number of directions. Arrangements were at once put in hand for attacking the enemy in his now discovered lair. A bombing attack should take place that night by six Whitleys and six Hudsons of Coastal Command, and a strong force of bombers and torpedo-carrying aircraft was ordered to assemble for still stronger attacks after daylight.

The Commander-in-Chief was also coming to the decision that it was time Vice-Admiral Holland's force was sent to sea. By 9 P.M. it was over seven hours since the enemy had first been seen near Bergen, and no further sighting reports had since come through. Moreover, the weather reports were unpromising, and it might be that no more sightings would be made for some time. It would therefore be a good thing to get the *Hood* and her squadron started on their way north. A signal was consequently made to the Vice-Admiral to proceed with the *Hood*, *Prince of Wales*, and the destroyers; and this force left harbor about midnight, with orders to cover the patrols north of the latitude of 62 degrees North.

Meanwhile the flying weather had been steadily deteriorating. Mist and rain had set in over a large part of the North Sea, and when that night the RAF bombers went out for their attacks on the German ships, they found it very difficult to find the Norwegian coast. Only two aircraft did, in fact, manage to discover it, and they could not be sure which part of the coastline it was.

When day came, the weather was just as bad, if not worse. Reconnaissance aircraft sent out to search the Bergen area reported that the conditions were extremely adverse, with cloud down to 200 feet. By 10 A.M. it was being reported that the visibility had shut down completely and that no

reconnaissance was possible, and later attempts had no more success. The striking force of bombers and torpedo-aircraft could not therefore be dispatched, and remained on the ground.

As the hours passed without news of the enemy and with only dismal reports of bad flying conditions, it is not difficult to picture Sir John Tovey's unease of mind. For all he knew, his enemy might be well out to sea and steaming farther beyond reach with every minute that went by. This possibility naturally made the Admiral want to get to sea and take ground to the westward. Yet if he did so and the enemy had not gone out, the British ships would merely be wasting fuel while the enemy was still in harbor with his oil tanks full. Faced with such a choice of evils, Sir John decided to hang on as long as possible in harbor, where he would be in a position to receive any fresh word of the enemy by the quickest possible route.

On the main Orkney island, near to the capital, Kirkwall, was the naval air station of Hatston, under the command of Captain H. L. St. J. Fancourt, R.N. As it became increasingly clear to him that the RAF reconnaissance was unlikely to achieve a look into the crucial fiord, Captain Fancourt began to cast about in his mind as to whether he himself could do something to gain the urgently required information. It occurred to him that he had one or two Fleet Air Arm officers in his command with many years' experience of flying over the sea in all sorts of weather and that a really first-class crew of this kind might have a very fair chance of reaching Bergen, even in the filthy weather then prevailing.

Following this line of thought, Captain Fancourt mentally picked on Commander G. A. Rotherham as the man most likely to bring off the required feat. Commander Rotherham was actually at Hatston for administrative duties and normally did no flying. But he was a Fleet Air Arm observer of long experience, which covered the earlier and more rudimentary days of naval flying when aids to navigation by means of instruments and wireless beams were none too well developed.

Then there was the question of what aircraft to use. There were at Hatston two long-range American twin-engined Maryland bombers, the normal use of which was as height-finding and target-towing aircraft for training with the fleet in Scapa.

Accordingly, about 2 P.M., Captain Fancourt sent for Commander Rotherham and propounded to him the idea of a flight to Bergen. Rotherham immediately expressed his readiness to make the attempt. When the news got round the station that a Maryland was going, the officer in command of the target-towing squadron, Lieutenant-Commander Goddard, declared roundly that no one other than himself would pilot the machine.

About 4.30 P.M. the Maryland took off. When they ran into mist, they began to fly within sight

of the surface so as to keep an eye on windage. They came to be almost skimming the surface, and the pilot, who had a more restricted view than Rotherham, found the strain such that he went up to 3000 feet. After flying some time at this height, Rotherham decided he must see the surface again, and down they went into the cloud. The sea came in sight dangerously close, and the pilot had so much difficulty in not flying into it that after a little he said he must again go up. They had, however, obtained a valuable glimpse of the water, which enabled a new estimation of the strength and direction of the wind to be made. Again they went up above cloud level, and again after a while they came down for another surface skim, followed by yet another climb. After a breather up high Rotherham reckoned they were within ten minutes of their landfall, and that a further descent was imperative. They were nerving themselves for the possibility of flying straight into a hillside when Providence decided to show favor to temerity. At this critical moment, the clouds began to break, and right ahead they saw the very island for which they had been making.

Navigationally, the worst difficulties were over. In fair visibility, they flew left up the coast and soon found the fiord where the German ships had been lying. It was empty, but they circled round again to make sure, and then made for Bergen to examine the harbor there. As they passed over the town, the defense opened up with every gun. The pilot proceeded to dive. Down through a hurricane of projectiles they tore until they were roaring over Bergen at only about 200 feet from the housetops. Then out to sea, astonished that they were still intact. The Maryland flew on to Sumbrugh in the Shetlands and landed about 7.45 P.M.

Rotherham's report satisfied the Admiral that the enemy had really left the Bergen area. He therefore gave orders for the fleet in Scapa to be ready to weigh at 10 P.M., the earliest time steam could be ready. He also sent out three signals to the northern forces, these telling:—

(a) The *Suffolk* to return to the Denmark Strait to join the *Norfolk*.

(b) The *Arethusa* to join the *Manchester* and *Birmingham* in the Iceland-Faroes passage.

(c) The Vice-Admiral in the *Hood*, then on passage with his force to Hvalfiord, to proceed instead as necessary to cover the Iceland-Faroes passage and the Denmark Strait.

At 10.15 P.M., the fleet in Scapa was aweigh and the leading ships were making for the gates.

4

ON the evening of May 23, at 7 o'clock, Captain R. M. Ellis was standing on the bridge of his cruiser, H.M.S. *Suffolk*, in the Denmark Strait. The bridge had been "arcticized," which meant

that it was closed in and fitted with steam heating, and was therefore tolerably warm. Captain Ellis had been on the bridge all that day and all the night before, and indeed the night before that. His ship had recently been on patrol for ten days and had been recalled to refuel two days before. That had involved a night coastal passage at high speed to Hvalfiord and another night passage back twenty-four hours later after fueling.

The *Bismarck's* appearance on the Norwegian coast was already known, and on the *Suffolk's* return to the entrance to the Denmark Strait, she was summoned into Isa Fiord to receive final patrol orders from the Flag Officer of the squadron, Rear-Admiral W. F. Wake-Walker, who was in there in his flagship, H.M.S. *Norfolk*, paying a flying visit to the new radar station ashore. The instructions he signaled to Captain Ellis were that the *Suffolk* was to investigate the ice near the top of the mine fields and then patrol northeast and southwest along the edge of the ice. This was the pack ice that ran out a hundred miles or more from the coast of Greenland towards Iceland. Its extent varied greatly according to the time of year and even from week to week. At this particular time, it covered about half the sea area between Greenland and Iceland, leaving a channel of open water about sixty miles wide between its edge and the Icelandic coast.

On the day of which we are now speaking, the weather conditions in the Denmark Strait were somewhat unusual. Over the ice it was clear and also for about three miles to the southeastward of the ice edge. The rest of the Strait, almost up to the coast of Iceland, was covered in fog and mist. There was thus a lane of clear water about three miles broad between the ice and the ragged wall of mist which ran out of sight in both directions roughly parallel to the ice.

At 7 P.M. the *Suffolk* was steering southwestward close to the mist, with her stern to the direction of most likely enemy approach. In consequence of the radar being blind on that sector and the view from the compass platform much obstructed, Captain Ellis had had the seamen lookouts strengthened for the after bearings. At 7.22 P.M. there came a hail from the starboard after lookout, Able Seaman Newell, of "Ship bearing Green 140 [degrees]," quickly corrected to "two ships" on the same bearing. The Captain and most of those on the compass platform rushed over to that side of the bridge and saw through their binoculars what was undoubtedly the *Bismarck* and a cruiser with her.

They were no more than about 14,000 yards away, a dangerously close range to enemy guns that could shoot up to 40,000 yards. Captain Ellis put his wheel over on the instant to make for the fog, and it was with a feeling of relief that he saw the mist close round his ship. But it had taken him

two or three minutes to reach it and he thought it extraordinary that the *Bismarck* had apparently failed to notice him during that time. As he turned, he ordered an enemy report signal to be sent out.

His retreat into the mist took him into the angular space between two of the mine fields; and in that space he maneuvered, keeping radar contact all the time, to allow the *Bismarck* to pass him so that he could take up a shadowing position behind her. Watching intently the white dots on the radar screen which represented the two enemy ships, he saw them cross to the northward and move on beyond him. When he thought they were about the right distance away, he steered back into the open. But he found he had misjudged it. The enemy was still too close and he went back into the mist to drop back further. At his second emergence, the enemy ships were about fifteen miles ahead, steering along and close to the ice edge. This distance approximated to what Captain Ellis wanted, and he set course to shadow, sending out a string of wireless signals as he went. The enemy, he soon found, was steaming fast at from 28 to 30 knots.

Deep in the mist, the *Norfolk* took in those signals. Captain A. J. L. Phillips had ordered dinner brought up to his sea cabin and he was munching some welsh rarebit when the Chief Yeoman of Signals almost fell through the door with the excited announcement "*Suffolk's* got 'em, sir!" and handed him the enemy report.

Captain Phillips was on the compass platform in a moment to order the course to be altered to close the enemy's reported position at high speed. The ship went to action stations and a number of depth charges on the upper deck were jettisoned. At 8.30 P.M., after an hour's hard steaming, the *Norfolk* suddenly ran out of the mist and sighted the *Bismarck* and her attendant cruiser (later known to be the *Prinz Eugen*) on the port bow on a nearly opposite course and at an estimated range of six miles. The two sides were closing rapidly and the *Norfolk's* position was highly critical. Captain Phillips put the wheel hard astarboard to get back into the mist and made smoke to cover his withdrawal. This time the *Bismarck* was on the alert and opened a very accurate fire. Three 15-inch salvos straddled the *Norfolk* and another came down in her wake. By immense good fortune she was not hit. Some large splinters came on board, but she got back into the mist undamaged.

After the *Norfolk* had obtained sanctuary in the mist she, like the *Suffolk* a little earlier, maneuvered to take station well behind the enemy. For her, however, it was a more difficult calculation, since lacking a training radar set she lost all touch with the enemy ships when she entered the mist. Captain Phillips had therefore to rely entirely on guesswork in judging when to turn onto the shadowing course. He also had to decide what this course was to be. The *Suffolk*, he knew, was in the clear chan-

nel between the mist and the ice, and he could tell from her reports that she was more or less right astern of the enemy, who clearly could not escape to starboard on account of the ice. There was, however, open water on the enemy's port side. The obvious post for the *Norfolk*, therefore, was out on the enemy's port quarter, ready for a turn by him in that direction. But to remain on the *Bismarck's* port quarter meant remaining inside the fog area; and with her early-pattern radar, the *Norfolk* could not compete with mist or other forms of low visibility. She could not rely on "seeing" through these in the way that the *Suffolk* — and perhaps the *Bismarck* — could. Therefore, when the visibility was poor, it was only too possible for her to get dangerously close to the *Bismarck* without knowing of her proximity.

For the *Suffolk*, with her good radar, shadowing was not specially difficult to begin with. She had to be near enough to keep in touch, preferably visual touch, but far enough away to avoid coming under accurate gunfire. Even one hit might cause a reduction of her speed, which would result in the ship's falling astern and losing contact with the enemy; and as the *Bismarck's* effective gun range in good visibility, and possibly by radar in bad, was anything up to sixteen or seventeen miles, it was necessary to remain at a respectful distance. But since the limit of range of the *Suffolk's* radar was about thirteen miles, Captain Ellis endeavored to remain at about that distance.

The weather was preventing any aircraft from giving assistance to the surface shadowers. For several hours, however, the *Suffolk* did have an aerial escort. A large goose detached itself from a flight passing some way to the northward and flew along with the ship close over the forecastle. As the news of its presence passed round the ship, several sportsmen from the wardroom, with an eye on varying the dinner menu, were for shooting it down on board, on the plea that it was a pro-Axis goose on reconnaissance for the enemy. But Captain Ellis, with thoughts of the Ancient Mariner, restrained them.

As night approached, the surface shadowing conditions deteriorated. As seen from the *Suffolk*, the German ships began to run in and out of patches of mist. Then snow and rain storms began to be encountered. Such weather was obviously in the enemy's favor by giving him cover for unobserved maneuvers. It was fully to be expected that he would try to throw off pursuit by large alterations of course when good opportunities occurred.

There was a possibility that the *Bismarck* might try to make an unnoticed rightabout-turn to bring one or other of the shadowers within decisive gun range and so dispose of her. If this turn were made behind mist or snow, it might not be any too easy, even with radar, to spot what was happening, until

the range had already come down quite a lot. Without efficient radar, there would be little or no warning until the shadowing ship blundered into the returning enemy at point-blank range.

Thus did the pursuit continue, chasers and chased rushing at nearly full speed through the icy waters of the Strait in the half-light of the Arctic night, in and out of fog banks, snow and rain squalls, the *Suffolk* with her radar constantly probing for the enemy and her wireless office sending out a succession of signals giving the latest estimate of the enemy's position, course, and speed for the guidance of any British big ships trying to set an intercepting course.

5

MEANWHILE, Vice-Admiral Holland's squadron of *Hood* and *Prince of Wales* with six destroyers had been steaming hard to cut the enemy off. The Vice-Admiral had taken in one of the *Suffolk's* early signals a few minutes after 8 o'clock the evening before, which had put the enemy about 300 miles nearly north (005 degrees) from the *Hood*. The Vice-Admiral calculated the intercepting course as 295 degrees and he turned his ships to that, increasing speed to 27 knots.

At midnight the *Bismarck* was estimated to be 120 miles away, bearing 010 degrees, and the Vice-Admiral expected to make contact any time after 1.40 A.M. At fifteen minutes past midnight, therefore, he ordered all ships to make final preparations for action and to hoist battle ensigns. Officers and men went clambering into their action stations, and for a quarter of an hour the telephone systems of the big ships were alive with voices passing orders and making reports, as all the turret and gun machinery and other battle equipment were tested and got ready for instant use.

At this time, however, the flow of enemy reports ceased to come in, since the *Bismarck* and *Suffolk* had run into the snowstorm, and half an hour after midnight the Vice-Admiral signaled to the *Prince of Wales* that if the enemy was not seen by 2.10, he would probably steer parallel to him till the cruisers regained touch, so as to make sure the enemy did not get ahead of the British squadron unsighted.

On receiving the *Suffolk's* report of regaining touch at 2.47 the Vice-Admiral brought his ships round again for a closing course and went on to 28 knots. Visibility was poor. There was a fresh breeze from the starboard side and a moderate swell. By 4 A.M. the enemy was estimated to be twenty miles to the northwest. Visibility was beginning to improve as twilight lightened into day. At 5.10 A.M. instant readiness for action was ordered; and at 5.35 A.M. two ships were made out a long way off before the starboard beam. The heavy turrets, which were waiting silent but alert, sprang

into movement as they followed the Director round in that direction.

It was the German squadron. The enemy ships were some way apart, so that the two vessels could not be held in the spotting officers' glasses simultaneously. The silhouettes of both looked very similar, and in the *Prince of Wales's* after control tower it was thought at first that they were the *Bismarck* and *Tirpitz*. Vice-Admiral Holland had made an excellent contact, his force being nicely on the enemy's bow. Two minutes after the sighting, he turned both his ships 40 degrees towards the enemy to shorten the range. The turn was made by Blue Pendant (that is, both ships turning together) and it closed the British A arcs; that is to say, the bearing of the enemy was now too far ahead for the after turrets to bear — to the disgust of their crews and those in the after controls, to whom it was desperately tantalizing to have their view of the enemy shut off at this supreme moment. Twelve minutes later, the ships were turned another 20 degrees towards the enemy.

In the *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, too, excitement was mounting. The cruisers had not become aware until 4.45 A.M., from an intercepted signal by one of Vice-Admiral Holland's destroyers, that British heavy ships were in the vicinity. At 5.15 the *Norfolk* sighted two smudges of smoke on the port bow, which gradually took shape as the *Hood* and *Prince of Wales* steaming at high speed towards the enemy, who had also now come in sight sixteen miles on the starboard bow. The *Suffolk* had also seen the British battle force, and for those on both cruisers' bridges its appearance made a most glad-some sight. They had had a tense and anxious night, racing along behind the enemy under most difficult weather conditions, while their signals guided their bigger brothers to the scene. Now the big ships had actually arrived, the cruisers' object had been successfully achieved, and their tired officers and men prepared to watch with joyful and fascinated satisfaction the outcome of their efforts in the shape of the destruction of the enemy. Little did they realize what they were about to see.

From now on, things happened very quickly. At 5.49 A.M., the Vice-Admiral made the signal for a concentration on the left-hand ship. He had clearly mistaken the *Prinz Eugen* for the *Bismarck*, as they realized at once in the *Prince of Wales*, where, the Captain and the Gunnery Officer being both certain the *Bismarck* was the right-hand ship, it was decided to disregard the signal. Three minutes later, when the range was down to 25,000 yards, the Vice-Admiral evidently discovered the mistake and made the signal for shifting one target right. Almost at the same moment, the *Hood* opened fire, to which the *Bismarck* at once replied. Within a matter of seconds the *Prince of Wales* had joined in and the action had begun. Which ship was the *Bismarck* firing at? After a rather

tense wait for the time of flight to pass, those in the *Prince of Wales* noted, not without relief, that she was firing at the *Hood*.

The principal guideposts in modern naval gun battles, both for the actual combatants and for any observers, are the splashes made by shells hitting the water. These splashes leap up to a great height — in the case of large shells to about 200 feet — and are the means whereby gun control officers know where their shots are going. If all the splashes are over or short or to the right or left of the target, the appropriate corrections are applied. What the control officer wants is a "straddle"; that is to say, one or more splashes over and one or more splashes short. He then knows that he is "on" the target and that there may be one or more hits. As a rule, he will not — indeed he should not — see those hits. With delayed-action fuses, a shell may crash through a ship's side or deck and penetrate deep into her hull before exploding. When, therefore, it does go off, the flash will probably be right inside the ship and invisible from outside.

As seen from the distant *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, the *Hood's* firing seemed excellent. Her first two salvos were very close to the enemy and the third looked like a straddle. The *Prince of Wales* was taking longer to get on. Her first salvo was over. Corrections were made, but it was not until the sixth salvo that a straddle was obtained. As already mentioned, the ship had gone into action with only her forward turrets (A and B) bearing on the enemy, owing to the ship's acute angle of inclination to the line of fire on the closing course being steered. One of A turret's guns, moreover, had a temporary defect which made it certain that, although it could fire the one round with which it was loaded, it would fire no more until the ship got back to harbor. This was known beforehand to both the Gunnery Officer and the Captain. Range-finding during the approach had been difficult. A and B turret range-finders were blanked by spray, and fire had had to be opened on the strength of the comparatively small (15-foot) range-finder in the Director Control Tower. Hence the initial overestimating by about 1000 yards.

The *Bismarck* and *Prinz Eugen* both opened against the *Hood* and were both quickly on their target. With her more rapid rate of fire, the *Prinz Eugen* scored the first hit in under a minute. A large fire broke out by the *Hood's* mainmast which spread rapidly forward and blazed up high above the upper deck. To the watchers in the cruisers, it appeared as a big semicircle of flame, very like the top half of a setting sun, and they held their breath wondering whether it would be humanly possible to get it under control. Then it died down a bit and afterwards seemed to pulsate up and down.

The range meanwhile was coming down rapidly. At 5.55 A.M. the Vice-Admiral made the signal for a Blue Pendant turn of 20 degrees to port, away

from the enemy. This would have opened both ships' A arcs and have brought the squadron's full gunpower to bear. By now, the *Bismarck* had obtained several straddles on the *Hood*, and had very probably hit her. The German Admiral, perhaps fearing to leave one enemy ship wholly unfired-at, and possibly to eliminate splash interference in spotting the fall of shot, had just ordered the *Prinz Eugen* to switch her fire to the other target.

As the British ships began their turn, two German splashes went up close alongside the *Hood*. Almost immediately, the horrified spectators in the British cruisers saw a vast eruption of flame leap upwards between the *Hood's* masts to a height of many hundreds of feet, perhaps as high as a thousand, in the middle of which a great incandescent ball was seen soaring skywards. The volcanic upshoot of fire lasted but a second or two; and when it had disappeared the place where the *Hood* had been was covered by an enormous column of smoke. Through it, the bow and stern of the ship could just be discerned, each rising steeply up as the central part of the ship collapsed. The *Hood* had blown up in the middle, had broken in half, and in a couple of minutes or so had completely disappeared. The *Prince of Wales*, which was already swinging in obedience to the turning signal, had to reverse her rudder quickly and sheer back to starboard to avoid the pillar of smoke and the probable wreckage within it.

6

THE *Prince of Wales* had been firing away at the *Bismarck* almost undisturbed during the few minutes in which the *Hood* had been drawing the enemy's fire. She now came in for the full blast of the enemy's ferocity. A towering wall of water leapt out of the sea close at hand, where a 15-inch salvo had landed. It was swiftly followed by the slightly smaller splashes of the *Bismarck's* secondary armament 6-inch shells, salvos of which, mingling with and scarcely distinguishable from those of the *Prinz Eugen's* 8-inch, began to fall one on top of the other with whirlwind rapidity about every ten to fifteen seconds. The din was tremendous, the rush and crash of the enemy's shells combining with the roar and banging of the *Prince of Wales's* heavy and light guns and the hiss of falling spray from near-by shell splashes to make what seemed a continuous deluge of sound. So much water was being thrown up all around the *Prince of Wales*, some of it reaching up over the masthead, that it became none too easy to spot her own fall of shot.

Every now and then the ship was felt to shudder as something hit her, and those in the after control became aware of black smoke drifting past them from an obvious fire further forward. In the midst of this turmoil, a 15-inch shell came streaking down onto the bridge, through which it smashed,

exploding just as it emerged on the other side. The bridge instantly became a shambles, every officer and man on that key position being either killed or wounded, excepting only Captain Leach himself and the Chief Yeoman of Signals, though both were knocked down and momentarily dazed. In the plotting room just below, blood began to drip off the end of the bridge voice pipe onto the plot. Curiously enough, the Gunnery Officer and other main control officers in the Director Tower, a few feet only from this explosion, entirely failed to notice it and continued to direct the ship's fire with undivided concentration of purpose.

The ship received seven hits during this period — four 15-inch and three 8-inch. The shell on the bridge, as well as the damage it did there, severed the communications to the steering wheel and destroyed some of the gunnery control telephone leads. Another 15-inch hit the superstructure supporting the fore Secondary Armament (5.5-inch) Directors and put them out of action, and the after Director took over. The third hit went off on the aircraft crane. The ship's aircraft was on the point of being catapulted off to act as gunnery spotter. The catapult officer actually had his flag in the air preparatory to dropping it for the signal to go when the shell arrived. When he had picked himself up, he saw that both wings of the aircraft had been shattered by splinters; so, getting the crew out, he hastily catapulted the dangerous, petrol-laden wreck into the sea. Not till the ship returned to harbor was it discovered that yet another heavy shell had pierced the side deep under water, had passed through several protecting bulkheads, and had come to rest without exploding close to one of the Diesel dynamo rooms. Two of the 8-inch hits had been on the waterline aft. The ship's side was pierced and a number of compartments were flooded, about 500 tons of water getting into the ship. The third 8-inch shell entered one of the 5.25-inch shell handling-rooms. Round this small space it flew like lightning several times and eventually sat down without going off and without having touched a man.

To Captain Leach, who by now had moved to the lower bridge, the fact that his ship was not developing her full gunpower was obvious. He knew that mechanical troubles might be expected with the new type of mounting fitted in his ship, one gun, as he was aware, being completely out of action. He knew that his ship's company were semi-trained. His vessel was under a heavy and accurate fire from an enemy which had just blown up his flagship before his eyes. That enemy, on the other hand, showed no apparent sign of damage but was still shooting very accurately with, as it seemed, all her guns in action. He was aware that there was every likelihood of tactical reinforcement before long, and it is therefore understandable that he came to the swift conclusion that he ought

to wait for it and that the present engagement should be broken off. With the range down to not much more than 14,000 yards, he put his wheel over and retired out of action behind a smoke screen. As the *Prince of Wales* heeled over on the turn, Y turret shell ring slid over on its rollers and jammed. This left the four guns of this turret with only two more rounds apiece until the jam could be cleared.

The *Bismarck* made no attempt to follow the *Prince of Wales*, but was seen to alter course away as the *Prince of Wales* turned. The *Bismarck* was showing no sign of damage. The only evidence which suggested that she might have been hit was a conspicuous pillar of black smoke that was seen by the British cruisers to shoot up out of her funnel after about three minutes of battle. It was as if, shaken by some heavy jolt, all the soot had fallen out of the crevices and corners of her boiler-room uptakes and had been shot high in the air on the escaping funnel gases.

7

THE *Hood* was the biggest ship in the fleet. A whole generation of naval men had grown up to regard her as the most powerful ship in the world. In fleet maneuvers over many years, when the "mighty *Hood*" appeared on the scene, the other side's chances were felt to be as good as over. And in her first battle she had disintegrated in a huge burst of flame after being under fire for only a few minutes.

Moreover, her fate was unpleasantly reminiscent of what had happened at Jutland when four British armored ships had also gone up in flames that leapt skywards as the magazines exploded. It was afterwards said that better protection in future ships and the fitting of anti-flash devices in the magazines would prevent further disasters of this kind. Now it had happened again.

The undoubted fact is that the *Hood's* design was defective. Indeed, a year or two after her launch certain naval experts drew attention to the circumstance that an enemy shell approaching a certain part of the ship at a certain angle would have a fairly easy passage into a magazine. This weakness could, however, be remedied by extra armor plating, and the higher authorities at the Admiralty decided to have this placed when the next opportunity came for an extensive refit. But time passed and the job was not done. There were other ships needing reconstruction just as much as the *Hood*. Money was short, and even though the twenties and early thirties were years of allegedly profound peace, too many ships could not be laid up at once. Then came the Abyssinian crisis, and after that it became difficult to take the *Hood* in hand for extensive alteration. She was such a big and well-known ship to put out of commission during the years of growing international tension, and

political influence was on the side of her remaining in normal service. So the job was never done.

The action had been fought on the British side with inelastic formalism. The two ships had come into action in close order and had been maneuvered as one by signal from the flagship. It was an arrangement which left next to no initiative in the hands of the Captain of the *Prince of Wales*, an able and experienced officer. He was told what courses to steer, what ship to fire at, what speed to maintain, and when to open fire.

The British had a superiority of two to one, but owing to the way they came into action, this superiority was not brought into play. When the action opened, the *Bismarck* had her full broadside of eight guns bearing. But Vice-Admiral Holland was intent on closing the range quickly, and was steering inwards at a steep angle with the *Hood's* A arcs closed; that is, with only her two foremost turrets able to fire. The *Prince of Wales*, obliged by signal to conform to the *Hood's* movements, was similarly placed with only six of her ten guns bearing, one of which would only fire one round. This was the position during nearly the whole period the two British ships were together, until the *Hood* blew up. Thus, during this first critical part of the action only nine British guns were facing eight German, so that the British superiority was almost entirely thrown away. The remaining eight British guns were held in reserve so long that their influence was never exerted; for almost before the signal which would have swung them into action could take effect, one of the British ships had ceased to fight.

Close proximity also enhanced the moral effect of the explosion. Lieutenant-Commander McMullen, Gunnery Officer on the *Prince of Wales*, suddenly noticed that the inside walls of the Gunnery Director Tower, his battle station, were tinted a lurid orange, and guessed from this and the roar of the explosion what was happening. No doubt originating in the same way, the news went round the ship in a flash. In a matter of seconds, McMullen heard in his control telephone the voice of the "dagger" gunner in the transmitting station, 100 feet down inside the ship, saying: "How's the *Hood*, sir?"

"She's not too good."

"She's gone hasn't she, sir?"

On the face of it, the British tactics appear to have been unskillfully conceived and directed. Yet Vice-Admiral Holland was regarded in high esteem throughout the Navy as an officer of outstanding ability. He had, moreover, done well in the Mediterranean in the earlier period of the war. What, then, is likely to have induced him to pursue the course of action he did? I have been assured by senior officers that the way the Vice-Admiral

took his squadron into action harmonized with some fidelity with the official instructions as to how such a phase of a battle should be conducted.

The instructions to which reference is here made were the descendants of the old fighting instructions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Admirals of the earlier centuries liked to keep the control of the battle in their own hands as far as they could, and the official fighting instructions issued for the guidance of subordinate Commanders always tended towards a tactical rigidity and formality of maneuver with little initiative left to juniors. Nelson's rare genius virtually killed these cut-and-dried fighting rules for a century. The brilliant unorthodoxy of his methods and his open contempt for tactical convention, as well as his persistent encouragement of all his juniors to exercise their own independent initiative, were obviously inconsistent with voluminous printed instructions; and the British Navy, nurtured during the nineteenth century on the simple Nelsonian precept that "no Captain can do very wrong who places his ship alongside that of an enemy," went into the war of 1914 with practically none.

There was an immediate reversion to ancient practice. A new set of battle instructions was compiled, just as bulky as any of its predecessors and breathing a very similar spirit of centralized control. These new instructions, with minor alterations, remained the tactical Bible of the Navy from 1918 till the outbreak of war in 1939, and were officially taught to numerous courses of senior officers at the Tactical School. There could, therefore, be no great cause for surprise if Vice-Admiral Holland's actions were governed by these instructions on May 24, 1941.

Now in the aftermath the destroyers were sent to look for survivors from the *Hood*. They searched a wide area for a long time, but though they encountered much wreckage, they could only find three survivors alive in the water. These were Midshipman W. J. Dundas, who had been midshipman of the watch on the upper bridge; Able Seaman R. E. Tilburn, who had been on the boat deck; and Ordinary Signaller A. E. Briggs, who had been on duty on the navigating bridge. On completion of this mournful duty, the destroyers returned to Iceland.

Whatever Sir John Tovey may have thought in his innermost mind at the message "*Hood* has blown up," which threw his whole plan out of gear, his only expressions of regret were confined to sorrow at the loss of the *Hood's* ship's company. His whole attention appeared to be concentrated on restoring the situation. If it had been necessary to sink the *Bismarck* before the catastrophe of the *Hood's* destruction, it was doubly necessary after it.

The second half of this engagement will be described by Captain Grenfell in the July Atlantic under the title "Where Is the Bismarck?"



J. FRANK DOBIE is an authority on the folklore of the Southwest. He has edited some twenty volumes for the Texas Folklore Society and is the author of ten books, among them *The Longhorns*, *Coronado's Children*, and *Tongues of the Monte*. A Texan in England grew out of his experience at Cambridge University, where he held the chair of American History in 1943-44; *Voice of the Coyote* has just been published by Little, Brown.

GENE RHODES: COWBOY NOVELIST

by J. FRANK DOBIE

1

THE fame of classical authors, said Arnold Bennett, "is originally made, and maintained, by a passionate few. . . . The one reassuring aspect of the literary affair is that the passionate few are passionate about the same things."

It was the passionate few who in 1946, twelve years after his death, brought into book form, under title of *The Little World Waddies*, a collection of stray stories and verses by Eugene Manlove Rhodes. Only a thousand copies were printed, and now that book is out of print and the type has been destroyed.

The critical passion which makes and maintains classics is not confined to literary people. On the author named Rhodes, I ask for no better judges than the waddies themselves — the ones who read. Cole Railston is one of the "passionate few," and, as perhaps no other man does, he combines knowledge of Gene Rhodes's life as a cowboy with appreciation of him as a writer. He was range foreman for the Bar N Cross when, about 1889, Gene came to work for it.

"Gene grew and spread after leaving our Bar Cross outfit at Engle," said Cole Railston. "He was a remarkable character. About 1905 he put out a little story called 'The Last Guard.' I liked it best of all his writings.

"As to the kind of cowboy he made, while Gene worked for me on summer roundups some three seasons, his job was mostly to care for the saddle horses, but the last summer he was a cowhand. Gene never claimed to be a top hand, but he was an all-around good hand. On day herd, night guard, or in the branding pen, he was loyal, tireless, and fearless. There is no question about Gene's courage in the wild work of duty and danger. They used to say jokingly that young Rhodes carried a book instead of a gun. I never knew him to carry a pistol. I believe he liked to herd the saddle horses because that work gave him more time for reading. The boys all liked him.

"Next to cowboying and reading, he liked poker and a fight. He was not a troublemaker — far from it — but no one stepped on his toes or rode his pet horse. I never knew any man to throw Gene in a wrestling match. He feared no bad man or bad horse. He was a real good rough bronc rider. Send him anywhere to be gone from the roundup wagon for a day or so, and he made no fuss about bed or food. He simply went, did the job, and came back smiling."

Being a good hand on horseback did not make Gene Rhodes a good writer, though one may find certain common denominators — pride and vitality, especially. It is the spirit of the waddies of the Little World and not an exposition of their occupation that we find so excellently and delightfully distilled in his fiction. Like Owen Wister's cowboys, but unlike those of Andy Adams, the riders that range through Rhodes's stories are usually separated from their cows.

Their most distinguishing characteristic — and the most natural — is the wit and vivacity, never glib, of their talk. The culmination of the art of writing as Eugene Manlove Rhodes practiced it, so it seems to me, is in this talk. It constantly fulfills Stevenson's direction — Stevenson who, in Rhodes's opinion, "used the English tongue more skilfully than any other man" — to have characters talk "not as men talk in parlors, but as they might talk."

This talk may be homely and earthy — "We'll wash our hands and faces right good, catch us up some fresh horses out of the pasture, and terrapin up the road a stretch." It may be, and often is, as lightsome as the white smoke of coals in a serene campfire; it may occasionally be dark with human destiny; it repeatedly glints and gleams with literary allusions. Yet no bright speaker ever sacrifices fidelity to his own naturalness, or to the flavor of the earth to which he belongs, in order to say a good thing.

The Eugene Manlove Rhodes "manner of cowboy" belonged to the Rhodes who night-herded and day-herded, as well as to the Rhodes who wove out of experience and imagination those gay riders named John Wesley Pringle, Johnny Dines, Jeff Bransford, Ross McEwen, Ptomaine Tommy, and a cavalcade of others. Their individualism goes deeper than bowlegs and the you-all drawl. They can all read, write, and recollect. They have read; they combine in themselves generosity with that you-be-damned air; they are utterly at ease on the planet that their author "recommended" as being "a good place to spend a life-time"; they carry "bottles of salvation" filled with uncorked champagne-natured mother wit.

Rhodes often transmuted real people into book characters. If a writer does not steal, he naturally has to borrow. He put Cole Railston into more than one of his stories. John Wesley Pringle came out of Gene Rhodes himself. "I have a woodshed where I can retire to split an infinitive with a friend," he wrote. He proposed to an editor a column for letter-writers, "where the liar and the lamb can lie down together."

He seems to have felt under compulsion to justify his literary-allusioning cowboys. "They all smoked," he explains in *Bransford in Arcadia* — smoked Bull Durham tobacco. "A certain soulless corporation placed in each package of the tobacco a coupon, each coupon redeemable by one paper-bound book. . . . There were three hundred and three volumes on that list, mostly — but not altogether — fiction. And each one was a classic. Classics are cheap. They are not copyrighted. . . . Cowboys all smoked; and the most deep-seated instinct of the human race is to get something for nothing. They got those books. In due course of time they read those books. Some were slow to take to it; but when you stay at lonely ranches, when you are left afoot until the water-holes dry up, so you may catch a horse in the water-pen — why, you must do something. The books were read. Then, having acquired the habit, they bought more books. Since the three hundred and three were all real books, and since the cowboys had been previously uncorrupted of predigested or sterilized fiction, or by 'gift,' 'uplift' and 'helpful' books, their composite taste had become surprisingly good, and they bought with discriminating care."

Despite the pretenses of advertisements of the classics and despite the practices of book-review clubs, nobody ever read seriously for the purpose of displaying familiarity with literature; least of all, Eugene Manlove Rhodes. In his scarce booklet *Say Now Shibboleth*, he rejects the idea that a writer should read the great writers "for style." He says: "Read the great dead masters for ideas. Devour them, Fletcherize them, digest, assimilate, make them part of your blood; let the enriched

blood visit your brain. The resultant activities will be fairly your own, and the little kinks and convolutions of your brain, which are entirely different from the kinks of any other brain, will furnish you all the style you will ever get."

2

A NEWSPAPER article about Eugene Manlove Rhodes by a historian of the West who is a thinker characterizes him as "a bold, gallant, card-playing, pool-playing, cowpunching natural son of the American West." It is this Philistine conception of what constitutes natural sons that makes the civilized pursuit of art and ideas so difficult everywhere in America and especially in the Southwest. The passionate few are not passionate in their regard for Eugene Manlove Rhodes because he was a card-playing cowpuncher; they are passionate towards him because of the way his cultivated mind played upon the cowpuncher world. One part of him was a part of this world, but the "immortal residue" of him was beyond it — the part that justified Bernard DeVoto in calling his fiction "the only fiction of the cattle kingdom that reaches a level which it is intelligent to call art."

True art always transcends the provincial. Gene Rhodes loved his waddie land and its people passionately. He made it more interesting, gave it significance, added something of the spirit to its expanses. His art, however, is to be judged not by what he translated into books, but by how he translated it. He died before our One World had sunk into the minds of the thinking minority of this country; but the assimilation of ideas from the earth's great thinkers and writers had made him conscious of the harmony between loyalty to one province and indebtedness to provinces beyond. In *The Proud Sheriff*, Andy Hinkle reports to Spinal Maginis on the people "hither," whence he has just returned. "Fine people. Just like here. Nine decent men for every skunk. Nine that hate treachery and lies and hoggishness and dirt. They got different ways."

"But you think our ways are best?"

"I would never say so. I think our ways are different."

The people foreign to Rhodes were what he called "the Tumblebug People." He was sensitive to injustice anywhere.

Lo, we have dreamed down slavery, and we have dreamed
down kings,
And still we dream of decency and the end of evil things.

A Mexican sheepherder is saved from being lynched by greed, and a poor squatter from being ousted by more greed. The savior, in Rhodes's stories, is always witty as well as decent, debonaire as well as just. The hero's being a cowboy is secondary to his believing in something.

Rhodes was not a sociological righter of a system's wrongs in the manner of Upton Sinclair. He did not understand systems, any more than the average banker understands the capitalistic system; and being a man of intellectual integrity, he did not pretend to understand them. He more or less accepted them — as systems. He stood on the principle of applied democracy. For him, "a man's a man for a' that" was poetry only incidentally; primarily it was eternal verity. His nearest kinsman was Cyrano de Bergerac — with whom he would have uncovered to "that divine madman," Don Quixote.

"And what should a man do? Attain to height by craft instead of by strength? No, I thank you. Push himself from lap to lap, become a little great man in a great little circle? No, I thank you. But . . . sing, dream, laugh, loaf, be free, have eyes that look squarely, a voice with a ring; wear, if he chooses, his hat hindside afore; for a yes, for a no, fight a duel or turn a ditty! Work, without concern of fortune or of glory, to accomplish the heart's desired journey to the moon! Put forth nothing that has not its spring in the very heart, yet, modest, say to himself, 'Old man, be satisfied with blossoms, fruits, yea, leaves alone, so they be gathered in your garden and no other man's!'"

It was righteous indignation against an ignorant definition of the cowboy as "never anything more than a hired hand on horseback" that produced his most moving poem: —

Merry eyes and tender eyes, dark head and bright . . .
Doggerel upon his lips and valor in his heart . . .
The hired man on horseback goes laughing to his work . . .
The hired man on horseback has raised the rebel yell.

"No better description of Gene's romantic years will ever be written" than these lines give, May Rhodes well says. He was about to be sixty when he wrote them. His best years were the romantic years; he was still amid them when he died. His best characters are constitutionally generous, gay, and gallant because he himself was constitutionally generous, gay, and gallant. I do not mean gallant in the self-esteeming *caballero* sense, but gallant in prodigal selflessness, in upholding a principle, in being ready to charge hell with a bucket of water, to take the side of the wronged, "to find quarrel in a straw when honour's at the stake." As he has Jeff Bransford put it, "Speaking the truth comes easier for them than for some folks, 'cause if speaking the aforesaid truth displeases any one, they mostly don't give a damn."

The Bernheimer Oriental Gardens at Pacific Palisades, California, no longer exist, but I shall always remember the bronze figure of a Chinese philosopher sitting at ease on a water buffalo, absorbed in a book, while the understanding beast carries him to whatever may be his destination. It is an exquisite piece of work, both joyful and placid. I want to contribute to a fund for erecting a bronze figure of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, at whatever may be the most appropriate spot in New Mexico. I want the figure to be of Gene reading a book on a gentle cow horse manifestly in harmony with the philosophy of his rider.

As horse wrangler he used to snake up wood for the camp cook. He would rope some poles, wrap the rope around the horn of his saddle, head his horse for camp, take out one of the books he habitually carried in saddle pocket or coat pocket, and lose himself in the pages as the horse walked along.

A woman on a lone, lone ranch in New Mexico told me how she looked out the window one day and saw Gene Rhodes reading a book on his horse, which had stopped at the yard gate. She saw that he was oblivious to everything but the imagined world, and went on about her work until, half an hour later, seeing that Gene had not moved except to turn the page, she called to him to get down and come in.

"I guess I will," he replied. "That's what I rode over here for."

Rhodes's grave is where he wanted it, alone in the San Andrés Mountains, overlooking the pass that bears his name. A bronze plaque on a great boulder bears the epitaph of supreme fitness: —

"PASO POR AQUI"

EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

JAN. 19, 1869 — JUNE 27, 1934

Had he written nothing else but *Pasó por Aquí*, the passion of the few would persist. My copy of this story, bound with *Once in the Saddle*, is inscribed with black ink. On the flyleaf Gene Rhodes wrote, "Why is joy not considered a fit subject for an artist?" He never wrote the last book he wanted to write. He did write the concluding sentence for it — a farewell salute to the "gay, kind and fearless."

That salute is for you also, one of the "Masterless Men," you, Eugene Gene Cyrano de Bergerac Manlove Rhodes!



Books and Men



The Editor of Houghton Mifflin Company, PAUL BROOKS has earned a

reputation for fair and sensitive dealing with their authors. As he points out, a contract for a book is one of the most individual of all documents; it must deal with the ponderable and the imponderable, and it must promise a loyalty without which the author-editor relationship is valueless.

WHAT IS A BOOK CONTRACT?

by PAUL BROOKS

SOME years ago, I was negotiating for the publication rights of a book originally owned and published by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The negotiations were tedious, since state property cannot legally be sold or leased to an organization operating for private profit. At last a way was found. The governor's legal adviser turned to me with a patient sigh. "Well," he said wearily, "we lawyers are used to this sort of thing." I wasn't particularly flattered. He assumed that I was a lawyer, since he knew no more than I about the legal aspects of a book contract. No wonder. It is a very unusual sort of document.

A book contract is the record of an act of faith. It is necessarily so from both the author's and the publisher's point of view. The author is committing his dearest possession, his most cherished offspring, to other hands. His attitude henceforth must be not that of the mammal which suckles its young, but that of the tortoise which lays its eggs in the sand and leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The publisher is also acting on faith: faith in the salability of the book, faith in the author's future, faith — in many instances — that the book will be written. (It has been remarked, in defense of the publisher's necessarily rapid reading of run-of-the-mill manuscripts, that one need not eat a whole egg to know whether it is rotten. But if the egg has not yet been laid, the analysis is more difficult.)

The point is that a book contract, despite its legal trappings and businesslike appearance, is not like a will or a deed or a commercial agreement under which certain things will inevitably happen or the parties will be brought to court. It involves a continuously creative process with all the uncertainty and risk that implies. Its eventual fulfillment depends on the consumer; if no one buys the book, there will be no royalties (beyond advances) and no profits. A book contract, however carefully drawn, can never guarantee results.

It can, however, serve as a memorandum of obligations and intentions. It can anticipate most of the

contingencies that will arise during the publishing process. But at once we face a dilemma. A contract that tries to cover *every* possibility becomes an interminable and practically unreadable document; one that covers too little ground — or covers it too vaguely — invites future misunderstanding. Here publishers' practices vary widely. Some contract forms are little more than letters of agreement. Others are as formidable as a landlord's lease, wherein all catastrophes are anticipated, from mad dogs to overflowing bathtubs — or from smudging of original illustrations to publisher's bankruptcy. Still others print only the barest legal skeleton, leaving every pound of flesh and blood to be filled in on the typewriter. These considerations, however, are secondary. Any author would rather have a bad contract with a good publisher than a good contract with a bad publisher.

Which is of course no excuse for a bad contract. The question of what constitutes a good or a bad contract has been and is being intelligently debated clause by clause and percentage by percentage — by authors, agents, and publishers, individually and collectively. The subject can become quite involved. But the basic points of view are reasonably clear.

There are, for example, two ways of handling a piece of literary property, just as there are two ways of handling a piece of real property, such as a house. One way is for the author (the owner) or his agent to treat the disposition of all subsidiary rights — serializations, translations, dramatizations, motion pictures, book clubs, and so forth — as separate negotiations; that is, to rent each room individually, for as much as it will fetch. The other way, which many publishers favor, is to consider the house as a unit, on the theory that an overflowing bathtub on the second floor — such as too much serialization before publication or too early syndication after — may well bring down the living-room ceiling. The publisher whose contract gives him all rights is acting on the second premise.

There is a still more fundamental question:

Should the parties negotiating the contract be concerned solely with the single book under discussion? Or should the author's whole future career come into the picture? Most book contracts are signed with the expectation that they represent a permanent relationship between author and publisher. That is why they generally include a so-called "option clause" giving the publisher first offer of the author's next work. It is precisely at this point that the publishing process (as it is foreshadowed in the contract) enters its second phase and crosses the line between a business and a profession.

The only "businesslike" option clause is a bad one: the author agrees not only to offer the publisher his next book, but to accept certain specified royalties, advances, and so forth. In other words, he is legally bound to the publisher, though the publisher is not legally bound to him. The less businesslike and fairer form of agreement, which is now in general use, merely gives the publisher first chance to publish this future book, "on terms to be arranged," or some similarly vague phrase. Since there is nothing to prevent a restless or discontented author from demanding fantastic terms, such an agreement is obviously no more than a memorandum. "Don't forget," it says to the author, "to check with your wife before you date up that girl you danced with last night."

Though the option clause may be a legally unimportant part of the contract, the relationship therein symbolized is its very guts. The author-publisher (particularly the author-editor) relationship is a professional one, at least in the dictionary sense of "not purely commercial." It is not purely anything; it is compounded of friendship, sympathy, exasperation, patience, understanding, misunderstanding, hand-holding, prodding, rapiers, brickbats, and a solid front against the rest of the world. In short, it is based, like all sound professional relationships, on mutual confidence. A good publisher does not try to hold an author by legal means any more than a good doctor tries to hold a patient who is convinced that he can get better treatment somewhere else. (Not to press the parallel too far, a publisher gossiping to outsiders about the inner foibles of his authors sounds almost as bad as a doctor making table talk of his patients' ailments.) When confidence is lacking on either side, there is every reason for a new deal.

But what of the successful author who inexplicably leaves his old publisher after years of happy association? Sometimes it is simply the greener grass on the other side of the fence. Sometimes it is the author's conviction, when sales have slipped, that the publisher, rather than the book, must be to blame. Most often it is his feeling — usually disproved by the figures — that his book has been insufficiently advertised.

But there are more complex causes. Familiarity between publisher and author seldom breeds contempt. It can, however, lead to that subtly corrosive situation in which each partner takes the other for granted: in which the publisher acts as if the books of an established writer wrote themselves; the author as if whatever he handed in should be accepted with pleasure. An editor may fail to see the virtues of a good book with which he has been familiar since its conception. The author may be unwilling to admit the vices of a bad one, particularly when a rival publisher is ready to accept it with honeyed words for the sake of the big name and the books to come. In rare instances, such as that of Maxwell Perkins, the famous Scribner editor, and Thomas Wolfe, the editor's contribution has been so great that the author feels compelled to prove he can do without him.

No, a book contract is not a strictly business document. None of its clauses can guarantee a happy relationship; none can substitute for the intangible element of faith, enthusiasm, or what you will. Big advances cannot assure big sales; what sane publisher will pour money into a plug because the advance is not earned? The author who relies on an advertising guarantee is similarly deceived. The stipulated caress is cold and therefore barren. Tristram Shandy's father winds the clock the first Sunday night of every month; but ask no more of him.

Despite all this theory, the publisher in practice must be businesslike. To illustrate, may I quote a letter that I recently addressed to one of the best (and *ipso facto* one of the most suspicious) literary agents: —

DEAR SIR: —

I have your letter declaring that you will examine our contract with suspicion. For your guidance, it is only fair that I give you the following pointers: —

1. Our technicians at the Riverside Press have recently evolved a clever overlay under which we customarily conceal the most important clauses in our contracts. When this is later removed by the Publisher in the privacy of his closet, the contract is revealed to mean precisely the opposite to what appears on the surface.

2. A line of diamond type, appearing to the casual reader like a displaced printer's lead (near the phrase "Heirs and Assigns"), gives the Publisher the right to pay the author in dollars Mex. or in Chinese currency, as the Publisher may determine.

3. On page four there is a paragraph written in lemon juice giving the Publisher 100% (one hundred per cent) of receipts from motion picture sales.

4. All references to advances or royalties are typed in a cheese-like emulsion attractive to mice; they invariably disappear after the contract has been for some time in our files.

Sincerely yours,



THE ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

At the war's end the *Atlantic* believed that a special incentive should be held out to short-story writers, both to those who were coming out of uniform and to those of older years who were then finding the freedom and the impulse to write. In January, 1946, we began to publish in each issue what we called *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We announced that these stories would be paid for at our top fee, and that special prizes would be awarded at the end of each six months for those two stories which, in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors, were of special distinction.

Over the months we have published 47 *Atlantic* "Firsts," including the work of Tom Heggen, Cord Meyer, Jr., Alan Marcus, Godfrey Blunden, and John Mayo Goss. Nine *Atlantic* "Firsts" have been reprinted in the O. Henry Memorial collections, edited by Herschel Brickell. Seven *Atlantic* "Firsts" have appeared in *The Best American Short Stories*, edited by Martha Foley. More than a dozen novels by these same authors have been printed or are now in press.

The Awards are now on an annual basis, and in the December issue the *Atlantic* editors will announce two prizes, the first of \$750, the second of \$250, for those "Firsts" judged to be the most distinctive in the year.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run from 2000 to 15,000 words. The words "*Atlantic First*" should appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

IN the throes of his novel, *The Rescue*, Joseph Conrad pushed his manuscript to one side and wrote to his friend, critic, and confessor Edward Garnett: —

"Since I sent you that part 1st I have written one page. Just one page. I went about thinking and forgetting — sitting down before the blank page to find that I could not put one sentence together. To be able to think and unable to express is a fine torture. I am undergoing it — without patience. I don't see the end of it. It's very ridiculous and very awful. Now I've got all my people together I don't know what to do with them. The progressive episodes of the story *will* not emerge from the chaos of my sensations. I feel nothing clearly. And I am frightened when I remember that I have to drag it all out of myself." That letter was written in 1896, yet the novel in its completed form did not appear until 1920, an indication of how long it took Conrad to be even partially satisfied with the final draft.

When he was in full stride Conrad averaged about three hundred words a day, the equivalent of one page of typewriting, and there were many days when he never reached that figure. Anthony Trollope, who did not have to take the hurdles of an acquired language, went at the steady jog trot of a thousand words an hour, writing with his watch face open before him. Modern novelists who compose on a typewriter can hit as much as five to eight thousand words at a stretch, though at that high figure they have a tendency to "spread" and almost certainly will have to tighten up in their second draft. Speed and polish are both determining factors of a writer's quality. But there are others.

"How vain it is," Henry Thoreau wrote in his *Journal*, "to sit down to write when you have not stood up to life! . . . How much forbearance, aye, sacrifice and loss goes to every accomplishment! I am thinking by what long discipline and at what

cost a man learns to speak simply at last." **Kenneth Roberts** quotes those words on the last page of his new book, *I Wanted to Write* (Doubleday, \$3.50): they speak for his own experience as a writer, and he wants them to stand as a guidepost for vague or impatient beginners. *I Wanted to Write* is the honest, loquacious, sometimes tedious, highly personalized chronicle of how Mr. Roberts came into the full possession of his powers. He tells of his enterprising beginning as a cub reporter, of his prodigious output as a magazine writer, and of the research and discipline which finally yielded his historical novels.

Historical fiction feeds an enormous appetite in this country, and Mr. Roberts has qualified as one of the top flight in this field along with the late James Boyd, Walter D. Edmonds, and Hervey Allen, to name but three. To his fiction he brought a healthy streak of New England skepticism; he would take no legend for granted; he applied his own acid test to the history we have inherited; he had the temerity to make a hero of Benedict Arnold (before disappointment and corruption ruined him), and in *Oliver Wiswell*, an even bigger book, to take up the cudgels for those Boston Loyalists who suffered as severely from the stupidity of the British leaders as they did from the persecution of their American neighbors. History to Mr. Roberts is a balance which needs constantly to be redressed, and he holds there must be something a little screwy about anyone who disagrees with him or his interpretation.

Kenneth Roberts made the editorial board of the *Cornell Widow* as a freshman in 1905. He wrote verse, light prose, football songs, and — with fire in his eye — editorials that flayed the policy of the University. Writing in the *Cornell Alumni News*, Romeyn Berry recalls young Roberts with his "lust to flay hypocrisy, double-dealing, stupidity, sordid self-interest, laziness, and everybody else who disagrees with him." The description is apt and abiding. Mr. Roberts still flays at the slightest provocation. He gets hot in print, and that makes for good reading.

As a cub reporter he won the backing of Edwin A. Grozier, the owner of the *Boston Post*. The Sunday edition gave scope for his more humorous stories of Mr. Page's lost pants, the P. T. Barnum freaks, and the windy theories of a phony professor, "Morton Kilgallen, F.R.S. of Balliol College." Mr. Roberts quotes these stories *in extenso*, forgetting that warmed-over newspaper stories are no more

tasty than hash. But the stuff when fresh had juice. Its publication brought him a five-thousand-dollar offer to write the gags for the Katzenjammer Kids — which he turned down — and the prompting to send light verses and prose to the old *Life*, a target which he hit with increasing success.

Friends and mentors

I am impressed by Mr. Roberts's buoyant capacity for work in these green years. He could turn it off at an astonishing rate, and it was publishable, it found a market. I am also impressed by the mentors who helped him on his way. During the First World War he became a friend of Rupert Hughes, under whom he served in Military Intelligence. The manuscripts which he typed on the transport returning him from our Expeditionary Force in Siberia made an instant ten-strike with George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, whose staff correspondent he became for the next seven years. And when he made the shift to fiction it was Booth Tarkington, his neighbor in Kennebunkport, who counseled him, and the scenes which recall their friendship are charged with affection.

Finally there is Mrs. Roberts, who kept the accounts, who never let him forget the Travel Fund (which was to pay for their free-lancing abroad), who did the typing, who listened to the new passages (or the grief), and who kept him from flaying out of bounds. One of the cardinal rules of writing, says Mr. Roberts, is "Marry the right woman."

Here, then, are the early successes and the prodigious energy of a man breaking in. Just to follow the article-itinerary of Mr. Roberts's first three months in Europe is to realize with what speed and capacity he assimilated and then wrote. But this is what a man must learn to do if he is to earn more than two thousand dollars a year by his writing.

In addition to his assignments, Kenneth Roberts was keeping a writer's diary, a workbook of fascination to anyone who likes to hear a writer tick. Here in tight, angry, exasperated, and sometimes exhilarating phrases is the record of the reading, the assimilation, the eternal tracking down of details, the enormous correspondence, and the starts and stops of a historical novel in progress. Here is the reason why it took three years to write *Oliver Wiswell* and five years to complete *Lydia Bailey*. Here is what you go on doing, once you have learned to write.

Like other writers geared to a large output, Mr. Roberts is sometimes faced with the problem of cutting, and from the internal evidence of his books, particularly this new one, I gather that he is a little short in self-criticism and very loath to omit. Such passages as his conscience has persuaded him to extract from *I Wanted to Write* he has simply transferred from the body of the text to a vast Appendix which, like a huge scrap basket, holds some un-

expectedly good bits — the profile of Tarkington is the best — and quite a lot of trash.

Isn't it strange that a man who so loves to flay others should himself be as tender-skinned as a baby when it comes to criticism? The relationship between a touchy author and the hostile critics was bound to show in this book. I have no more use for the sweeping denunciations of Burton Rascoe than Mr. Roberts has; but good critics, like good editors, are trained to detect the weakness and the strength of a book, and I wish there were a little more respect for them in these pages. We know today that Sir Walter Scott's novels are longer than they need to have been for the best effect. Is it criminal or constructive to offer the same suggestion to a contemporary writer like Mr. Roberts? I think Mr. Roberts is naïve in reprinting reviews which he felt insulted his work and in following them with what he considers a model of book reviewing, one which drips with syrup; I applaud him when he scores the stupidities of Hollywood or expresses his natural exasperation with the Pulitzer Prize Committee when they passed over *Wiswell*, but he doth protest too much.

This is such a good book, so warm, so edifying, so honest in its account of the whole industry of writing, that I hate to see it marred by tedious insertions, personal invectives, and bouquets of congratulations. For saying that, I shall probably have my ears chewed off, so let me hasten to add that the good far outweighs the petty.

A critic off duty

Fair-minded, good-tempered, and thoroughgoing, Lewis Gannett has long served as the reliable literary critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*. Year after year he has consumed his quota of more than three hundred new books without losing his appetite or blunting his judgment. The secret of his refreshment he now discloses to us in a volume of essays, *Cream Hill: Discoveries of a Weekend Countryman* (Viking, \$3.50). Here is the true story of how he came to terms with a Connecticut hilltop, a refuge to which he has been escaping from literary cocktail parties these past twenty-five years.

His gardening, since he is not dependent upon the result, is agreeably hit-or-miss. He plants at a dangerously early date, gambling to astonish the natives with early vegetables, and if the gamble does not work, he replants. He tells us of the wild-flower garden which follows the contour of the yard, of the modest success he has had with arbutus and lady's-slippers, of his failure with the fringed gentians, and of his panic when the wild columbine and ferns, new imports, began to crowd him out. Local "characters" wander in and out of these pages for brief, friendly interludes. With Mr. Gannett, we observe those lovely transients the migratory birds. We follow the calendar of the spring and summer, and as the talk, the planting, and the walks con-

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tinue, we pick up the local lore and a genuine liking for this old town. This book is as unpretentious and comfortable as an old shoe — easy to ramble along in.

What makes the American magazine

It is a neat job of compression to pack into 294 pages the information, the thumbnail portraits, the history and interpretation, which **James Playsted Wood** has brought together colorfully and cogently in his volume *Magazines in the United States* (Ronald Press, \$4.00). He begins with the magazines which broke away from their English progenitors in the 1740's. He has good things to say about those magazines which were a literary and educational force in the first half of the nineteenth century. He shows how the opening up of the country, the steady increase of our national wealth, and the improvements in printing — the roller press and the half-tone engraving — produced an ever increasing number of periodicals and among them an ever enlarging circulation. There were 700 periodicals of all kinds in this country in 1865; the number had jumped to 3300 twenty years later and was still going up.

In his story of the Curtis publications, Mr. Wood does full justice to the editorships of Bok and Lorimer but sidesteps the flare-up that occurred under Wesley Stout. He is at his best, it seems to me, in his analysis of the Luce publications and of the growth and the remarkable editorial achievements of Harold Ross.

Mr. Wood indulges in few editorial opinions of his own and I was struck, in his judicious context, to find him endorsing the *New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" and disparaging Howard Brubaker in this statement: "How readers can rejoice equally in 'The Talk of the Town,' and, say, 'Of All Things,' is difficult to understand." My own opinion is that Brubaker has a decided edge on Punch's Charivaria over the years, and that no paragrapher of our generation can match the quality of his uninterrupted output.

Mr. Wood tries to cope with "advertising as a social and economic force" in some seventeen pages: what he achieves is an economical history of magazine advertising, but with no conclusions as to the effects of the advertising on contents or readers.

Again, while Mr. Wood stresses the economic influence of the American magazine and is both terse and accurate in his comments on the early days of the muckraking article, he makes no mention of such critical papers of reform in the 1920's as that powerful series, "From Main Street to Wall Street," by William Z. Ripley in the *Atlantic* — a series which certainly had a lasting effect. But obviously, it was impossible to cover the waterfront in so brief a compass, and I am grateful to Mr. Wood for combining fact and interpretation in a readable balance.



Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

THAT busy biographer, **Hesketh Pearson** — he has done Oscar Wilde, Gilbert and Sullivan, Erasmus Darwin, Tom Paine, Conan Doyle, William Hazlitt, William Shakespeare, Shakespeare's rival George Bernard Shaw, and others — now gives us a full-dress life of Charles Dickens. The choice was suggested by his previous subject, Shaw, who warned that "anybody but Dickens will be a come-down after Shakespeare and G.B.S."

Mr. Pearson is in his element when he is narrating the facts. When he looks below the surface of Dickens's personality, which he fails to do often, he does not look very far: in general, the complexion of his biography and of his critical judgments is decidedly conventional. Pearson is, however, a highly accomplished craftsman with a gift for realistic, eye-filling portraiture. *Dickens: His Character, Comedy and Career* (Harper, \$4.00), though not a searching study, is engrossing from first page to last. Its special quality is fairly well summed up in the publisher's claim that "Dickens, the man, as friend, lover, husband, father, actor, editor, reformer, entertainer, producer, critic, creator, lives again with the electric vitality which amazed his age."

The great ambition of Dickens's early life was to be a professional actor, and the great regret of his later life was that he had not been one. He did, as an amateur, write, direct, produce, and act in innumerable plays, and he liked to take as many parts in the same play as the plot permitted. In everyday life, too, he was a brilliant and incorrigible mime and mimic. On the lecture platform, he became "a super-Garrick"; his readings, which drew huge audiences in England and America and earned him fees fabulous even by today's standards, used to touch off paroxysms of emotion.

Throughout much of his life, Dickens was also a busy editor and an extremely successful one. His formula was to reflect his own cheerful philosophy of life, to give his readers what he called "a vein of glowing, hearty, generous, mirthful, beaming reference in everything to Home and Fireside." The impact of his novels on the readers of his day is a familiar story: even so, some of the incidents mentioned by Mr. Pearson are astounding. When Dickens made his second visit to America, in 1867, the publicity he received was enough to make it

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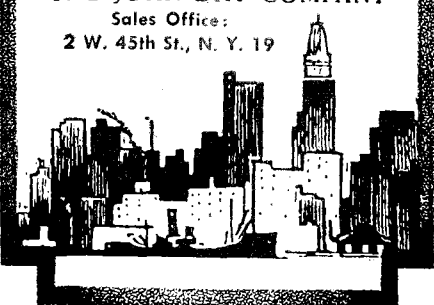
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profitable for theater managers to
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his stories "in all the big cities." Cowboys on the prairies and miners in California wept over the number of *The Old Curiosity Shop* which told of the death of Little Nell.

Few of Dickens's novels ever had the benefit of a revision after the whole book was completed. They were published in monthly installments while they were being written. One day, when Dickens was in a book-store, he heard a woman ask for the latest number of *David Copperfield*, and heard the shopkeeper tell her it would be out very shortly: Dickens had not yet written a word of it.

"One is tempted," writes Mr. Pearson, "to define the work of a Dickens as a blazing volcano of genius almost surrounded by a morass of imbecility." As Virginia Woolf once put it: "The rumour about Dickens is to the effect that his sentiment is disgusting and his style commonplace; that in reading him every refinement must be hidden and every sensibility kept under glass; but that with these precautions and reservations he is of course Shakespearean; like Scott, a born creator; like Balzac prodigious in his fecundity."

Mr. Pearson suggests — this is his most interesting critical comment — that the stunning vitality of Dickens's work and its glaring failings both stem from an inspiration that is essentially theatrical. He sees Dickens the writer as a "born actor" turned novelist: —

"His comedy, his sentiment, are of the stage; he had the quick eye for human oddity, the photographic power of reproducing it and the love of repeating it, which is possessed by a Garrick or a Kean; he pours out his emotions as only an actor can; he describes a storm as a stage manager would like to produce it; his villains are melodramatic; his heroes and heroines are stagey; his scenes are of the theatre. . . . If he were alive today he would be the king of film writers, with Hollywood at his feet."

Portrait of a master

The list of André Gide's works available in English, though still fragmentary, is lengthening. The recent additions are *The Journals of André Gide*, Vol. III: 1928-1939 (Knopf, \$6.00), superbly translated and annotated by Justin O'Brien; Gide's *Dostoevsky* (New Directions, \$2.50), a pioneer study; and his slen-

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der memoir, *Oscar Wilde* (Philosophical Library, \$2.75). Several titles previously published in this country are again in print.

Volume III of the *Journals* is perhaps the most interesting. It covers Gide's "honeymoon" with and repudiation of Communism (to which he was attracted "by sentiment" — a growing concern over social injustices). It dwells on Gide's spiritual searching and researching as he moves into old age, and reaffirms his adherence to an intensely personal religion, which sturdily rejects the dogmas of any Church. It casts a glimmer of light on "the secret drama of my life," Gide's relationship with his wife ("I have never really loved anyone but her"), about whom the earlier volumes are extremely reticent.

As in much of Gide's work, an unsympathetic strand runs through the *Journals*. The unremitting self-analysis sometimes grows wearisome; so, too, does the recording of trifling weaknesses, moments of ennui and vanity, passing physical discomforts. The periodic melancholy, self-disgust, and exaltation sometimes seem in excess of the circumstances. All this, though, is bound up with the striving for complete truthfulness which is the singular quality of the *Journals*; it seems fairly certain they will endure as one of the masterpieces of introspective literature.

Meanwhile, circumstances have given a new immediacy, an enlarged significance, to Gide's outlook and doctrine. In Gide's biography and in his work, we find mirrored all the tensions, uncertainties, and dilemmas of our time. He has penetrated more deeply than any other living writer into the sources of our distress.

Two years ago, a young Arab intellectual wrote to him: "If we can contribute anything to the present crisis, it is by remaining disquieted, restless, vigilant, alive. You have given us through your work the example of enlivening disquiet." Gide, the connoisseur *par excellence* of disquiet — the condition we are doomed to live with — has outfaced the demon. His message to us (not fully expressed in any one of his books) is that there is an adventurous disquiet, which is, in effect, the state of grace.

The moral credo that Gide has wrenched out of disquiet is suggested by an entry in the *Journals*: "The only drama that really interests me . . . is the debate of the individual with whatever keeps from being au-

thentic, with whatever is opposed to his integrity." Disquiet leads him to debate — the famous Gidean *état de dialogue* — and debate becomes a ceaseless exploration of alternatives. What guides the search? Certainly not reason, which is not the whole man. Gide, in effect, declares himself a democracy and lets every voice be heard; the Devil, too, has his vote, and Gide has frequently obeyed it. But the Devil's course, all courses, eventually breed their own defeat, which serves as the springboard for a fresh experiment. The essential is to remain unattached, a free spirit.

What this amounts to is, as one critic has put it, "the vindication of experimental living against submission to authority . . . a permanent research project in the field of human values." The research is not mere restlessness: the researcher is finding while he is seeking. "To seek God is to know Him" is the core of Gide's doctrine, which is, in the widest sense, Protestantism; and in secular terms, democracy. To the threat of anarchy, Gide opposes stringent self-discipline: "Perfect sincerity, of the motive as well as of the act, is to be won only with ceaseless striving." In this striving and seeking, there is no room for "peace of mind." But the disquiet is enlivening, not frustrating.

War and peace

Major George Fielding Eliot, whose *Hate, Hope and High Explosives* correctly gauged the turn of events in Palestine, has applied himself to the subject of peace and war with Russia, and has turned out a business-like report. Most of the time, Eliot sticks closely to hard military facts and military logic; where he speculates, it is usually with sobriety. *If Russia Strikes* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75), in addition to being timely, is lucid, blunt, and informative.

There are strong reasons, Eliot believes, why Russia's leaders may force a war this year, gambling on U.S. reluctance to launch an all-out atomic offensive: (1) Russia is losing the cold war; (2) Russia's present overwhelming military superiority on land will decrease after 1950, as a result of the rearmament of Europe and Turkey. (The consensus of "educated guesses" is that Russia will not have the atom bomb until 1952.) Eliot proceeds to draw up a balance sheet of military power at the present moment, then systematically examines the probabilities, on all the likely

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fronts, in the event of war *this year*.

After detailing the problems involved in bombing the Soviet, Eliot concludes (and he has always discounted extravagant claims for air power): "Even if the initial attack does not produce a decisive knockout, it may certainly be counted on . . . to render impossible further prosecution of offensive operations. . . . The Soviet armies [deprived of supplies] can thereafter be dealt with by comparatively small forces or may even disintegrate altogether."

If Russia does not risk war now, Eliot reasons, we must face up to the prospect that when it is ready to wage atomic warfare, "the Soviet leaders will be in a mood to confront the free world with the threat of atomic destruction as the alternative to a series of concessions." If that eventuality approaches, "we must use our military superiority to support an ultimatum which would require the Soviet Government to enter at once into the atomic control system contemplated by the United Nations."

Major Eliot's terrifying belief that Russia will not balk at war, even if war promises disaster, rests on the premise that the Soviet leaders cannot afford to acknowledge defeat in the cold war and abandon their expansionist aims — this "would probably mean [their] extinction." Here Eliot's reasoning may have gone astray: recent history has proved that Russia's leaders can sell their people any policy they choose to, and are in a position to forestall any attempts to displace them.

Playing down the bomb

Must We Hide? (Addison-Wesley, \$3.00) sets out to show that the "real story" of the atom bomb "is not the sensational one which some have painted." The author, **R. E. Lapp**, is a leading American physicist, now connected with the Development Board of the National Military Establishment.

Dr. Lapp presents a great deal of information about the bomb in terms readily intelligible to the layman. Where he sticks to factual exposition, his book is extremely informative and grimly fascinating. But he has a case to argue, which even his own version of the facts hardly warrants: he is dead set on reassuring the layman that he need not be alarmed about the bomb. "If this new weapon is brought into proper perspective," says Dr. Lapp, "the people will be

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able to live with it . . . live sanely." Here is a sample of the perspective which supposedly is conducive to equanimity: —

It is unlikely, Lapp concedes, that more than 20 per cent of an enemy bombing force could be intercepted. A single bomb dropped on Manhattan would, if there were no adequate alert and effective evacuation, result in 200,000 killed and 250,000 more injured — "these figures could run higher." Any people caught in a tall building "would be [fatally] irradiated" — through the windows — "like bees in a hive." Full preparedness would reduce the casualties "sharply" — not sharply enough to prevent Lapp from concluding that the major population centers of America are "cities of the past." And he asks, "Must we hide?"

The author's opening remarks give one to believe that he is thinking primarily in human terms, but it becomes apparent that he is really thinking in cold strategic terms: his chief concern seems to be to prove that a nation adequately prepared can "absorb" a good many A-bombs and remain a going concern, *militarily*.

Lapp's estimate of the area of "serious damage" caused by an atomic explosion is smaller than that of Blackett, who plays down the bomb. The author's reassuring account of the duration of the radioactivity at Bikini and the possibilities of decontamination is sharply contradicted by Dr. David Bradley's report. Lapp discounts an enemy's chances to bring off an effective underwater burst (proved far more lethal, radioactively, than an air burst) in New York Harbor. He also discounts the alleged genetic effects of radioactivity.

Whether he is right or not on these issues the layman cannot judge. The point is that Bradley, Oppenheimer, Morrison, and other atomic scientists were reckoning the human cost, the blow to our civilization, when they said that for all practical purposes there is no real defense against the atom bomb. Dr. Lapp's book, it seems to me, does not substantially diminish the force of this verdict.

What Lapp has to say about the sociological implications of the atomic weapon is sometimes really weird. For example: "Radioactivity is just one more of the hazards of contemporary living. . . . *Like taxes radioactivity has long been with us . . . it is not to be hated and feared*" (Dr. Lapp's italics). This sounds like the logic

of *Alice in Wonderland*, and there is more of the same order: "Much of the revulsion against the use of atomic weapons arises because the very newness makes it seem more horrible. A careful cataloguing of the injuries resulting from the use of the automobile would also be impressive but any proposal to outlaw the automobile would be considered ridiculous."

Skeletons in cupboards

Two Worlds and Their Ways (Knopf, \$3.00) — the fifth of Ivy Compton-Burnett's novels to be published in America — makes its appearance wrapped, literally, in praise. The dust jacket is a two-page anthology of ecstatic comment on the author's work. "Probably the purest and most original of contemporary artists," says Rosamund Lehman. "Her books," writes an English critic, "are as strewn with epigrams as a fakir's bed with nails."

In spite of such high-powered endorsements, Miss Compton-Burnett has so far had a limited audience. Some readers who have not yet hit upon her books would, I believe, find her austere brilliance exhilarating — especially the reader jaded by the sameness of so much current fiction. The point about Ivy Compton-Burnett is that she really is unique.

Her geography alone is familiar — the (departed) world of the English country gentleman, where no one works except the servants and there is never quite enough to keep up the estate, a sequestered world which recalls Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell. In Miss Compton-Burnett's novels, the house and the people it shelters are in effect an island nation, steeped in isolationism; the family is the source of all value. But within the house, behind the ineffable self-possession of its people, there lurk jealousy, conflict, unfathomable nastiness — and there are skeletons in the cupboards.

The novels are conversation pieces, nearly all talk; and the characters — masters and servants, children and adults — all talk alike, or nearly so. They are superhumanly articulate, and they say exactly what they think, all the things we normally take pains not to say. But for all their monstrous candor, some of them are hiding something. Eventually — the few decisive developments in the plot are usually melodrama — the whole unmentionable truth comes out. Wick- edness, weakness, and hypocrisy are

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bared: illusions are shattered — "and that is enough."

Clearly, Miss Compton-Burnett's is a highly stylized art, and its conventions may seem hard to swallow, but they yield extraordinary results. The author has created a world of her own in which the real and the absurd blend to produce a climate supercharged with irony, a continual fluctuation between tragedy and farce. A world in which the innermost recesses of the heart and mind are searchingly explored in terms of the daily exchange of trivialities. A world that is glacially sophisticated and whose language is indescribably witty.

Two Worlds and Their Ways is a less sinister, less heartless novel than its predecessor, *Bullivant and the Lambs* — the Shelleys' conversation is far less terrifying than the Lambs'. It centers first on whether young Clemence and Sefton should be severed from their family and the admirable instruction of Miss Petticott for the questionable benefits of school. Eventually they are reluctantly sent off, and the conversation is carried on by an astounding collection of small children — this may suggest the vein: "It was Lady Shelley's being a second wife that we wanted to talk about," said Gwendolen (to a mistress). "I think that would have been fruitful, full of prying and a naughty sort of pity." Clemence and Sefton are both caught cheating in class, and when the holidays come round, the conversation focuses on their fall from grace. At this point the plot intrudes, and circumstance blows the lid off discreditable truths concerning Lady Shelley and a pair of precious earrings, Sir Roderick and a startling illegitimacy. I suspect that readers will either be stopped short by the talkiness before page 50 or charmed by this singular virtuoso. *Two Worlds and Their Ways* goes down in my book as a dazzling performance.

The Doctor and the Bishop

It has become almost inevitable for any young writer with satiric pretensions to be compared by his publisher to "the early" Evelyn Waugh; if possible "the early" Aldous Huxley is thrown in for good measure. Both Huxley and Waugh are referred to on the jacket of *The Melodramatists* (Random House, \$3.00), a first novel by Howard Nemerov; but in this case, it is pleasant to report, the much abused comparisons turn out to have definite point.

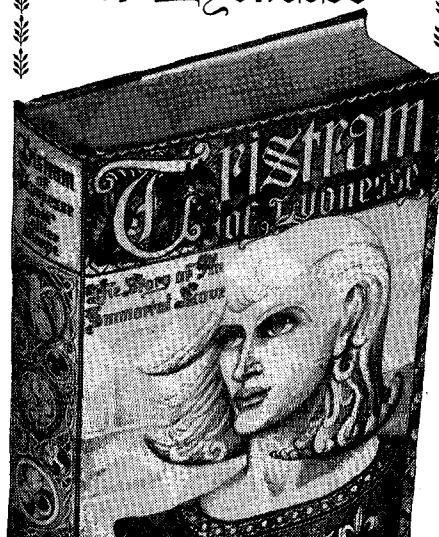


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Mr. Nemerov, a young teacher at Bennington, is a remarkably polished and sophisticated writer. He is well educated and is not averse, fortunately, to putting his information to work in the conversation of his characters. He has an authentic gift for destructive comedy, and his range stretches all the way from verbal wit to astringent or extravagant portraiture and lunatic burlesque. His inventive power is both subtle and exuberant, and he stage-manages his appalling harlequinade with the technical skill of a veteran impresario. He is irreverent, slightly satanic, and resolutely bawdy. He is at the same time intensely serious-minded and highly entertaining.

The first chapters of *The Melodramatists* acquaint us with the household of Nicholas Boyle, an opulent Bostonian. Boyle's son, Roger, is troubled with an adulterous wife; and Boyle's two daughters, Susan (eighteen) and Claire (twenty-one), do not know what to make of themselves and are getting wrought up about it. I was starting to wonder whether *The Melodramatists* was merely another thrust at the "proper" Bostonians, when things began to hum — to a very different tune. Roger goes off to the war; Mr. Boyle, attended by his wife, goes off to an expensive home for lunatics, determined to spend his life in a bathtub; and the two daughters are left in possession of the household.

Susan becomes the unenthusiastic mistress of a seedy psychiatrist, a complicated charlatan, and is blackmailed by a rascally butler. The frigid Claire seeks out instruction from the Catholic Church, and is invited by the Bishop to put the empty mansion to charitable use; namely, the redemption of "fallen women." From here on, fantasy takes charge and the novel whirls riotously to a conclusion that decidedly is "early" Waugh, but filled out by Suetonius.

Mr. Nemerov's burlesque of contemporary life — of a distraught generation, with a lunatic past, turning now to psychiatry, now to the Church — has its limitations. It is a saturation bombardment which flattens every target in sight and leaves one wondering just what strategic purpose has been served. At any rate, the novel is often devastatingly amusing, and it proves Mr. Nemerov to be one of the most gifted writers to appear since the war.

Potpourri

FOUR FAVOURITES by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Longmans, \$3.50.

Mr. Lewis surveys the entertaining trajectory of four "specialists in careerism": Madame de Pompadour, Lord Melbourne, Don Manuel Godoy, and Potemkin. He thus profiles in miniature the courts of Louis XV, Queen Victoria, Carlos IV, and Catherine the Great. "I have done what I can," says the author, "to supply such details of contemporary *décor* as help to make the actors come more vividly alive," and in this he has admirably succeeded. *Four Favourites* is polished and urbane portraiture by a distinguished stylist. Mr. Lewis's historical views, however, are extravagantly colored by his fierce clericalism and anti-democratic bias.

AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS by Sigmund Freud. Norton, \$2.00.

This "Outline" is not a primer or popularization, nor does it attempt "to compel belief or to establish conviction." Freud's aim is "to bring together the doctrines of psychoanalysis and to state them, as it were, dogmatically — in the most concise form and in the most positive terms." That aim has been magisterially realized, and Freud's position unequivocally defined in little more than a hundred pages. A classic of psychoanalysis.

OPUS 21 by Philip Wylie. Rinehart, \$3.00.

Mr. Wylie has begun to look remarkably like a *low-brow* Aldous Huxley preaching salvation within the framework of slick magazine fiction. The salvation is the gospel according to Jung as interpreted, misinterpreted, and amended by Wylie. The fiction, in this case, has to do with the missionary activities of a novelist who is told he has cancer and spends a long week-end waiting for the laboratory report in a New York hotel.

The hero's well-chosen words on the subject of Instinct solve the problems of (a) a young lady who has left her homosexual husband (she is made to see she is inclined that way herself, which reconciles her to her mate); and (b) the hero's nephew, who wishes to marry a reformed call girl (the call girl is induced to demonstrate that her old career appeals to her more than marriage). Meanwhile, the hero proves by his example that one can believe man is an animal and still behave with positively quaint propriety: the young ladies, though extremely luscious, don't get to first base with him, and not for the lack of trying. All this is set down with the sustained frenzy which is Mr. Wylie's special claim to distinction.

A staunch admirer of *Generation of Vipers*, I find a good many of Mr. Wylie's ideas uncommonly sound, and his objectives laudable. As a crusader, though, he is less than lucid; and as a novelist, he is less than adequate.

Acent on Living

THIS MONTH

Of all patients who confront the medical man, one of the most exasperating must be the asthmatic. The various "neuro" who plague the practitioner can at least be perceived in the course of time to be a bit balmy and nothing worse; the doctor can turn them away or string them along as his other work permits. Even a rich doctor may take a big fee from a rich neuro just to make the neuro happy. Even a needy doctor may brighten his own day by shucking off a few neuros once and for all.

The asthmatic is something otherwise. His trouble may be identified with horse-feathers, ragweed, cotton blankets, or lobster salad. But again, tests for allergy may show nothing. Fatigue, teeth, or virus? Another blank. Yet there sits the asthmatic, breathing loudly, with a chest that sounds as if someone had sat down on the keyboard of a pipe organ, not getting enough air and likely to get less. Medication will help, but the doctor will have to do some very fancy digging to find out the why of the case. The upshot of it may prove to be anything from the imminent visit of a mother-in-law to a defective checking account — perhaps some snub that the patient underwent at age nine from the girl who sat next to him in the fourth grade.

Most medical men have long since concluded that massive psychological causes underlie the woes of the asthmatic. It's not always the wise thing to tell the patient that in so many words. Thus the doctor must perform a delicate wire-walking act in his interview, tilting between medicine and psychiatry, thinking fast, and saying the right thing.

My own medical man gave me a fine demonstration of it the other day. Around for a checkup, I told him of my vacation plan to get away from the ragweed and make a big new start against the asthma.

"I want to get into a dry climate," I began.

The doctor started to say that I did not need a dry climate but he checked himself in a hurry. He

knew as well as I that chasing a dry climate would be expensive and limiting as to choice, and he knew that I liked the sea anyhow. But he did not say so.

"Fine, fine," he said, "that ought to be perfect." He continued his thumping and listening, poker-faced. Yet it was plain to me that his talents of a scientist, salesman, sorcerer, and detective were actively in play as he came to sum up the prospects. I guessed his inner reasoning to be going along somewhat as follows: —

Now here is this guy, not a neuro . . . but could be, could be . . . a real wheeze in that chest . . . ragweed worth considering . . . but any vacation place without ragweed where he could have some fun and break up the patterns of his routine would be all right

. . . but he's got this nutty idea that he needs a "dry" climate . . . not at all the fact . . . I have a real cardiac case waiting outside . . . yet if he goes to a damp climate he'll spoil his whole vacation fretting because he thinks he needs a dry climate . . . ought to see that diabetic coma in the West Wing . . . if I'm not careful, this vacation will make his asthma worse

than ever . . . what a mess. . . .

The doctor finished his examination. "Now about that vacation," he said, "the main thing is to go where you will have a good time and nothing to worry about. That's the first point. The other thing is to get away from the ragweed." That was what it all added up to for him, but he was not quite satisfied with the result. He looked at me searchingly and said, "*Perhaps* some place in a dry climate."

The advice was so casually offered as to seem more like amiable conversation than the shrewd medical pronouncement which it was. I could not help thinking how many times each day the doctor must put his whole conscientious best into the instant of utterance. A lifetime of high purpose lay behind that word "*perhaps*." As for the vacation, I think I'll try Bermuda. — CHARLES W. MORTON



ARCHITECTURE

EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS was formerly associated with the Office of the Supervising Architect in the Federal government.

PAINT THE FRONT DOOR RED

by EDWIN B. MORRIS

OLD-HOUSE remodeling is not too difficult, in this day of enlightened and steady thinking, and high building costs encourage it. One need not be discouraged, therefore, if misfortune puts him in possession of a square high-forehead house that looks like a biography of General Grant, every town having them in its Old Residential Section. If you are gifted with restraint (and who is?) much of the original house may be salvaged. Then you will have a home that will have cost you no more — or not much more — than a new one. You can paint the front door Pompeian red — and there you are.

Suppose, then, that you have been saddled with — I mean that you have — a property that looks, as someone slyly put it, like the panic of 1870; with a wood-filigree porch leaning against it and a large arched-eyebrow dormer that gives the surprised look which is a feature of Centennial Gothic.

What do you do? Climb up somewhere and jump off? By no means. Clothed in the armor of enthusiasm you attack its squareness. With firm hand you tear off the recumbent porch, letting sun in and termites out. The high house now looks as if at any moment it might swoon and fall forward, but before it can make up its mind, you push two bay windows against it and attach a simple, homeopathic front doorway, smartly deadpan.

Now where are you? The structure has been moved up about thirty years, but work is still to be done. You eliminate the dormer and cover the whole roof with moss-green asbestos, causing the ensemble to take on a jaunty New Look.

A dash of drama is given by stark, carefully placed planting; and a subtle exterior color scheme, on the note of slightly faded dry-cleaned pink, is set up by the drapes already purchased for the master bedroom.

The house now has a giddy unusuality. Somewhat square, with decorative features a little lost, perhaps, on the extensive façade they strive to hide, it is like a Lady Godiva with more area than tresses. Nevertheless it has a grip-

ping newness and creates a sense of difference.

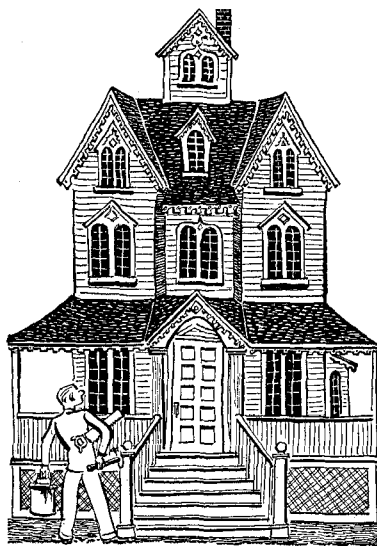
Within — not making the error of pinching the penny too hard — you perform similar miracles. Windows hitherto smothered in heavy drapes come out into the open, and are either made into picture windows focusing on neighbors' garages or blended into the room with chummy chintz. It would be advisable to have another bathroom, but you wisely decide to spend the money on built-ins — built-in shelves, built-in cabinets — until the house loses its James G. Blaine appearance and becomes alive and modern, efficiently given over to the filing of towels, ironing boards, skis, bridge tables, and pressure cookers.

Across the end of the master bedroom you place a thrilling built-in, full of shelves and cubbies, surrounding a dressing-table effect with appropriate knee-space — all a glorified improvement, especially if you have had no place to put your valued possessions, including knees. Never before, perhaps, have you had place to spread out, pricelessly, bed dolls, figurines, plastic dogs, and ceramic Dutch ladies, in quaint and darling profusion.

Without question the house has a surrey-with-the-fringe-on-top type of mantel in the living room, surrounding a hopelessly outmoded border of Delft tile, in metric dimension, of old-fashioned fabrication, representing fish and windmills or something. It is the work of but a short time to abolish the mantel, bring the plaster down to the tile, and since most people are not too enthusiastic about sea food and wind power, paint the tile black, thus coming up with a stark and daring *décor*.

The living room is probably a stuffy haircloth sofa sort of thing. A dining space may be needed at the end of it, especially if the original dining room becomes a library and spot for informal small-group entertaining. For creating this dining space a wholly modern touch is suggested, to set aside the space without resorting to claustrophobic solid partition. A quaintly original effect is secured by making the partition of vertical plumbing pipes (of all things) set a hand's width apart, with space for entrance, and painted a gay and vibrant color. A wag has mischievously suggested that this gives the room a zoological feeding-time aspect; but, in all seriousness, it actually does make the space overwhelmingly smart and sophisticated.

In the basement, if you wish your friends to believe you are knowing, you will create a play room, which you will call a rumpus room. A fireplace is essential, and a tricky white-painted brick one is suggested, with high hearth to facilitate ash removal and fuel



placing. The white idea is subject to smoke stain, but since there is probably no flue and the fireplace will not be for actual use, the point is unimportant.

It is thus apparent how courage and inspiration and the willingness to spend can convert an old Grant-Sherman-McClellan appearance into an Acheson-Biddle-Truman air of up-to-dateness. The thing will be a success and modern, in spite of a little sense of the nudist in its expanse of smooth façade.

It may still seem somewhat square.

OUTDOORS

Author of the best-seller *The Big Sky*, A. B. GUTHRIE, JR., of Lexington, Kentucky, divides his time between writing and teaching.

HOW TO STOCK A POND

by A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

WE HAD a canopied truck and, in the bed of it, three hundred pounds of ice, ten milk cans with screened tops, two tarpaulins, a double-cylindrical tire pump, and a thermometer.

The trout-hatchery man had looked over our outfit approvingly. "Watch the temperature," he said. "If it goes up, cover the ice and the cans with the tarps. And pump some air into them cans once in a while."

"O.K."

"You'll be all right. You'll have some loss, but not too much."

We could stand some. We had five thousand rainbow fingerlings in the cans.

I gave the man my check for a hundred and fifty dollars.

My friend George had come along for company — and also in the reasonable expectation of fishing for these fish some day. He asked, "Are you sure you haven't got too many to the can?"

"Sure," the man said. "You just work the pump once in a while, and they'll get plenty of oxygen."

A dead kingfisher lay in the grass by the truck. The man picked it up by one toe. "Once you get your fish planted, these are the babies you'll have to look out for."

"Oh."

"We shoot 'em all the time. They're death on trout."

"That's one thing I don't have to worry about," I said. "I haven't seen a kingfisher on the place all summer."

I ground the truck into low and we bumped to the highway. It was eight o'clock of a Montana

evening. A three-quarter moon showed silver over the mountains to the east. In the west the sun had left one dying streamer. It would be dark in half an hour. We had 283 miles to go and the Continental Divide to cross — 283.6 miles. We knew. We had just driven it.

We headed east, for the two lakes that were mine now that, in partnership with my sister-in-law, I owned a little summer ranch near Choteau on the eastern slope of the Rockies. Elsewhere people would call them ponds, but in Montana any body of water that affords landing facilities for a mallard is a lake.

There had been fish, good ones, in the lakes once, until the combination of a dry summer and a hard winter killed them. We wanted fish there again. But we didn't want to get them free from the state hatchery, for the state insists that the public has a right to cast for the fish it has paid to rear. We would buy the fish and post our place.

George and I made our first stop at Missoula. It

was dark by then, and George took the flashlight from the jockey box and went around to look at the fish. "Lively as crickets," he said as I stepped back.

But they weren't. They just weren't, except for a comparative few that darted around near the surface. These were the ones he had seen. The rest, saving some obviously dead ones that floated belly up, lay in still, close bunches deep in the cans. When we stirred the water, the sad little masses of them rolled to the wash of it.

"They can't be dead," George said. "The man said to stop every fifty miles, and this isn't more'n forty. He said they might not need any air this soon."

"That's what he said." I checked the temperature. It was 52, or practically perfect.

"A dead fish comes to the top. These can't be dead."

"I don't know."

"They can't be. Let's give 'em some air. They might come out of it."

We got out the tire pump and pumped the cans, fifteen hard strokes to the can. It was an awkward thing, for the canopy was low and we had to crawl in over the tail gate and work the pump hunched over.

Then, numbed and silent, we hurried to a lunch counter and ate an overdue supper and hurried out again. The fish didn't look any better. We pumped some more and took their temperature. It was still 52. It was also ten o'clock.

We had been on the road since 6 A.M. and we were



TRAVEL

JOHN W. VANDERCOOK is widely known as an author, world traveler, and radio commentator.

THE MIRACLE OF BELGIUM

by JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

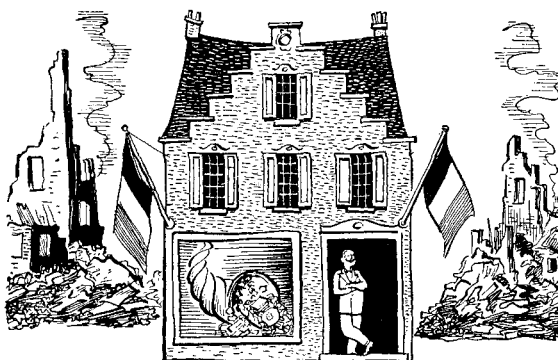
THERE are eight and one-half million Belgians. Omitting the deaf, the doddering, and the diapered, a brisk conversation can be started with any one of them by asking: "How have you done it?"

By all the rules Belgium should be as busted as Berchtesgaden. The nearly flat little wedge of a nation is one of the most densely populated in Europe. It has twice as many people as Switzerland and a third less land. The Swiss specialize in Alps and peace. If the Belgians have missed a war since Julius Caesar they can't offhand remember it. Yet right now, while the mark of battle is still plain on most of Europe, it's a question which of these two countries is the more prosperous.

A foreigner who has spent as much as an hour in Belgium acquires a look of puzzled — and indelible — amazement. Near neighbors — French, British, and Dutch — are filled not only with envy but with a very practical curiosity. If they can learn the answer, they grimly intend to take it home with them. Even Americans fresh from the opulence of a land three thousand miles from the nearest bomb crater wag their heads and cluck their tongues with wonder.

Shopwindows in Belgian cities have become one of the sights of Europe. Bakeries look as if the plate glass would crack if one more fat loaf of white bread were stuffed into them. Food stores are stocked from sill to ceiling with hams, sausages, cheeses, *pâtés*, and meat prime and tender. The aim of every Belgian jeweler, judging by his stock, is to buckle an expensive watch on both wrists of each inhabitant.

The husky, pink-cheeked, fast-walking crowds are well-dressed, though no one has ever called a Belgian natty. Unemployment is close to the rock-bottom proportion most experts believe is everywhere inevitable. Traffic glitters with new Buicks, Chryslers, Fords, Chevrolets, Austins, and even Cadillacs. Electric refrigerators and radios stand ready to be taken home. All one needs to become possessed of such Aladdin's treasures, as I heard a British tourist sadly remark, is a fortune.



Belgium's vigorous Prime Minister, Paul-Henri Spaak, a moderate Socialist who governs with the consent of a Conservative majority, has boasted: "The black market has completely disappeared, . . . the profits of private capitalists have doubled in a year, and Communism has suffered a total check."

How have they done it?

First, by fighting scarcity as if it were the plague it is. And second, by licking the prevalent post-war sense of insecurity by insuring, in so far as such a thing is ever possible, ordinary men and women against the perils of old age, sickness, and unemployment.

Oddly, the war helped. Belgium emerged from that gigantic fracas as the only country in the world owed by the United States under Lend-Lease.

Belgium's fortunes, like the world's, began to turn after D Day. In the long roll-back months following the invasion, though Belgium became again a battlefield, the occupying troops were now allies instead of enemies. Antwerp, the greatest port in Europe, was the funnel through which passed most of the vast weight of matériel used in the final conquest of Germany.

Allied soldiers, by arrangement with the Belgian authorities in London, received part of their pay in Belgian francs. The immense totals of goods and services which Belgium contributed to the common effort were paid for in the same currency. When the books were finally balanced the United States, Great Britain, and Canada found they were in debt to their small ally. Generously, all three settled that account by opening fat bank balances to Belgium's credit in New York, London, and Ottawa.

Statesmen less daring than those who returned to their jobs in the very forefront of the liberating armies might reasonably have decided to husband those foreign assets. Times were hard. But they might get harder.

All such counsels of caution were thrown overboard. Belgium at once began to spend.

Rations were short. The shops were empty. The raw materials with which Belgian factories had for centuries fashioned the goods they had sold to all the world were sorely lacking. As was inevitable under those circumstances, work was slowing down. Belgian economists knew that if the slowdown continued, ruin lay ahead.

As fast as orders could be placed the Belgians started converting their overseas credits into goods. First, food. Lots of it. For Belgium is so small it can't nearly feed itself. Not only nourishing food

to live and labor on, but food to enjoy. For the deliberate purpose was to make life not merely endurable but pleasant. Then, cotton, wool, light metals, whatever Belgian businessmen wanted to get their machines humming again on a round-the-clock, three-shift basis.

And — not later on “after things got better” but at once to *make* them better — they ordered from abroad, and from the U.S.A. in particular, the luxuries that after five years of deprivation people craved: cars, radios, books, movies, those “materialistic” things even philosophers despise only in theory, not in practice. Belgium, they figured, was not a nation of philosophers but of ordinary, hard-working men and women.

A few timid souls said the policy was reckless. The opinion which prevailed was founded on the old-fashioned free-enterprisers’ belief that to get the best and most work out of people they must have an incentive. Why bother to earn when you can’t spend? While the rest of Europe was being lectured on belt-tightening and “austerity,” those now famous shopwindows began filling up like so many horns of plenty.

But, decided the same sage official management, all the incentives on earth, all the electric refrigerators and chocolate creams and new clothes shopkeepers can put on display, won’t start people spending, or put them in the frame of mind to work their hardest, when they are haunted by worries about their own future.

The Belgians had reason to worry. A courageous devaluation of Belgium’s wartime inflated currency carried out in 1945 did, it was true, halt inflation in its tracks. It made the Belgian franc — second only to the Swiss franc — the hardest, the best, money in Europe. But the operation was painful. In figures at least it reduced the savings of the thrifty lowlanders by as much as 90 per cent. Belgians of all classes and all shades of political opinion therefore wanted some positive assurance the worst bumps and dips in the road ahead would be smoothed out.

They were given that assurance by the prompt enactment of one of the most complete social security programs in effect in any free country in the world.

In Belgium the social security tax is 25 per cent. Every regularly employed Belgian pays 8 per cent of his earnings into a social security fund. Every employer must match it — and handsomely top it — with the staggering figure of 17 per cent of each employee’s wages!

What’s altogether remarkable is that that system

was not rammed down anyone’s throat by a political party. The scheme was worked out in detail *during the German occupation* at a series of secret but entirely voluntary meetings between Belgian trade-union leaders and representatives of Belgian employers’ associations. When liberation came the plan was quietly put into operation.

With the exception of domestic servants, odd-job holders, and government workers, all Belgians are promised comfortable old-age pensions, maternity benefits, and 60 per cent of their usual wages when they are sick or disabled. Widows and orphans are taken care of. Doctors are “free.” The individual chooses — and pays — his own physician. He then puts in a claim and is repaid most, but usually not all, of his medical expenses by the state.

There is concrete evidence that the double-barreled economic and social experiment is working. Industrial production in Belgium is already 25 per cent higher than before the war, and is still climbing. A labor force of 150,000, augmented by Germans and displaced persons, is currently hewing out coal

at the tidy rate of 90,000 tons a day. Steelmaking has topped 1937. The admittedly alarming gap between imports and exports is narrowing.

There are some catches, of course. Taxes are high. Inevitably, prices are high. An American dollar goes hardly farther than in Chicago or New York. Visitors from the rest of Europe, after a few meals of

the kind they had begun to think existed only in dreams, hurry home with their pockets empty.

Without Marshall Plan help it would be all but impossible for the neighbors to buy the goods they so badly need and which Belgium *must* sell.

But the Belgians themselves undeniably thrive. Not just a lucky few, but all of them. A recent survey shows that despite the high cost of living, Belgian industrial workers are spending proportionately more on amusements, health, and education and less on food than in 1929; and the allegedly forgotten class of white-collar wearers devotes a larger share of earnings to social life and to nourishment for the brain, and spends a third less on rent and a fifth less on food, than before the war.

Being sensible people, the Belgians find such unique prosperity amid Europe’s poverty by no means to their liking. Marshall Plan payments to Belgium are being used in great part to back what would otherwise be risky sales to the poorer states around them. “Belgium,” former Ambassador Alan G. Kirk has said, “has been making a contribution to general European recovery which is out of all proportion to the country’s size.”

